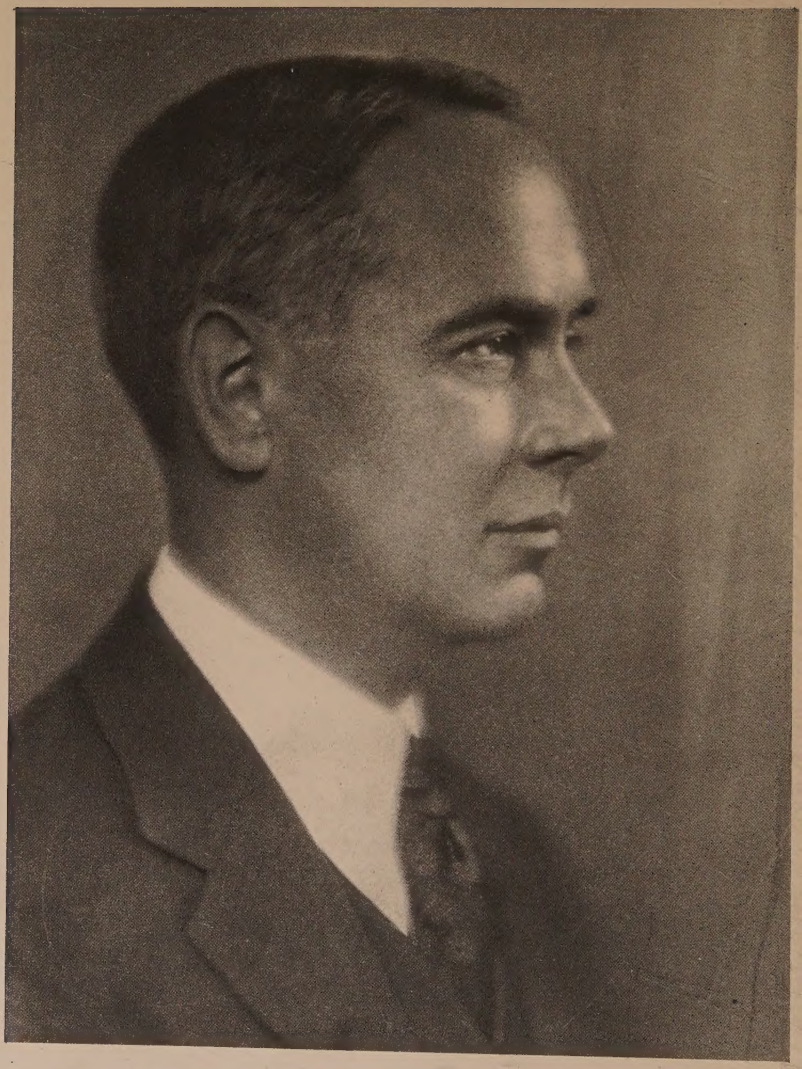
A DIPLOMAT LOOKS AT EUROPE



Richard Washburn Child

A DIPLOMAT LOOKS AT EUROPE

BY

RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

Former American Ambassador to Italy

ILLUSTRATED

T. FISHER UNWIN, LTD.

LONDON: ADELPHI TERRACE

1926

12052

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Printed in U. S. A.

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FOREWORD

An American diplomat who serves abroad for several seasons comes back joyfully to his own country with pleasant and definite and sometimes colorful impressions of lands overseas. Because it was my lot to have become an ambassador before I had reached forty, the practice and pageantry of diplomacy stirred thoughts and created indelible pictures, more vivid, perhaps, than they would have been to an elder man. The fortunes of the times threw me into two great international conferences and thus into contact with almost all of the statesmen in Europe dealing in international politics and so I may be able to present not only a sketch book of personal memories of interesting men, but an appraisal of the forms of the good and bad machinery by which mankind is trying to conduct international affairs in the cause of progress and peace.

There exploded in front of my eyes, in the country to which I was accredited, a revolutionary overturn and out of the smoke there emerged a personality who will not be forgotten by future historians. Of my personal contacts with him and of the significance of that manifestation and that man I have something to say.

Having found in the hearts of men dependence upon Democracy and yet having seen some of its present experiments in European countries sliding toward fail-

ure, I am able to set forth, in some measure, lessons for America. And finally, having returned home with pride because of infinite faith in the rightness and power in world affairs of a sensible and scientific rather than a sentimentalized America, I may take this opportunity to analyze the basis for my pride, so that others may share it.

In setting forth these impressions I have not endeavored to produce a text book; on the contrary, I have aimed at informality. If permanent value is contributed by this record and impressions of passing events, it is because every epoch of the world and every performance of mankind is a sample of eternal human tendencies.

A DIPLOMAT LOOKS AT EUROPE

A Diplomat Looks at Europe

CHAPTER I

THE AMERICAN DIPLOMAT

ONCE Elihu Root said to me that if the peoples of the world rather than governments and diplomats were to determine foreign policies, it was time for the peoples of the world to have education about foreign affairs.

The bare truth is that we are still lacking in good education of this kind. We have plenty of discussion clubs and conferences and publications, but too many of these wear the mask of searching for the truth, when in reality they are tying up the opinions of the gullible with the leading strings of some sentimental crusade or with some special foreign or domestic self-ish interest which can afford propaganda and goose-stuffing. Unvarnished fact is what we need—and want.

Almost every day I am astonished by the dark igno-rance, even of educated men and women, as to Amer-ican diplomacy, as to the methods of handling inter-national business, as to the difference between foreign affairs as they are presented in utterly meaningless

though noble phrases by impractical dreamers and sentimentalists, and foreign affairs as they are presented by cold, hard facts mixed with workable idealism. Misconceptions as to American diplomacy buzz around like troublesome gnats in the mists of sentimental slogans and mushy thinking, and most Americans who are stung by the common species, Benevolent Ignoramus, are stung merely because they are in the dark.

Ignorance of American diplomacy perches in high places. When the President gave me a choice of three foreign posts and I chose to go as ambassador to Italy, there was rejoicing among certain old-guard senators who, suspecting that I represented Roosevelt liberalism, were glad to see the ocean between us. Senator Penrose, however, a man of fine education, abilities and bluntness, could not restrain these words: "All right. So far as anything of consequence is concerned there is nothing in it. The Senate will confirm the appointment, the boat will sail, the credentials will be handed to the king, another ambassador will be called 'Your Excellency' and then it is all over but the shouting." The fact is that Penrose was uttering rubbish; I found that the job of an American diplomat is a serious, eight-hour and sometimes eighteen-hour a day job, more useful and constructive than many other labors, and if a diplomat does not find the task like that he can always make it large enough. For the man who takes the job as a job and not as something pinned on his chest, there is hard work enough.

The next man who advised me was a journalist whose name is known to every reader of political subjects.

He turned on the following old disk record: "In the past, before the cable and the radio and fast ocean mails, a diplomat had to use his own judgment and act on his own initiative; today, however, he is only a messenger boy who receives his instructions by code message and carries out these instructions to the letter."

In my experience I often thought of this misconception of the facts, and I have seen occasions when so much was left to me to handle that I found myself wishing that I had more instructions rather than less. Of course if an emissary sent abroad by the United States knows it all and feels that he is a preaching missionary who has the function of reforming the world, if he gallops over to his post ready to teach everybody and everything and is bored by the process of learning, if he wants to make a personal record and have his name and face in the papers, if he wants to spring trick plays —then, of course, he may be irritated by commands from the President or the Secretary of State. If, on the other hand, he can see that the foreign affairs of his country are a big and humane business, founded upon broad world-wide policy, conducted by wise organization more efficiently than it could be conducted by the personal whimseys of individual diplomats, he will be delighted that no matter how much he may be called Your Excellency and honored by foreigners as if he were a generalissimo, so far as the State Department and his country are concerned he will be a good soldier, and a general only when generalship is called for.

Of course in the days of President Wilson the messengerboy fashion reached its top. The White House sought Secretaries of State who would supply unques-

tioning obedience first and their own judgment afterward. In a general way this system of organization was passed down to ambassadors and ministers. Worse yet, some representatives abroad were checked up as to their opinions by informal investigators. When the Administration was fearful that Page in London was leaning with Conservative thought in England, an American journalist turned up to get the Laborites' viewpoint. I went to China and Japan in those days before we entered the war, and no small part of my mission was to report outside the usual channels the political attitude of the Far East, the loyalty of various nations to the Allied cause and the strength of our own position in Asia.

I trust I performed a useful service, but I have since had doubt as to the fairness or wisdom of the State Department, directly or indirectly, doing investigating or playing politics around its representatives or behind their backs. Secretary Hughes did not engage in organization methods of this type. If the representative sent to a foreign country is unable to make accurate observations and report them and if his negotiating faculties are shortweight the square remedy is to get a new representative.

A wise Secretary of State, instead of making a dependable ambassador or minister a mere messenger boy, will realize that often the man who is on the playing field knows more about the game than the manager of the team who is sitting in the home office, and he will give his representative a long rope of discretion. At the Conference of Genoa, for instance, I went, not as a member of the conference either officially or un-

officially but merely as ambassador to Italy interested in the international conference attended by more nations than any other in history. It was my duty to report progress just as I would report any other large political event in Italy; it was my duty to disclose in a friendly spirit, when asked to do so, the attitude of my Government. I found myself in the delicate but advantageous position of unselfish detachment. Every bit of our power to help would have been lost by taking membership. As it was, official representatives of the conference, even those of the large European powers, came constantly to our hotel rooms for informal discussion and suggestions. By having the confidence of various partisans, the American representative was often able to soften suspicions and avert useless conflicts of short-sighted selfishness. Looking back on that conference I am doubly assured that the United States was properly out of an affair which appeared to us futile and, in any case, none of our business. All the good offices and helpfulness we could render were rendered in an open and friendly spirit, and no small part of that result was due to the fact that President Harding and Secretary Hughes felt that their representative might have a loose rein. When a tight place came on one occasion my code clerk, who had just untangled a code message from Secretary Hughes, threw it onto my desk with a grin.

"The Secretary certainly understands the signals," said he, forgetting diplomatic plush phrases in his enthusiasm. "He's thrown to you at second, and that means a put-out for the foxiest base runner on the

whole European team. If I may say so, Charley can certainly play ball!"

On the whole, the notion that the modern diplomat is a messenger boy is nonsense, but it persists even among foreign correspondents of the American press, some of whom I discovered know a great deal. Some of them even know inside information which has not the slightest foundation. When I endeavored by plain words at the Conference of Lausanne to procure the extension of recognition for our universal open-door principle of international dealing, when I asked that the recognition given the Hay doctrine in the Far East should be applied to the Near East, I did it not by specific instructions from Washington. I did it because the open door is United States policy. The people of the United States, furthermore, believe that no strong nations by force or intrigue should endeavor to monopolize the resources of smaller nations. As I have said, the foreign policy of the United States as restored in the last few years, is this—a simple statement:

We will steal nothing from others;

We will allow no others to steal from us;

We are against the others who steal from others.

The average citizen knows that this policy is sincere, that as a people and as a government we mean it, that if it is carried out in action rather than in lithographed crusades or by meaningless molly-talk or by worthless documents signed with a flourish, it will do more for peace than all the emotional claptrap on the whole junk pile.

A Marion, Ohio, breakfast. Left to right: George Christian, later secretary to the President; President-elect Harding; Mrs. Harding; Mr. Child.

So I saw no reason why I should not say so, and I said so.

This startled some of my newspaper friends. They were still more startled when within twenty-four hours the representative of Great Britain felt moved to declare that Great Britain was also in favor of the open-door policy. Some of these correspondents feed newspapers at home which are siding with a foreign policy the slogan for which is, apparently, "More sentiment and less sense." Certain kinds of politician or organization or newspaper are always saying that our foreign policy should be free from political partisanship. Unfortunately these are often the very office-hungry, blubbery or scheming vehicles whose partisanship is directed at undermining the structure of our national foreign policy, discrediting what they can and often grossly misrepresenting facts.

As an example: I went to the Lausanne Conference as the chief delegate of the United States. I and my associates sat next to the inviting powers. Our names were printed on the official rôle with the others. All I had to say went into the official record and can be found there. One of the purposes of the conference was to make a treaty of peace with Turkey, but since the Wilson Administration had refused to declare war on Turkey it would be difficult to see how the Harding Administration could sign a treaty of peace with Turkey. One of the chief delegates of the allied powers complained to me rather bitterly that the voice of the United States attracted more attention than his. The United States delegation did not vote; neither did any other delegation. There is almost never any such

thing as voting in modern international conferences, but when it came to keeping the Black Sea open to the world it was the voice of the United States which clinched the nail.

These were the facts. Propaganda—on the whole, rather successful propaganda—filled many American citizens with deliberate goose-stuffing. It was said the United States had unofficial observers, but if I was an unofficial observer so were all the other delegates. It was said that the United States took no responsibility—a perfectly meaningless phrase unless it applied to every delegation there. One of my friends—a rather gorgeous New York lawyer—guided by the benevolent-ignoramus group or fooled by those whose misrepresentation is deliberate, wrote me that he was sorry that I had not been empowered by Washington to cast a vote. He might have written the same regret to Wilson when Wilson was in Paris, since no ballot box was passed to either of us.

With this background of misinformation it was believed that instruction to make the statement of our open-door policy must have been cabled to us from Washington. And even some of the American correspondents—all of whom knew, because they saw, that the United States was a full member of the conference, including those whose papers were saying the contrary—could not shake the false notion that a modern diplomat is merely a dinner guest and a voice on the end of a wire. They had heard that nonsense so often that they had forgotten that a representative of our foreign policy need have no fear of stating it as clearly as he can, preferably at the time when the world will prick up its

ears and the forces of intrigue if they are present will retreat with their burglar kits.

I want to knock on the head the idea that our diplomats are always on the end of a wire. I do not do so on my own account, for I am no longer in the service, but on account of our ambassadors and ministers who are working often every waking minute, harder than others work in law offices or at business executive desks or in professions of private life, to serve us all, to carry out instructions faithfully, to keep the sources of instruction well informed, to aid and protect our citizens abroad, and also to live and act and speak as worthy examples of the kind of men Americans are, and to weave their own suggestions, opinions and independent action into the pattern of our national foreign policy.

Those who have read the letters of Walter Page from his post in London know that he found under a temporary régime that Washington appeared like a graveyard in which the ideas he sent were silently buried. That temporary condition passed. The Department of State, if I may continue the code clerk's figures of speech, appeared to me during all my experience in Italy and at international conferences as a very lively catcher willing and able to handle everything thrown from the outfield. I found that our diplomatic missions under a proper conduct of the Department of State require not only faithful fulfillment of orders but also wise initiative on the part of any diplomat worth his salt.

Another misconception as to diplomacy is that it is a profession of deceit. While I was serving my ambassadorship an American woman of large wealth came

to my table and with amusing effrontery said to me, "I had hoped that my son would enter diplomatic life, and indeed that he would have a secretaryship under you because you seem to say what you mean. But of course all diplomats have to be more or less dishonest."

This is a fancy which flies headforemost into the face of common sense. I discovered in three seasons of extraordinarily active diplomatic work that a diplomat can have no greater asset than the belief among representatives of other nations that he tells the truth. An ambassador or minister who can say unqualified Yes oh No, who is believed because he has taught the others that he is dependable, and who, in addition, has no secret foreign policies to hide, is possessed of a force and power which often can be used to drive opposition founded on secrecy and intrigue off the range. At another time I will tell what I know about the supposed villainies of that bugbear, old-fashioned, secret diplomacy, so much abused by those who really knew nothing about it, and often so effective to preserve peace; but I want to point out that I found that, in the main, diplomats, even those of the nations of Europe which are supposedly engaged in networks of intrigue, told the truth.

I noticed with a good deal of interest that the older and more seasoned these men were the more they had learned that the time always comes, sometimes in an emergency, when the best card they hold in their hands is the faith others have in their word. I do not mean by this that European diplomacy is not full of pitfalls for us. It is. It is to a degree not realized by anyone except shrewd American representatives who have been

into the labyrinth of the old hostilities, of the ancient racial, national and economic conflicts of Europe. We have not the chance of the proverbial snowball of reforming the poker game of Europe by sitting in as a player. We can set something of an example by minding our own business and giving our friendly good offices and advice when it is asked for and when there is a chance that it may be followed. We can maintain our present foreign policy, based on fair play, and one which needs no secrecy and intrigue to support it. We can keep our influence and power by keeping our detachment from the maze of Europe, because detachment is the chief and, indeed, in our unwillingness to maintain vast armies, almost the only source of our power or influence on Europe.

Those who agitate to have us draw poker hands at European tables merely to satisfy a desire to put fingers in other people's pies, or because of the simpering notion that war will be wiped out, utterly fail to realize that we are not equipped by training or experience or political system to avoid becoming a pawn rather than a player in the game. They fail to ask themselves what effect taking sides will have upon the vast foreign elements in our own country who naturally retain some of their racial loyalties. I have refused to become involved too many times in Europe not to know how eager intriguing forces are to get us into a situation which our sentimentalists call "sitting around a table for a frank discussion and settlement of European ills," not to know that the moment we entered the game we would be asked to take sides, that once we took

sides we would be snarled up in a hundred coils of war snakes and intricate European partisanship.

I have been in too many situations where, even minding my own business and trying to help peace, the press of two nations whose interests conflicted were vying with each other to enroll us on one side or the other of conflicts of interest.

I want to make it plain that diplomacy abroad may be anything but a game for the innocent, but I want to make it equally plain that individual diplomats are usually men who, even if it were not by their good inclinations, will by policy avoid personal deceit, because deceit discredits them. Above all I want to emphasize the fact that, because American diplomacy stands on its own legs and has no undisclosed purposes, no American diplomat has anything of consequence to conceal. The idea that our diplomatic life requires weasel ways belongs among the fairy stories.

Of course the confidential messages between the President or the Department of State and our diplomats are guarded by code. It is true that most of the messages sent in and out of the United States go over the cables of other countries, and I have known numbers of European diplomats who were frank in stating their belief that we suffered a great disadvantage because our messages could be delayed and perhaps read by certain European powers. I do not doubt it. We, like other nations, have elaborate codes, but these official codes are sometimes "broken." Some of the European powers have staffs of experts who take as many copies of stolen messages as can be obtained and endeavor to unravel the code. Many of these experts

are recruited from the class of mathematical or puzzle-solving cranks who have grown lean and sallow poring over arithmetical tricks, number squares and other unproductive hobbies. In certain foreign offices there are equipments so perfected that once in possession of the diplomatic mail pouch of some foreign country, this pouch may be cut into ribbons, seals broken, contents read and destroyed and within a few hours a whole new set of letters reproduced with seals attached, and all inclosed in a diplomatic pouch with lead seals; and none of this reproduction can be told from the original. I was once shown a pretty little instrument like a tuning fork but with the two long needlelike tines of the fork close together. This could be inserted into the tiny space where the bottom or top flap on the back of the sealed envelope met the bottom or top edge of the turnover. If one of the prongs were slipped inside the fold of the inclosed letter and the fork was twisted around and around, the letter could be rolled up into a tight cylinder, which then could be drawn out sideways, read, reinserted and unrolled back into place.

Leaks do happen and spies do occasionally pry into the diplomat's desk. In Rome during a certain period I used to close my desk drawer at night with a piece of flat paper balanced on the top lip of the locked drawer. If anyone who did not observe that bit of paper unlocked and opened the drawer the paper would fall unnoticed into the bottom of the drawer as it was opened. I always found the paper in the bottom of the drawer! But I always regarded the whole subject of secrecy, leaks and the work of spies as being a subject almost funny because so much exaggerated. Once when for-

tune put into my hands the best of evidence of the existence of an elaborate spy system, I said to the statesman who was supposed to profit by it, "Tell me honestly, does it pay?"

"Alas," he said feelingly, "I fear no. It takes up my time, and the sum total of conflicting information averages up usually to zero!"

While I was in Europe as ambassador I was constantly offered the services of spies and fixers. I interviewed them myself because I have a weakness for listening to charlatans. Some of them are good fellows and break the monotony of the real business of the world just as Americans who skim around Europe and come into the diplomat's office with benevolent cure-alls, without any consideration of details or cost, help to color the day with their lovable earnestness. The spies always wish to work for the United States at some imposing figure. Fifteen minutes of conversation cuts that figure in half. Usually they leave willing to work for nothing because they figure if they can have employment of the American embassy they can sell our information and supposed secrets to someone else.

At one time a woman, who we will say, pretended to teach languages to some of the employees of my embassy, used her vivacious Central-European personality and her occasional presence in the American embassy to market secrets to others. I used to see to it that she was provided with plenty of high-colored materia which had no foundation whatever in fact. I have often wondered what the poor woman or the nation tha employed her thought of me or the United Sates. The junk of information she carted away in all seriousnes

would prove that in America we were all harmlessly insane.

In truth the whole subject of secrecy, spies and intrigue of the peanut variety has always excited in me more amusement than anxiety. It is difficult to take one's serious work seriously and at the same time regard the average childishness of most international conspiracy with respect. The whole field of story-book diplomacy, of secret agents and beautiful lady spies, of midnight thefts of documents and eyes peeping under the blind is filled, however, with regrettable alarms and furnishes deplorable suspicion. After the Conference of Genoa I said to a meeting of foreign press correspondents that it was not the intrigue which does the greatest damage in international relations—it is the unfounded fear of Nation A that Nation B and Nation C are engaging in intrigue. It said also that the experiment of so-called open diplomacy instead of always helping to cure these mutual fears and distrusts has proved often an opportunity to the press to add their own ghosts to those which flit in unreality before the eyes of frightened diplomats.

At both conferences in Europe at which I was present the subject of oil was one great bugbear exaggerated to an absurd degree by the press. No one doubts that there is an international race for the oil resources of the world. Oil is ready money. Oil is the new fuel of sea transport. Oil may decide the power of this navy over that navy.

Nevertheless, whenever an international conference is found, there also is found a whole nest of ridiculous newspaper stories about the intrigue for oil, and I can-

not remember a single instance in which the story was not a false alarm. Those who are really wise in regard to the international struggle for oil know certain facts wholly overlooked by the innocent and earnest little eyes who see fire where there is not even a wisp of smoke.

Three of these facts I set down here because I learned them well:

One. The value of undeveloped oil fields is grotesquely exaggerated in the public mind. The truth is that the cost of development is often problematical and sometimes prohibitive.

Two. Usually the oil field about which there is the most noise is one sought or held by some concession hunter who has no money to develop his concession even if it is worth anything. Of course it is to his interest to advertise his claims as being of untold value. What he really is hoping for is to sell his pig in a poke to one of the big oil companies. It is the concession hunters doing business on a shoestring and not the big oil companies of the world who create the clamor and the idea that governments and their representatives are interested in no question unless there is oil in it.

Three. In the main, recent diplomacy of the world has had less to do with oil resources than the average man supposes. The reason for this is that the big oil groups of one nation and another find that it is usually more possible, more peaceful and more prompt to negotiate their participation in oil resources among themselves, not at international conferences but in a private dining room.

Now it so happened that I represented the United

States at the seats of the two conferences where the subject of oil stood up larger than ever before. At the Conference of Genoa the oil resources of Russia were advertised in the press; at the Conference of Lausanne not a day passed without some correspondent coming to me in a mysterious manner and saying, "Mesopotamian oil."

I used to feel sometimes a kind of appetite for intrigue and almost a wish that I might be involved in oil. It gives a man a sensation of importance, but alas, I never struck it.

I read that a great oil company of America had engaged a palace in Genoa for the coming struggle for Russian oil. Unbelievers were shown the palace! Reports were printed that a great oil company official was speeding overseas to be present. Few were the days when the press of Europe or America did not print the story that some nation or another through its secret agents had secretly made a secret agreement with the secret Russians about secret oil. I was represented by some kind correspondent as fighting with all the devices of diplomacy and intrigue to gain for America the last drop of oil in Russia.

Now for the truth. The palace languished without tenants. The oil official mentioned was going not from but to New York. I saw no representative of any well-known oil interest, and received no communication from any from beginning to end. There was one exception. He came to see me to ask whether it would help me to have a representative near at hand. I replied with a large No. The terrible agent of the terrible oil interests did me the honor to say that I was quite sensi-

ble. I have nothing but fondness for that man. I saw one concession hunter who told me, much to my humiliation, that he had nothing to suggest. The only thing I did remotely connected with oil was to make it plain to my friends who represented other nations that there must be no agreements with Russia which would damage American rights, human rights or property rights, whether such rights concerned missionaries or soap selling, free speech or vacuum cleaners.

I have heard the minister of foreign affairs of one of the two great European powers pound on the table and say, "Oh, but I am disgusted by all this talk of oil—sordid oil! I have not done a thing about oil, and one would suppose I dreamed oil and lived on oil!"

I replied, "I trust you will find calm. As for me, my chief concern is to conceal the fact that I have had nothing to do with oil. The only thing I can say in my defense is that I have obtained unrighteously in oil everything any other diplomat has obtained here unrighteously—precisely nothing."

So likewise when we were dealing with Turkey. When I restated without notice and without specific instructions our policy of the open door for the Near East and for a peace-preserving principle, it must have been a tremendous surprise to Secretary Hughes and President Harding to have an opposition press accuse them of making a move for oil; it might as well have accused them of writing Uncle Tom's Cabin in the interests of a high tariff. I received no instructions to help any oil interest in Lausanne, and the only oil man who wanted anything of me was a concession hunter who desired to be introduced with recommendations to

smet Pasha. I said to him No. He went away very ngry and I have never seen him since. I heard that here was a line of these concession hunters at the bar f the uptown hotel who were treating some of the cor- espondents and telling them quite against the proof f the pudding that peace could be had without honor ut not without oil.

All this goes to show, as I have said in speeches, that nuch greater enemies of the diplomat than the tempta- ons to engage in intrigue are the ghosts and jack-o'- anterns which often rise even in the press of his own ountry.

Intrigue exists no doubt, and a good diplomatic epresentative will have his eyes open. Usually open ars and eyes and a closed mouth are worth more than whole staff of spies, and yield more dependable im- ressions than those fire alarms in the press which have nultiplied rather than diminished since the clamor for ublicity in diplomacy. One of the difficulties of pub- city is that green or uninformed or unscrupulous cor- espondents refuse to accept truth when it is dull or ails to meet their hunger for sensation. I know cor- espondents aplenty who are made of fine stuff and who have enough experience to realize that interna- onal relations, particularly those of the United tates, are maintained usually by frankness or created y painstaking and sometimes monotonous negotia- ons. But I know at least three correspondents—one a renchman, one an Englishman and one, I regret to say, n American—who are clever enough and mischievous nough to have in their records fabrications which have aused damage of no small measure. Of three instances

of great mischief done by these men, two were founded on a desire to unseat prime ministers; the other was a long campaign conducted by a man who liked to feel that he could influence world affairs and was willing to engage in perverted cleverness to do it. These men are well aware of the power of a mere assertion running across the cables of the world to set more fires than truth can quench in a long period.

The American diplomat, I have concluded, is usually scared of correspondents. Perhaps this fright is unfounded. In Rome whether times were dull or intensely exciting I never failed to see any correspondent who wanted to see me, and if I add up my total of gain—gain in getting information, gain in giving it fully and frankly—this gain almost makes me forget trivial losses such as an absurd story that I was being sued, or the intimation that my relations with President Coolidge had not been as cordial as those with President Harding.

The attempts of a small group to indicate that my relations with the Administration at home were changed by the death of President Harding were made ridiculous by the following letter, hitherto unpublished:

February 11, 1924.

The White House

Washington

My dear Mr. Ambassador:

Your communication tendering resignation as Ambassador to Italy has been received, and, as you know, I accept it with great re-

gret. Your services have been intelligent and effective, and, more than that, you have stayed on at some personal inconvenience, on account of my personal request, when it meant a real sacrifice to you. I cannot express too strongly my deep appreciation of the character of the representation which you have given to our country, and the marked impression which every report indicates to me you made abroad, and the satisfaction of myself and all others concerned at home. I trust that you have found your services both interesting and profitable in the satisfaction which you found in them.

With kindest regards, I am,

Very truly yours,

(Signed) Calvin Coolidge.

Summing up my impressions as to the fears of the nerican lady who would not let her son go into Amer-n diplomacy because of its supposedly deceitful na-e, I would say that she also talked mere gibberish. y instructions from the State Department constitute nass of orders to disclose; I cannot remember a gle instance where I was commanded to conceal. wise American diplomat under these conditions, and h a proper amount of courage, can make a nod of his d pass for better currency than some treaties. A gle nod is sometimes an expression of agreement be-een two people; a good many signed documents are rth nothing because they fly in the face of economic social facts. There is a fetish in these days to make

international relations by documents. If these docu-
ments merely embody loose, impractical idealism or if
they fail to express a common interest they are like
most legal contracts which require the services of a
sheriff—more of a lie and an irritation than an instru-
ment of concord and peace. The economic life of the
world cannot be created by red seals and signatures
where there are no fundamental reasons for peace and
no instinct for peace permeating the human fabric of
nations, it is useless to engage in the hypocrisy of en-
grossing peace on vellum. International relations are
based on action, not debates; on good will and on com-
mon interests which are increasing slowly but surely
and which we desire to advance, but not on the flap-
doodle of those who assert that this or that is so or prac-
tical merely because they wish it were so or practical.
If anything helped me in Europe and gave me the con-
fidence of European statesmen it was the kind of hon-
esty required to state just such facts without hesitancy.

Alas! The same American lady who thought her
son would be corrupted by diplomacy, fell into an-
other error. When she spoke of official financial aid to
Europe and I asked her whether she would advocate
the only way—increasing our taxes, she replied, "Well
perhaps not, but we ought to hold out the hope, becaus
that would keep a kind of grip on Europe. It would
make us more popular and able to exercise our moral
influence, wouldn't it?"

And therein I point out, because this lady is also a
voter, is most of the philosophy of the species of
Benevolent ignoramus cross-bred with the specie
of Benevolent holier-than-thou blackmailer.

THE UNOFFICIAL FAMILY

Mrs. (Maude Parker) Child

Mr. Child

When I went abroad I was told by a college president, "You will find in your position there is, as Roosevelt called it, too much plush." He meant the business of pomp and trappings, entertaining and being entertained; he meant too much shirt front and too many soda mints.

Some men believe—and I am one of them—that in official life the gains of entertaining are often exceeded by the losses. I have seen good hard-fleshed, hard-minded men come to the Senate or into the cabinet and grow fat and lolly-headed by sitting night after night at the right of the hostesses and burbling after coffee to a circle of listening shell-like ears. And it is possible for a diplomat to make the same mistake. He will usually have adequate opportunity and it will be in a new social atmosphere with brilliant settings, flavored by history and with a variety of personalities representing many races from the far corners of the world and with the thought, the customs and civilizations of many lands. It is a fact that these contacts are not waste, and this will tend to lure the American diplomat into the idea that this bright and distinguished company is really more important than it is. I look back to Europe with gratitude toward the many friends I made and trust and love. I have no patience with American snobs who believe that titles necessarily imply decadence, or standards of manners and customs of the Old World represent in the main a lack of virility.

I am deeply grateful that I have had the opportunity to see the bright, colorful pageants when kings and queens entertain each other. But I am equally cer-

tain that all this creates such a fascination that the American diplomat may be deceived.

For, after all, the court and its social orbit are not the country, and to spend all one's days in the capital and with the decorative set is a sure way to be blind to what the foreign country means, to be deaf to what that country is thinking and saying. Almost my first public act in Italy was to take a new destroyer of the American Navy and visit the ports of the Italian peninsula.

As a journalist I had seen too many diplomats who little by little are sewn up in the capital in a kind of cocoon. Feeling the silky comfort of this position they became more and more detached from any contact with the peasants in the fields, with the minds of factory workers or the thought of shopkeepers in the towns across the breadth of the land. Then a great danger arises that the ambassador or minister, seeing nothing beyond the high wall of the nobility, capitalists, politicians, and being fed, day by day, on flattery, which in some countries is applied with studied skill, really becomes a man with a very narrow vision.

Some men cannot avoid losing their detached point of view. I know one for whose opinion I would not give two cents in regard to the European situation. He is more violently partisan in favor of the nation which has cocooned him than its own most extreme representatives. Indeed this cocooning is the greatest danger the American diplomat faces today. The two ways to avoid it are to buckle on every day a good-natured but thick armor against flattery and the sense of being important.

One of the greatest minds on international subjects

which we have recently produced became as drunk with this honey as any drone bee.

The second way is for the diplomat to travel. I sometimes think the most useful days I spent for the public service in Italy were not in Rome but from Sicily to Genoa, from the Trentino to Calabria. By knowing the spirit of the people, by showing my interest in knowing them I gained wide and varied friendship. I could often foresee events, I could know the leanings of the country, and it was more difficult for some politician in Rome to fool me about Italy and the Italians, and it was more difficult for any interest unfriendly to the United States to fool the people of Italy.

The plush side of diplomacy has its value, but the good, hard and useful business of diplomacy is to keep good relations secure with the people as well as the government, with the whole and not with a corner of the foreign country. Good information, as Root said to me, is necessary to peoples if peoples are to have more and more to say about the foreign policies of their governments. Therefore, except for actual negotiations, the most useful service of a diplomat is to keep his own government and the people informed, not of the hearsay whisperings of the dinner table but of the facts, and to keep the government and people of the country where he occupies his post supplied with information which will stand up against the intrigue of those who would damage our reputation by misrepresentation, who would either trick us into entanglements or as an alternative represent us as selfish and uncoöperative.

CHAPTER II

A CONFERENCE; GENOA

ONE who has never been behind the scenes at a great international conference can have no conception of the excitement and the weariness, the humors and the cynicism, tasted by all the participants from the most pompous delegate and the highest pulsing press correspondent down to the valets, who press the frock coats and dress suits, and the old scrubwomen who sweep out the printed matter.

As chief representative of the United States, I spent twenty odd weeks in the course of one year at Conferences. The first was at Genoa; the second at Lausanne.

The color and flavor, the anecdote and intrigue, the pomp and the comedy, could be set forth in volumes of recorded impressions, but there is no way to do this more effectively than by selecting pages from my diary. Yesterday's profound secret so quickly becomes today's unguarded currency that much in my daily record no longer needs to be censored. I wrote hastily and so might be tempted to a revision, but revision, perhaps, would only take from my notes some of their unrestrained delineation of men and little twists and turns in the affairs with which they were dealing.

Sunday, April 9th, 1922: We have arrived in Genoa after a dreadful night through terrible railway tunnels filled with smothering gases.

We have been assigned by Baron Romano Avezzano, formerly Italian Ambassador in Washington and now Secretary General of the Conference to a comfortable suite of rooms in the Hotel Bristol. Now in the post-war stagnation of shipping the piers are all lined with idle rusting ships which give the water front a sad, abandoned and down-at-the-heel appearance.

It is an interesting fact that the delegations sent here are accompanied by staffs of experts and secretaries so large as to exhibit a profligate waste of expenditure. The Conference has already cost the Italian government millions of dollars in preparation. The streets of the city have been repaired, whole new telephone systems have been installed, and a tremendous influx of administration officials, police and soldiers paid for. One thousand carbinieri, 2,000 regia guardia, 5,000 soldiers and 500 detectives have been assigned to the Conference district. Already there have been 2,000 arrests. It is a satirical fact that Russian refugees from the Bolshevist regime, some of them old Russian nobility have been banished from their exile-homes around Genoa for fear that some of them might do violence to the Bolshevists of the Russian delegation. This Western civilization which at first repudiated a regime of rapine and blood now administers discipline to the victims in order to secure the traducers!

April 10th, 1922: Geographically the Conference is spread thin. Delegations are located in hotels from Rapallo to places far up the coast. Thirty miles separate the extremes. This is the largest international conference ever held in point of nations represented. There are more than thirty-four, and several other na-

tions such as Albania, the Angora-Turkey and others have sent delegations clamoring for admittance. Every hour brings in a waste-basketful of printed and written propaganda setting forth the claims or accusations of various nations. No one reads it. A great pile has accumulated already on my table with the documents and newspapers.

The French attitude of doubt as to this Conference, their fear of discussing reparations, is evident and it is supported, without question, by most of the small nations which Wilson's doctrines of racial groups and appealing minorities and "self-determination" brought into being. Wilson made a political rather than an economic peace.

There are two lines of thought and feeling here. One proceeds from the nations of economic and industrial trend; the other from the nations tending to hold power by arms, and naturally leaning toward political action rather than economic action. The first group is Great Britain, Italy, Scandinavia, Austria, Germany, etc. But it is the political group, Poland, Yugoslavia, Roumania, etc., lead by France, and joined for political reasons by Belgium, and, probably because of prejudice against Bolshevism, by Japan, that holds the veto power over the Conference. The political group now holds the armed power of Europe.

If the world wants to know the truth it is that arms and armies in the non-economic countries of Europe are sapping the possibilities of reconstruction and restoration of economic life. Occupation, exaction, intrigue, alliances! They are founded for the moment on

fear but are preciously near to the same dangers which led Germany to ruin, through war.

After all, it is fear which makes murderers; after all it is fear which stands, perhaps, first among the vices of individuals and nations.

I made, this morning, official calls on Viscount Ishii and Baron Hayashi; the first President of the League of Nations, the second Japanese Ambassador to London. I returned to the United States with Ishii when he came as envoy during the war, but split with the transaction when the Lansing-Ishii agreement appeared as probable. Hayashi was Minister in Pekin when Maude* and I were there just before the Chang Hsun Rebellion in 1917 and so we knew them both. Their reception was most cordial and they disclosed much to me of what was going on behind the scenes in the preliminary meetings of the Conference.

At three came the opening of the Conference at the Palazzo San Giorgio. From our hotel to the Palazzo the way of our motor was wholly lined by soldiers and the gay dress uniform of the regia guardia—blue, white belts, red plumes and trimmings. Maude's seat and mine were just behind the official enclosure. De Facta, Romano and the other Italians including Rossi, at the centre; on their right the French, Barthou, Barrère, etc.; on their left Lloyd George, looking rosy but with shock of hair turned quite white now, Horne and someone occupying Curzon's seat, because Curzon's illness keeps him in London. The tables were arranged in a hollow square with the reporters of official proceedings and interpreters in the center. The Russians and their

* The reference is to the author's wife, Maude Parker Child.—EDITOR.

secretaries were within hands reach in front of us. The group looked black-haired, heavy featured and Jewish rather than Russian. Two bobbed-hair girls were with them—not unattractive, but both pert.

After an opening address by De Facta, without color, Lloyd George delivered an address in an informal, casual manner, which sometimes attends his most vital utterances, but I could see nothing vital in this one. Nor were we impressed with Barthou's perfunctory statement, nor with Chancellor Wirth's long and forceless disclosure. Chicherin arose amid some tensity, but he to failed. Think of it: Russia's first address in the society of nations! What an opportunity, and how badly missed!

But at his close the fireworks began. Barthou took issue with Chicherin's suggestion that the Conference might consider or lead to questions of disarmament and also with his insinuations that there might be some departure from the agenda, or that the Conference might lead to others. Since these were only suggestions and any departure from the agenda might well be ruled out of order, Barthou's attack appeared as an attempt to introduce splenetic controversy.

Lloyd George was the "peace maker." I enclose the phrase in quotation marks because in spite of his ease, in spite of his motherly, indulgent ease, I felt all the time that he was simulating, playing a part, a great actor, an unparallelled actor, unequalled in the history of statesmen.

The air in the hall became very foul after four hours.

Shortsightedness made Lloyd George give in his

opening speech rather satirical reference to "the fact that America might be induced to rediscover Europe." Of course, every time he shows anxiety to involve America, the folks at home will feel increasing suspicion that we have more to give his political future than he has to give our welfare. I receive a stream of newspaper men, and various persons connected with delegations, who all come to grind axes. The best I can say for these calls is that I get a good deal more out of the interviewers than I give, or can give, to them. Professor Stein, editor of the Vorsiche Zeitung, Vanderlip, C. W. Barron of the Wall Street Journal and Boston News Bureau, the German Ambassador to Rome, Baron von Neurath, Cortesi of the Associated Press, and no end of others. It keeps my secretary, Cleveland Perkins, busy.

The Russians have renewed their play at satire and importunings this morning in the "1st Commission" i.e. the "Political Commission" of this "Economic Conference." They will take a free ride on the idea of disarmament, which is popular with the world. They protested through Chicherin, the presence of the Japanese and Roumanians, claiming that both were nations at war with Russia and when this was explained on the ground that Russia knew that she would have to sit down with the nations "at war" with her, Russia asked why Turkey had been left out!

Personally, I cannot see how "Reparations" as a subject can be excluded, as France insists, from the economic discussions. The first paragraphs of anything which treats European economics or finance must in-

clude mention of Germany's war obligations which she is trying to make subject of a moratorium.

On the surface and on the lips the Conference is a friendly, hopeful meeting. Below the epidermis it is a meeting of intrigues, undisclosed purposes, suspicions, hatred and complete self-seeking. To touch anything vital is to explode the Conference, and the Russians are making the most of it. It would not be difficult for a man like Lloyd George, with the purpose to do it, to let the Russians quarrel with the French until it would appear that the French were the obstructionists of all forward going programs in Europe. Barthou sees already that his vigorous bellicose opening must be ameliorated and I prophecy that the French will use their veto power hereafter with due regard for the possibility that Lloyd George is playing them into a trap.

In the five days which intervened before the next entry in my diary I had plenty of opportunity to revise my ideas about old fashioned diplomacy. Without much weighing of the evidence I had allowed myself during a period of some years before this rainy April to accept much that had been said about the advantages of publicity, of "sitting around a table for a frank and free discussion" and of the iniquities of old fashioned diplomacy. I found myself obliged to revise my opinions. I discovered, as I had once before discovered at the Paris Peace Conference, that inevitably the "frank and free discussions" are arranged beforehand; that much more will be yielded and conceded behind closed doors than will be conceded under conditions in which the representative of a nation is exposed in the

full light of publicity to his own people as having "betrayed their interests," or as having been "outplayed by other statesmen."

April 15, 1922: The Conference—the real conference—has disappeared. It goes on under cover. After the opening meeting there were formed four committees—Economic, Financial, Transport and Political—and sub-committees of each. The first three give places to eager and earnest delegates who have come from far away and wish the people of their native countries to know they did not come in vain. The sub-committees keep the experts busy. As I have indicated the staffs of the delegations are over-manned. For instance, the Japanese have a whole hotel and 250 or more persons.

These first three committees and their sub-committees are the "economic" part of this "Economic Conference." Then there is the Political Committee and under its title the real conference is being held.

But the real Conference is not even held in the Political Committee; it is held in luncheons and afternoon pow-wows or appointments. Those who really figure can be named on the fingers, to wit:—Lloyd George who acts as, and is, the schoolmaster of the Conference; Chicherin, the Russian, a queer, clever, effeminate creature who is the sly, naughty member, a little quicker in satire than anyone and surrounded by a staff of cynical, argumentative, ironical satirists who are busy twenty-four hours of the day drawing parallels between their claims and the precedent drawn from the historical record of other revolutions and countries. Then there is Barthou. Poincare in Paris was shrewd

enough not to come, because by staying away he saves the French from committing themselves to anything and retains a veto power not tangled by the Conference. The Germans are trying to tiptoe high enough to look in and see what is going on. As for the rest, they are either lined up with one of the main figures or take the economic part of the Conference seriously from behind studious and scholarly and baffled and mystified viewpoints.

The only Conference of any importance are the meetings held at Villa de Albertis where Lloyd George is.

The alliances are already forecast. The Italians will stand with Lloyd George. They expect much from Great Britain. They want Great Britain for an economic friend. When Lloyd George will nod, Schanzer, the Italian Minister will nod. De Facta, the Prime Minister of Italy, who is also President of the Conference hardly knows what is going on. Lloyd George is for dealing with Russia. So is Italy. Lloyd George is for peace and disarmament—so is Italy. Lloyd George is for having the moon rise in the morning. So is Schanzer. He loves a moon and a midnight sun too, if Lloyd George wants it.

So Schanzer's staff become messenger boys for the British messenger boys. They go to carry word to the Russians, to the French, to the Germans. Here comes Sir Edward Grigg, or Sir Laming Worthington Evans who plays tennis early of mornings and jollies everyone, or Sir Maurice Hankey—"the M. P. suggests that the Russians be told so and so." And the Italians tell the Russians and wait respectfully for the Russians' saucy and clever reply, then telephone

Barthou to come to the Villa de Albertis for an evening conference. And so the real Conference is being held.

One wonders why it is necessary to call it an Economic Conference when it is really with the recognition of Russia and concessions in Russia and protection against warfare along the borders of Russia and Poland and Esthonia and Latvia, and so on down to Bulgaria, and keeping Germany and Russia apart and all the political problems and political fears of Europe and why twenty men art not in Genoa instead of some five thousand.

When I leave the hotel with Maude and walk along the streets, I look into the faces of the eternal stream of common human beings, well meaning, hopeful, a little stupid, and I say to myself—"I wonder what you—the masses all over this European world would do if you knew how stupid, how selfish and how lacking in directness and brevity and sincerity most of the heads who represent you really are. I do not know what you would do to find better ones. But these—the flower of the nations assembled here—have not among them two handsful of men of even passable force."

April 16: Last night we dined informally with the Lloyd George family—a family dinner. The Villa de Albertis is one of those pretentious Italian villas given over to the delegations or heads of delegations of the great nations. The dinner, I suppose, was the result of a mutual curiosity. Certainly the occasion furnished me with plenty of interest. I was the youngish and inexperienced diplomat who might be used. That was what I meant to L. G. He was taking my measure and doing it with the singular grace with which he, blue

eyes and scrutinizing, merry and genial, solicitous for the welfare of mankind and easily ironical, does everything. At dinner, Maude on his right, succeeded in keeping him amused. I talked a good deal to Mrs. Lloyd George, who is made of sterner stuff than he, and with their daughter, Megan, who is small, full of vitality and charm and quite bantering with her father. They both have a beautiful sense of mischief and hers is a little more untouched by irony.

When the English want anything, trust them to produce skilled flattery—not of the kind laid on with a ladle, but painted with the finesse of a worker on miniatures.

Knowing that I had opposed Wilson, L. G. began the common old game of inviting my criticism of the Wilson policy and personality. He said that Wilson had been to blame for holding the Peace Conference in Paris. He said that Wilson came along after Colonel House had agreed to hold the Conference in the less heated atmosphere of Geneva and upset the whole plan because of the importunate Clemenceau. This was news of a kind which throws real light on vital spots in the history of the world. A different peace and a better one would have been made at Geneva.

I asked L. G. if it were true that at Cannes he had really proposed that the Conference of Genoa should be held at Geneva and that the Italian, della Torretta, had said, "Genoa! Certainly," and so by an accident of misunderstanding this Conference was being held in a place wholly illogical. L. G. only smiled.

He has a quick wit which allows him to double turn

and retreat whenever he finds himself on the wrong conversational road.

He asked whether it was true that Hughes was a man like Wilson. He was reflecting something Balfour had said to him, "Hughes is stubborn?" he asked. I said I thought Hughes might be considered so but not stubborn as Wilson was. "And why?" "Because," said I, "Hughes first gets the facts."

L. G. is not a complex character. He is a simple character with a subtle mind. In the main he is the result of a tough constitution, good health, and an ability to dismiss worries and play intellectually and physically and to be easy under fire. It is all a game with him. One of the chief delegates of another nation said of him: "He may have principles but the first principle he knows is to sacrifice almost everything to stay in the saddle." Sometimes his ignorance of facts, for instance as to Russia at this moment, is shocking.

He hates to write—even letters. He never writes if he can avoid it. Talking is his greatest art, unless it is adaptation. He is the greatest adapter in the world. He is at close range a lovable man, whimsical, mischievous, brimming with vital forces.

We left without finding out what he really wants from this Conference. I do not believe he, himself, knows. He is like a man who believes he is in a country teeming with game for his political gun, but he has no advance ideas of what fortune will bring to his bag.

April 17th: The Germans have done it! This morning in advance of general information, the German Ambassador at Rome, Von Neurath, came to tell me that the Germans had signed a separate treaty with

the Russians. This will shock the world; it will thoroughly shock this Conference. And on the whole the Germans are less to blame for the event than the Conference managers—the Italians, L. G.—and the French. As I have said to those who have asked my opinion there has been in the formal Conference organization only an empty shell. The real deals, barters and negotiations have been managed by informal conversations from which the Germans were excluded. The Germans were represented on the Political Committee of the Conference, but the Committee was never called to meet on any vital ground and to all intents and purposes the inner circle has consisted of Italy and Great Britain begging the Russians to come to them and the French doing what they could to spoil those plans.

Germany was left out on the doorstep and I suppose Rathenau and Wirth looked at each other and wondered how to find the center of the stage. They have found it! Barrère, Barthou, Lloyd George Schanzer, all make a great show of fury. Threats are made to exclude the Germans from all further proceedings of the Political Section and no doubt this will be done.

I suggested to Schanzer today, and without mischief, that the discipline applied to the Germans for signing a treaty with Russia under the nose of the Conference was as well deserved by the Russians and should also be applied to them. Later I asked L. G. the same question.

Of course the answer is that Italy and Great Britain hope to get something out of continuing negotiations with Russia. So I said to L. G. that it was like the story of the lady who says, "Is that my darling precious

angel I hear crying or is it someone else's little brat?"

I am assured by the Germans that the new treaty called the "Treaty of Rapallo" because it was signed near Santa Marguerita where the Bolshevists are staying has not, and in its final form will not have, any military accord or alliance. It was quite evident that Rathenau wants me so to inform my government.

April 18th: Among other peoples in Genoa not actually in the Conference organization is a delegation of that Turkish Government called Nationalists, Kemalist or Angoran to distinguish it from the Sultan and the Sublime Porte. These men represent a new and live Turkey, determined to retake Smyrna and to have Thrace and their ancient holy city of Adrianople. That these men are close to the Russians and to the Germans appears probably. The Turks are an extraordinary source of information as to the plans of Russia and Germany. Considering the historical friendship and the skill and understanding the Germans have always had for dealing with the Turks and considering also the disappearance of many of the old causes for Turco-Russian exchange of fear and hatred, the day may come when these three, Germany, Russia and Turkey, will act together. I asked Rathenau about this. He was eager to assure me that the Turks were not to be parties to any tripartite accord with the other two, "now or soon."

There is real danger that, failing in her payments to France, Germany may suffer an occupation and seizure of the Ruhr, rich in industry, in coal and iron available. The French admit to me that public feeling

in France is heated and that if Germany fails to pay trouble will come.

I told Lloyd George that he must weigh something more than the fears of the French of a restored Germany as a military power. He must weigh the temperament of the French. They are a self-contained nation with a low birth rate and on a much larger area support fewer beings than Italy on a much smaller. They are individualists. They do not like regimentation—neither military nor industrial. No doubt without realizing it themselves they have a real distaste for big industrialism. They do not want to be put in competition with it, to be swamped by it from without or forced to it from within. It is natural then for Frenchmen to have a fundamental, instinctive desire for a disrupted, dismembered Germany and this apart from old hatreds and from any present fears of Germany's military power.

This factor is one which has not been taken into intelligent account.

If one were to be setting up shop as a prophet he would be able to forecast clearly that France would long continue to be the leader of that group of European nations which are self supporting, agricultural rather than industrial, and whose conquests will be by power rather than by economic and industrial supremacy.

April 22nd: A typical day—more rain. It has rained every day—Genoa uglier and more desolate in the rain. I awake and wonder whether this confusion of purposes, this organized suspicion, this assembly of cautious timid delegates fettered by prejudices and

transitory opinion roused by false newspaper reports in their own countries, and looking after their own little political destinies, would not be a different affair if the sun would shine and real Spring burst upon the world and there were more room for the blooming of good spirit. The telephone in Perkins' room is ringing. I came to Genoa as an observer and kept concealed. Now who telephones? Is it Benes, the stellar young international statesman of Czechoslovakia, or Rathenau, the gentle, wise German Jew, or Barrère whose bull-dog attitude has been somewhat worn and harried, or Lloyd George's secretaries, or the Press asking if it is true that I have done or said this or that absurd thing, as if absurdity were the only foundation for a great world news story. Maude and I have breakfast in our sitting room, which still smells of the cigars of last night's callers. In comes a consul from Rome who has been no end of help to me. He has a sheaf of reports of various sub-committees. Toss 'em in a corner! They are mimeographed nothings. He has a bit of news. Let us follow it. We will ask Barthou about that!

There are newspaper men in the hall. An American citizen who wants me to find him a room and give him a ticket to the Conference Sessions! There are no such things as sessions and, therefore, no tickets. The Conference is only a show window. Logan comes in. He is on the Reparation Committee in Paris. He has seen Krassin, the most reasonable, the most sincere of the Russians. What has Krassin said? That he, Krassin, wants to see me. But inasmuch as the United States is not participating in this Conference because the Rus-

sians are, how can I see Krassin? Then there is the man who says he represents great American financial interests!

I go out to see Schanzer. I speak with him of the dangers of the Conference. He invites me to say what I see. I say I see real danger in prolonging a situation when there is irritation between France and Great Britain constantly fanned by the press of two countries. Let us look the facts in the face—the Conference is failing. The smaller nations' delegations are humiliated to kick their heels and wait and ask what is going on. Perhaps after Germany has shown the way other nations will make open or secret trades with Russia. This would result in a farcical prestige for the Bolshevists. They will be wooed separately by those pretending to stand together!

Last night also I have seen Schanzer at an official dinner given to me by de Facta, the Prime Minister of Italy—and I remind him that I have suggested that the only way to let go of this Conference is to refer its vital, unsettled affairs to a Commission or to some other Conference to be held elsewhere and later.

He is very angry. He is bound to make a trade between Europe and Russia. What for, no one knows. Russia has nothing, and Russia is making sport of the serious statesmen of Europe. To their proposals her delegation give replies insolent, flippant and unconstructive. Russia came here to take the centre of the stage. The curiosity of the world fixed all eyes upon the Russian delegation. But in the main the Russian performance has been a second-class vaudeville.

At any rate I came to say that my Government—I

can speak on my own responsibility—will not tolerate any agreements with Russia, separate or joint, which impair the rights of the Open Door or the property rights we claim in Russia.

In the dining room at luncheon today, Don Sturzo, the priest-leader of the Partito Populare, the Catholic Party of Italy, comes over to speak to us. There is a rumor of uniting the Roman and Russian church? Who knows?

A game of tennis at the Club, a walk with Maude along the walled water-front toward the picturesque fishing village of Albaro, where the sea is breaking into a charming cove.

A despatch by cable to Washington, confirming my belief that there is danger that other nations will deal separately with Russia.

Into a dress suit—an official dinner by the Japanese. When we come back, Someone is waiting with another rumor—another wild tale. Before we put out the lights in the sitting room or waiting room, or study, or reception room, or whatever it may be called, we look about at this North German Lloyd furniture—at the flowers someone has sent Maude—at the day's debris of propaganda, leaflets, newspapers, documents, reports—and then turn out the lights. There is still a glimmer under the door of Knowles, my code clerk. He is coding a message to the State Department to be filed after midnight.

May 2nd-22: Lloyd George is still persistent. The Conference droops. Negotiations with the Russians continue. Lloyd George has tried to get Poincare to come down to San Remo, near at hand. Poincare is

far too wise. He still remains aloof and holds a veto power, safe in Paris.

Today Rathenau, who has invited Maude and me to luncheon with the German delegation at Eden Palace Hotel, asked again my advice as to a note on conditions in Germany which he proposed to address to the Conference. I refused to advise.

Today the rumors of separate agreements with the Russians made by various nations or their nationals came to a head in a story of world wide publicity that the Royal Dutch Shell had received vast concessions from the Russian delegation. Of course, this means that the American press will be up in the air. And yet I do not believe that there is a word of truth in the whole story.

The correspondent who started the story says he has seen the agreement. I asked if it was signed. It was not. Of course, anyone can type an agreement—anyone who has a typewriter. And the world may be made to writhe, cables may get hot, fortunes won or lost in the stock exchanges on just such rumors. I often think these days of how easily I could get the world by the ears by some half dozen words said unguardedly or with malice prepense.

May 3-22: The Royal Dutch, the British delegation and the Russian have all given denials of the concession story of yesterday. I have cabled to the department.

I regret to admit, as I must, that the 1,500 or 2,000 correspondents in Genoa constitute the most baneful element. It is a fine result of "open diplomacy" and "open conference methods!" As the days—the dreary

days—wear on the justification of the presence of any one man or woman correspondent here becomes more difficult. This stirs each one to find news, where there is no news. The chase for news, true or not, becomes competitive. Delegates begin to see that when an affair like this Conference is in the doldrums, the press is the best place to stir up something; they yield to the temptation to feed suspicion to the hungry news hunters. I have heard a good deal about the intrigue of European diplomacy; I wonder how widely it is realized that most of it is not direct intrigue but mere conspiracy to create the suspicion of intrigue.

There is not much intrigue here—certainly none of noble weight and measure. Instead there is timid, furtive, selfishness.

Maude pointed out that in spite of the prospects promising cooperation, almost every word uttered the first day of the Conference and since has been a word of selfish national claims, or clamor, or complaint. The spirit of cooperation, of joint interest in European reconstruction is never voiced. There is one exception; it is Lloyd George. But when he talks so benevolently as one sitting on Olympus, I must say, I am always wondering if he is not trying to arrive at ends of his own.

May 7th: Yesterday Lloyd George, Mrs. L. G. and their daughter lunched with us. We went up to Righi, a café high above the city, hoping for privacy. Inasmuch as Barthou was giving a luncheon there for the journalists we did not get it completely.

It was a revealing moment. I was talking to a defeated, baffled man. I knew it. I expressly disclaimed

that any opinion I might express would be the opinion of my government. I told Lloyd George that I considered a continuation of the present course of the Conference dangerous to Anglo French good will—so necessary to maintain. The German reparation question was more vital than any further negotiation with an insolent Russian delegation. And the German reparation question barred from the Conference would come to a crisis when the payment, almost due, fell due. L. G., I believed had so wasted his opportunity in threats, that he no longer could hope to expose the French as obstructing the Conference. Besides, the French had foreseen danger and become in appearance more conciliatory though firm in their vital objections to conceding principles to the Soviet—to the Bolshevists. I pointed out that American opinion would probably support the French principle.

L. G. ate, turned the subject; spoke of the tragedy of the idle ships we could see lying in Genoa harbor, down there, and finally came back greedily for suggestions. What could be done with this Conference? I said it must be adjourned. I said it could refer to an international Committee all "unfinished business." This meant Russia. I said the Committee on the second Conference must be purely investigative.

He wanted to know whether America would join such a Commission to investigate and recommend as to the question of Russia. I said I thought America might, but certainly would not unless when this Conference adjourned the nations attending it agreed not to make separate bargains with Russia. I emphasized this because whether America was participating or not

good faith required that nations supposedly acting together should not act separately. He shot a look at me and as we got up from our coffee he said he would see me in a few days. It was evident that I furnished him with something of a step ladder.

At this period I failed to enter adequately in my diary the profound impression which came to me that the constitutional structure of the United States prohibits conclusively our entrance into untried experiments in internationalism. I told several of the delegates of my thoughts because the ignorance in Europe as to the methods by which our foreign policy is made is still dense in spite of the experience which they had with our repudiation of Wilson's commitment in Paris.

To make the United States capable of empowering its representatives abroad to create a foreign policy without consulting the will of the people would require a complete revision of our form of government. If a President of the United States, wheedled into certain commitments, was unable to bind the action of Congress and behind that the public opinion of America, what a farce it would be if having joined such a body as the League of Nations our representatives sitting in its deliberations attempted to do so.

I suppose that there still remain some Americans who regard this as a misfortune. If they see in it a tragedy they must at least admit that the tragedy is almost incurable, but neither I nor many of the European statesmen with whom I talked regard it as a tragedy. Many of the European statesmen pointed out that there were great virtues inherent in our American

system. Nations which need not consult the masses as to their foreign policies may be able to join international bodies and commit themselves to some agreement over night, but their very ability to do so instead of being a sign of liberalism in their nation is a sign that the mass of people and the bulk of public opinion is not in control of such country's destiny. The whole fabric of liberalism which prevents government by the few in America, the whole structure which guards the will of the people under our system, forbids our entry into entanglement where our representatives would be asked to give over-night answers. We may be disqualified for foreign policies of internationalism, but we are emminently qualified to make national policies which may permeate the world with good example, with leadership by merit, and with the conscientious scruples of a whole people's will.

May 11th: The Russian answer to the demands presented by the joint Conference action has come in. I understand that it was softened after the pleas of the Italians and British for the note to be reasonable. But it is wholly unacceptable to the majority of the powers interested. In addition to this it is insolent. No doubt the Russian delegates were directed by Moscow. They have clamored for money—billions—but in spite of their need for financing the delegates do not dare to yield here in Genoa any of the Bolshevist principles. It is only fair to say that their lives would be worth less than roubles in Moscow on their return. Hence the farcical ending to long negotiations.

I am now reasonably certain Lloyd George will try a way out along the lines I suggested.

The Germans have acted as intermediaries in the attempt to soften the Russian reply. They have said to me that they "have done their best." What a comedy! After the rebuke of the Conference to the Germans and their exclusion from the political commission, they are made a catspaw by the Allies. What a comedy!

May 14th: This evening Barrére came in quite out of breath. He said the French had a proposal to transmit to the United States. First, that an international commission should be appointed to investigate the Russian question. Second, that nations sending experts to this Commission should not be bound. Third, it was the hope of the French that the United States would join such an international investigation body to meet at a place to be decided on. Nothing could have been more evident than the fact that Lloyd George had shown his hand and that the French desired to be the first to invite the United States, not only for the prestige, but so that the proposal should be made exactly as the French intended it.

I asked Barrére to send me the proposal in writing. I went off to dinner and returning about eleven-thirty found Barrére had just left his written proposal as stated verbally.

May 15th: At eight in the evening as I was in my bath Schanzer called and expressed his desire to see me in haste. He had brought the invitation of the Conference to the United States to participate in another Conference. The draft of the proposal was worded in a skillful manner, but it was quite different from the French proposal. There were to be Russian members of the Commission. The investigation made was to be

followed at once by a continuation of negotiations with Russia.

I did not wish to forecast my Government's attitude although I could see clearly that in the Conference invitation there was none of the essential safeguards of the French draft as Barrére submitted it. The United States will refuse to participate in any such distortion of the original suggestion.

I gave out a statement to the press of America and Europe including all the agencies. I said that America had not yet accepted the invitation of the Conference.

Now late in the evening it appears that Schanzer's chief aide, at the moment my secretary had finished giving out my statement, was giving to the press, in defiance of all diplomatic ethics, a garbled account of America's alleged acceptance of the Conference invitation. He even said I had presented this acceptance to Schanzer.

May 17: At an early hour came the refusal of the United States to accept the Conference invitation. Some of the points against acceptance I had introduced when I cabled the text are reflected in the declination. From first to last I have had the greatest satisfaction in feeling the confidence and understanding and coöperation of Secretary Hughes. He has had full regard for the fact that a man on the ground knows the ground and his replies to all my cables have been a source of admiration and gratitude.

I could not deliver the reply to Schanzer and Lloyd George before noon. I met them at the adjourning of the final session of the Political Commission. I had already indicated by telephone that I had no good news

Lloyd George and the author after a cafe luncheon. "A lovable man, whimsical, mischievous, brimming with vital forces."

for them. They read with some gloom the vigorous statement and polite refusal of the United States. I could not find it possible to say to Lloyd George that I had warned him of this. I did say to him that evidently the Secretary of State had believed as I believed that the French proposal was quite different from the invitation of the Conference.

It was not a gleeful moment but I could see that L. G. showed in the expression of his eyes that he recognized that I had not been illusioned. He must have recalled my warnings.

May 18th: We dined with Lloyd George. A delightful occasion. We ate under the trees in the garden and L. G. was cheerful and friendly. I think he knows full well the values in the negotiation which led to our refusal of the Conference invitaion. He only mentioned it once when he asked me whether I would attend the final plenary session today. I said yes and he suggested that he might have something to say to or of me there. I said that I would be there early, stay late and, perhaps, for the first and last time have a word myself. This closed the passage between us as to Conference affairs. His daughter told me that L. G. who is expected to make a speech tomorrow said this afternoon that he was going out to "write it." She explained that he never actually writes his speeches, but goes off alone and thinks them out in advance. This time after half an hour she came out and found him asleep with a blanket of gentle spring sunshine across his knees. He slept all the afternoon. Tonight he was asking me not to go—saying that he had nothing to do. Later on he indicated that he would scold the Russians on the morrow at the final plenary session.

I am writing very little. I am tired. Everyone is tired and there are so many fragments of hope all about and such a smell of the stale smoke of controversy, and of the vapors of needless fears and suspicions.

May 19th: The final Plenary Session. Behold all the delegates in the same places they occupied at the first day. Everyone whispers that this session will be short. Perfunctory speeches thanking Italy as host and manager of the Conference. Eternal chatter from the Italian spectators, so that no one can hear what is being said. Interpreters putting more zest into the repetition than appeared in the original discourse. Chatter, chatter. A Conference which failed! Perhaps some salvage from the mere meeting of nation with nation but also perhaps some additional weariness and some additional international distrust stirred by the press. Anyhow a show which has tired the whole world-audience. Yes, Lloyd George at the door is scolding the Russians —gently—good naturedly. No one cares, not even the Russians. He will scold in his speech later. And then suddenly the voice of Rathenau. He says his say in French. He says it afterward in English. He pleads for good will. He pleads for peace. He ends: "Io vo gridando, Pace, Pace, Pace!" ("I go crying Peace, peace, peace!") There is power in his voice, there is a torrent, a flood, a great surge, it appears, of sincerity. The voice seems to come from a great heart. The bodies of the delegates move forward, old enemies of Germans move forward, even the French move forward. Newspaper men move forward. Now they are half risen to their feet—all this weary lot, sodden with mediocrity. And they burst into applause. This is the

one emotional moment of the conference. And it ends by lying tongues acclaiming the Conference a great success.

We go out into the noontime sunlight—the clicking of camera shutters—motor cars.

At three, now that the Conference is over, I have seen Krassin, the Russian. Externally a Russian business man of the old regime. He has an exaggerated idea of American opinion of Russia and of our fear of Russian propaganda. He wants America to help Russia. He promises not to invade America with Bolshevism. I laughed a little at this idea—I explained that I believed there was no way to put up a tariff wall or a blockade against ideas. Let them come, good or bad, I said. I do not believe the mass of Americans are worrying much about that. I suggested to Krassin that if Russia was ready to establish a civil code protecting property and would recognize former American property rights in Russia American capital might be interested in renewing relationship. He went off into all the Bolshevists arguments to support their rights, to maintain their own way of doing things. He complained. I said I thought the easiest way to treat such arguments was to set up a concurrent right, to wit—the right of the United States and its people not to like the Bolshevist way of doing things sufficiently to recognize it or to deal with it. I suggested that he send me confidentially the representation he had made and he promised to do so. It was all so good natured—this talk.

We are leaving by motor this afternoon for a ride along the coast. Rapallo, Spezia, Viareggio. The next day Pisa, Siena and Orvieto. Then Rome.

CHAPTER III

INTERNATIONAL SHOW WINDOWS

MOST international difficulties do not rise from intrigue and conscious deceptions, deep-laid villainies and aims of concentrated selfishness. Most of them arise, however, because of groundless fears on the part of one nation that the other nation is engaging in these vices.

In my diplomatic experience, partly as ambassador and partly at international conferences, I learned, quite against some of my preconceptions, that moral persuasion on the one hand and conspiracy on the other had none of the value or force which are given them by the average mind. It is rather joyous to find that intrigue and conspiracy play smaller parts in diplomacy than they do in storybook and popular conception; but some hopeful persons may be bitterly disappointed to learn that moral persuasion, although not ten-tenths, is nine-tenths wasted breath. The chief bare fact, whatever we may hope for in a higher development of international relations, is that the trump cards of the game are still the cards of fear, well-founded fear or groundless fear—the fear of peoples of menaces from without and fear of representatives of political attacks upon them from their own parliaments or their own public opinion.

I learned that one of the sources of strength of American diplomacy has been to dispel fear. When fear is gone nations arrive at conciliatory terms. I learned that one of the sources of weakness of American diplomacy comes from the pressure of a part of our public opinion to have American diplomats depend upon moral persuasion. At the present development of the world, moral persuasion with nothing behind it is given polite attention, and if possible it is rewarded by open assent; but secretly it often bores statesmen who deal with facts rather than with talk; it creates the appearance of weakness in those who set it forth in place of a currency of more real value; and when standing completely alone, it has amounted to less than nothing in the world diplomacy during and since the war.

It may stir the people at home, but it never is quite capable of stirring the peoples of other nations to a point where their representatives need to feel the fear of losing their political heads if the representatives do not follow the preacher's emotional and moral leadership. Accordingly the mere preacher in an international meeting holds a weak hand. He is often regarded as a mark. Those who deal with the realities, details, facts and self-interest hoodwink and confuse him; and they are finally able to go back to their own people and convince them that the mere preacher in international affairs is either something of a hypocrite or is unsound, or even an enemy to the general welfare. Many nations in Europe can whistle their press into that service. It is a one-sided battle. All this Wilson finally learned at Paris.

Who or what is to blame? One learns after a time

that one cannot easily fasten the blame on individual statesmen. Of course it is difficult to defend Lloyd George when he indicates to his electorate that he will squeeze from the Paris Conference the cost of the war; indeed it is difficult to put the Treaty of Versailles side by side with the Armistice terms as laid down by our own President and convince the elevator boy that one meets the promise of the other. And yet on the whole men do their best.

It is too much to expect that when national interest is at stake a nation's representatives will be even as generous as they would be in their own personal affairs. The human element of the public opinion of the various countries enters into it, the habits of fear of nations used to living near volcanic ground of animosities and old grudges and greeds enter into it. The immense advantage of those who have grown up with the facts over those who are impatient with facts, as obstacles to any moral conclusion, enters into it. The effect of modern publicity, which perhaps has excited national fears much more than the so-called secrecy of old-fashioned diplomacy, enters into it. The increased emphasis put upon democracy and upon the control of foreign affairs by legislative bodies, such as Congress, the House of Commons or the French or the Italian Chambers, enters into it, because debates on foreign business in process of negotiation arouse animosities and expose diplomats and delegates at international conferences to barrage attacks for having conceded something. This is the situation in modern diplomacy and modern international dealing.

My experience abroad taught me that too many well-

intentioned Americans talk always about foreign affairs, and the machinery for conducting them, as if we could depend upon finding in the back of the shop the same kind of pretty goods one sees in the show window. There is current a strangely innocent and schoolgirlish faith that international machinery works as its designers hope it will work. It is folly to believe that superstate or coöperative institutions will, for some magic reason, be immune from such half-concealed faults of human nature and human practices as afflict handsome models of other kinds—say, models of municipal government.

Benes, who has conducted with extraordinary ability the affairs of Czecho-Slovakia as Minister of Foreign Affairs, and who, although a professor, has absorbed information and dealt with realities so that he has been able to make large contributions to effective European conciliation, once said to me, "When the older figures in European politics give way to the younger men who have lived less with apprehensions and perhaps cling less tenaciously to safety in their political life at home, we shall have an easier time of it."

I pointed out that he was emphasizing the importance of the human element and was admitting that mere new machinery and new institutions and new ostensible manners and customs of international dealing had not affected in any vital way the goods which still remained behind the show windows.

Some persons will not wish to believe this. I did not wish to believe it. It is easier and perhaps more pleasant to believe whatever we desire to believe. But it is silly. If we wish to be intelligent—and intelligence is

among one's first moral duties—we ought to realize that, with real advances in the standards of international dealing, there has come a great deal of window dressing, and that this window dressing is capable, without any person or group being to blame, of deceiving the average man or woman who has never walked around behind it.

Look at this picture with me:

A hatrack with three glistening top hats just outside a door at the end of a long corridor. The door is closed. The door is the door of Colonel House in the Crillon Hotel at Paris, and this is April, 1919.

The Paris Peace Conference has been centered for months in a wet and weary city. The hotels are filled with delegations from nearly every race and nation on earth. Here, under rules and formal organization, the nations have come together, as the expression has it, "to sit around a table for open discussion and exchange of views and to reach, through friendly conciliation, settlements of vexing questions." The delegations and their staffs number into thousands, the miles traveled for all to come here are rated in the millions. Ships have put to sea, engines have drawn trainloads. Medals have been struck, kings have granted farewell interviews, delegations have left stations, crowds have cheered themselves hoarse bidding good-by to their representatives who are to write their names in a flourish across the pages of history. New clothes have been cut, new gold braid sewed on. Oppressed peoples have sent their carloads of representatives. Printing presses have been busy in every corner of the earth. Men and women in little villages have knelt praying for the wel-

fare of the hope of the world, newspapers have been rushed into streets of every continent, telegraphs have clicked forth the news and camel trains have stalked into deserts with it. Thousands of experts have turned out volumes and volumes of figures behind windows that never close their eyes upon Paris. Fleets of automobiles have switched grim-faced delegates about on errands of supposed importance. Millions and millions have been spent on food and trappings. Women of beauty and distinction have whispered into ears. After a time—perhaps tomorrow—there will be a meeting—a solemn and utterly meaningless meeting around a green-baize table in an ancient hall. The Peace Conference is on!

All over the world the innocent go on conceiving of a peace table where long rows of delegates representing the aspirations of nation on nation, and their claims and their willingness to forego claims, are now engaging in a new and open diplomacy, or as the expression used to be, "openly arrived at," and we suppose arrived at by democracy and for democracy. The picture in the world's mind is of some kind of forerunner of some kind of great and beneficent family of nations having a full discussion of justice and conciliation, unafraid, frank, open, promising an absolute guaranty of peace, promising hearings of the claims of the weak, promising complete resurrection of godlike qualities in the strong.

I faced, however, as I approached the door of my friend, just three silk hats.

Struck by a whimsical mood, I started forward toward that doorway behind the three silk hats. I made

that movement merely to fill out the picture. Whereupon an American marine—a nice boy with clear eyes, deep of chest, in a spick-and-span uniform—stepped forth. He was shocked. He was shocked almost into speechlessness.

He said, "Don't you know the conference is going on in there?" The world would rock if I heard one word of it.

"What conference?" I asked, feigning ignorance.

"THE!" he replied.

He described it in a voice with capital letters—The Conference. He was right to describe it so. He was right to point to the three silk hats. Let people around the world conceive of along baize table; let them imagine the delegates of nations, big and little, weighing their words; let them believe that the morning paper would bring them the news of the real deliberations and real conclusions. And here were only the three silk hats: Wilson's hat, Lloyd George's hat, Clémenceau's hat.

I stood back and looked at these three silk hats and at the closed door, and I asked myself why those particular three hats were there. I was not cynical about it when I realized that the thousands of little delegates and secretaries and typists and kings of small places and claimants and experts crowded into the show window were not THE conference. I was not cynical about it when I realized that these particular three hats were not there by reason even of the virtue or wisdom of three heads from which the three moist white sweatbands had been lifted.

With philosophical good nature I reached the inevit-

able conclusion that those particular three silk hats were there because the owners of them, as poker players say, had the chips.

I had merely passed, as I have since passed often, beyond the show window of a modern international diplomacy shop and had come to the portal behind which real diplomacy, not villainous or dangerous or inferior diplomacy, but practical, workable and actual diplomacy, was doing business—perhaps good and kindly business—in the old way, and with full appreciation of the fact that having the chips is the best ticket to the room behind the closed door. Since then I have been behind a great many closed doors myself. Since then silk hats have hung outside my door. Since then I have learned that no one is to blame for this inevitable result of attempts to conceive "a meeting around a table for a frank and friendly discussion," or an assembly hall "where nations can heal their differences, or councils where "great and small stand equally in a democratic family of nations."

We shall still have conferences. They are necessary and good. We shall still build toward the idea of international assemblies and councils and conventions, for they may serve their ends. But let the innocent put away from them the idea that until facts and human nature are greatly altered, these are more than show windows where are exhibited the goods manufactured beforehand by the old methods, or where are shown those goods which are being baked behind closed doors for daily exhibit in the open. Let the innocent put aside the futile and frivolous belief that any institution, by virtue of its show-window qualities, is going to revo-

lutionize mankind and suddenly by machinery and institutions place morals and idealism in the seats usually occupied by power and resource. I wish it were so; but it is not.

For example, the League of Nations is in meeting. An international crisis arises and the peace of Europe is threatened. Does the presiding officer on some vital day allow discussion? On the contrary, he shuts off discussion. One great power has asked this action. What are the facts? Foreign offices have been busy. Telegraph wires are hot. Secretaries of embassies in half a dozen capitals jump into cars and ambassadors talk to ministers of foreign affairs with low voices in high-ceilinged rooms. Two great powers exchange views privately and secretly. Perhaps the very thing to bring about a volcanic eruption is the meeting around a table for "a free and frank discussion."

The presses of several countries are inflaming their peoples. Furthermore, two greater powers are jealously lining up with one or the other of the smaller powers who are snarling at each other. None of this appears in the show window of the League. Why should it? It might break the window! Behind closed doors two powers decide that it shall not appear in the show window and a lot of smaller powers are nonplussed because the greatest real crisis suddenly takes a dive and goes under the surface. A week or two later old-fashioned diplomacy, practical, quiet, and sometimes, if results count, not bad but conscientiously good, has brought about peace and security.

Such is an actual instance. I watched it with interest from a point of vantage. I thought during those

days many times that the show window has tremendous educational advantages, but that those who desire to labor intelligently for international accord must do so with the full recognition not only of their own idealism but of the practical and sometimes wholly useful realities of convenience and necessity.

The differences between the show windows of international relations and the practical forces, which make private conferences like those of the three silk hats necessary, are not differences created by the will of any man or any group of men. They arise from the surrounding circumstances. They arise from inescapable facts. They arise from old-fashioned expediency. No man can stop them. Perhaps to stop them, instead of serving peace, would serve conflict and misunderstanding and would not lead mankind away from war but toward war.

We have idealized the show windows of diplomacy and international dealing; against this I have no objection unless the innocent fondly believe that institutions such as the League are not and will not be operated by forces which arrange beforehand what shall be done —before the results can be set forth in the show window.

I have no quarrel with the aims of the League or its successors or its possible evolutions in the future. Lord Curzon once attributed to me, unjustly, contempt for the League. I replied, "One does not have to marry a lady in order to respect her."

There is a good deal to be said in favor of old-fashioned diplomacy—the quiet, uphill, sometimes painfully tedious and slow working out of usually good

and peace-preserving agreements between nations. I will give examples of its efficiency later on; but now I desire to show that whether or not we like the idea, necessity, convenience and expediency force it upon men. More than that, it is forced upon the very men who are trying the hardest to conduct international affairs upon the sit-around-a-table-for-a-free-and-open-discussion basis. It forced itself upon Wilson, and has forced itself upon conferences such as Genoa and Lausanne, where ostensibly everyone starts out with a fair measure of desire to have everything done in the show window. And it has forced its way into dominant importance in every important conference since the war.

The three silk hats are not a symbol of Wilson, Lloyd George and Clemenceau cheating the world by their own selfish desire to make secret agreements and accords to put them out later in the show window of the Peace Conference; the three silk hats are merely the symbol of three men short of time, trying to do their best, having to reckon on forces, financial, commercial or military, which press upon them as inescapable facts. They are baffled in attempts to bring any matter to peaceful conclusion in the presence of the wrangle and endless words of an assembly or council. Therefore they fix up some conclusion in final form behind closed doors, not because they claim exclusive wisdom or virtue or, if time allowed, would fail to submit their judgment to the world, but because they happen to be those who, wise or unwise, can decide. The very description of what these men represent indicates something of why they are there alone.

Said the marine at the door, speaking as a matter of course, "They are the three great powers!"

Let us not blame them, but let us not be fools enough to believe that anything very important is decided in the show windows of international conferences. For Americans to believe any such fond notion is to be mere tyros in the field of international politics, foozled and fooled by foreign lecturers and propagandists and by the whole tribe of domestic phrase makers, window dressers and impractical idealists, who have never been behind the scenes, have never known the scene shifters and therefore view the presentation of the play as if they were viewing realities.

Assume that you go as a Scandinavian representative to the Conference of Genoa. The Conference of Genoa drew the delegations of more nations than have ever been assembled since the war. Lloyd George has advertised it as a great show, for it is an "economic conference to settle the economic future of Europe," and especially to deal with Russia. It is well known by everyone, and therefore no secret, that the French fear that in the presence of Germany reparations—the most important key to European economics—may by some horrible inadvertence be discussed. Before the conference assembles, old-fashioned diplomacy is busy for weeks arranging behind closed doors what shall be done about that particular subject in the "meeting around a table for a frank and open discussion," and finally the subject is made taboo and the conference opens.

Just as in Paris, here come the delegations and experts, here come complainants and demands, applica-

tions for admission and uninvited nations, and all for hearings, with tons of printed propaganda. My table is piled high with it; soon it threatens to cover the floor. Here come trappings, automobiles, evening clothes, gold braid, serious secretaries with portfolios of agenda and voluminous studies and statistics under their arms. Hotels are commandeered, the flags of nearly forty nations blow in the breeze of the Ligurian Sea.

Italian soldiers, regia guardia, carabinieri, line the way for the parade of motors bearing diplomats to the old palace hall where once assembled those councils which made Genoa a great sea power. A plenary session! Something impressive in the word "plenary!" Speeches—discreet, though inspirational in tone. No striking out from the shoulder, no mention of anything vital. There are announcements of committees and commissions. Committees on transportation, on finance, on loans, on dozens of the threads from which the whole new economic life of Europe is to be woven. Telegraph wires are busy with press dispatches. And then——

Then, after that session is ended, every vital key question suddenly makes a backward dive out of the show window! The imaginary delegate who comes from the Scandinavian country, throbbing with new ideas, desirous of making himself effective, dreaming hopeful dreams of his effect upon the history of the world, suddenly with all the other delegates who have not come with the cards and the chips, might as well be in the Aleutian Islands so far as real information as to what is really going on is concerned. He may discuss gold banks and discount banks for Europe, and stabilization

of exchange and methods of breaking down economic barriers. He may be an expert with a lifelong experience in such matters. But in spite of the show window, none of these considerations seem to touch the vitals of the conference.

Week after week goes by. The delegate who comes to help make history walks in the afternoon along the sea wall and dines with another nation's delegate in the evening. He writes to his wife. Occasionally he sees Lloyd George and the French delegate Barthou rushing away from their respective villas to unknown destinations. Every day or two the noncommittal surface emits a couple of gaseous bubbles of gossip. It is said that the Germans and Russians have signed a treaty right under the nose of the conference; it is confirmed. Most of the negotiation was carried on in Berlin! It is said that Barthou has made a protocol with the English; various plays in that game were made in conversations between Paris and London. A matter comes up which involves a proposed course of action by the United States; again the telegraph wires are busy, and Downing Street and the State, War and Navy Buildings in Washington see calls from the American ambassador, Mr. Harvey, and from Geddes. The Russian delegation issues a saucy memorandum and is chided for it behind closed doors.

The nearest the press comes to what is going on is to see a few silk hats hanging in the hallways of the Villa A, where Lloyd George and his family are becoming almost permanent residents; or at the Villa B, where my fellow ambassador in Rome, Monsieur Camille Barrére, paces backward and forward in his study; or

at Santa Margherita, where the Russians are isolated. The weeks go by and the world sees only the window dressing of a great world conference, and hears of the advantages of "meeting around a table for a frank and open discussion."

And finally the closing days arrive. A motor car climbs a winding driveway and two men get down and find another man sitting asleep in a willow chair beneath a tree in a villa garden. He awakes. There is a brief conversation. One man shrugs his shoulders. Another says he is sorry. A bird twitters in a tree above.

"Well," says one man, looking up at the spring skies, "it is nice to see the sun after all these cloudy weeks. Conferences should be held in sunny places."

So do conferences approach an end. Unsuccessful, there is nothing much to put out in the show window. The conference is not to blame. It really has had nothing to do with the big game. The big game has been played by telegraphs, code messages, foreign offices, partly by diplomats far away, bids for hands entered by premiers dealing outside the conference organization. And now to put up the shutters.

Two men are leaning over a white tablecloth on a terrace, overlooking the harbor of Genoa. One takes a sip of coffee and says something as to the proper manner of bringing the conference to an end. The other says the easiest way is to refer everything to a future conference.

There is a twinkle in the first man's eye and the second knows that he can go back to his telegraph-code

clerk and accurately prophesy in his message to his government how the conference will end.

And so a week later comes the second and final plenary session. Something impressive. Again the line of soldiers, again the procession of motor cars, again the green-baize table, again the speeches, again something said about how good will come from a friendly meeting. I hear Rathenau deliver something from his heart and I hear the spontaneous applause from men otherwise baffled and cynical; I hear given to a German the first applause from the heart that internationalism has known since the war. Perhaps that little moment justifies these weeks of show window.

The shutters are put up. Why? I have been this time on the inside of the closed doors, and I know, just as I knew in Paris, that no one is to blame because everything is not set forth in the show window. I know that an attempt to put the vital things into the show window might bring on a crisis. Old-fashioned diplomacy, private negotiations, quiet meetings, the formal and informal exchange of views of one government with another have been preserving peaceful relations and deciding what shall be set forth in the front windows. And I know that this is not because of intrigue or villainy, but because it is the method forced upon men who do not let delicate questions charge about a conference hall like bulls in the world's china shop, and who are faced with necessity—necessity of confining ultimate decisions to that small group of forces powerful enough to make them before the show window will ever have anything to exhibit.

"Diplomacy by conference." How that phrase rang

in our ears! I believe in it still. We all believe in it; but if public opinion is to be enlisted in the guidance of foreign relationships, it should be intelligent, it should be educated, it should know the limitations put by a practical world, by realities and by inevitable forces, upon international dealing. It should learn to value the show windows for exactly what they are; it should learn to value old-fashioned diplomacy for exactly what it is. Old-fashioned diplomacy is a convenience, a necessity, a practical method which even those who attack it have to adopt in the end, just as Wilson adopted it in Paris. Sometimes it is an instrument to preserve peace, when peace might be challenged or even shattered by a discussion in some assembly debate, or by being pawed around that fair-sounding institution, "a table for frank and open discussion."

These tables for "frank and open discussion" may sound inspiring when mentioned in the mouths of earnest persons seeking panaceas to prevent wars, and I will join in approval of the use of the conference method within the scope of its usefulness. Anyone can see its usefulness; it is only practical experience which exposes its limitations and its dangers. Let me indicate out of my experience what some of these limitations and dangers may be.

A European conference is opening. Fearful of any show of heat, the hosts have been discreet in their invitations to speak. It is understood that the speeches shall contain only conciliatory matter. But one chief of delegation who has not been asked to speak comes from one of the new democracies of the world. He

knows that back home a proud people is waiting to hear the voice of their own land; he knows that his legislative body, and particularly the extreme party opposed to him, demands something hot off the griddle about their national pride and independence. If he says nothing he will appear at the very beginning of this "free and open and friendly meeting around a table" as having been swamped. If he says anything conciliatory he will appear to be intimidated at the outset. Being one of the shrewdest diplomats I have ever met, when his eyes meet mine I know that he knows that the mere fact that he is confronted with a problem of the new open diplomacy is going to force him to say things he never would dream of saying if he were alone in my room with the chief delegates of two other great nations. I sit listening to him, knowing that at the outset of a voyage toward peace the open-conference method has forced him to speak with a chip on his shoulder, irritating everyone. He has been forced by the surrounding circumstances of publicity to hold his power with the nation which has sent him. I naturally find myself wondering whether any kind of an international debating institution will not light as many fires as it quenches.

And forever through the conference runs this influence of public opinion back home, driving delegates who are forced into the open to take stronger positions than they would ever take in the old-fashioned conversations of old-fashioned diplomacy. Let no one believe that the pressure upon a delegate from the public opinion or poltical forces of his own country is ever on the side of concession. The millennium has not yet ar-

rived, and there is always the opposition party and opposition propaganda back home that find it no difficult task to seize upon any retreat the delegate may make to show that he is a mollycoddle, that he is being outjockeyed and wheedled by statesmen more shrewd and selfish than he.

Let us call spades by their names. When, for instance, the Italian delegate was metaphorically pulled out into the middle of the floor at the League of Nations for a rebuke about Corfu, he had no two courses open to him. If he represented his country and his people in any degree, he had to resent the rebuke. More than that—common sense insisted that he should take the offensive. Sparks began to fly. An institution designed to preserve peace had come near to a lesson showing that a debating circle to avert wars may suggest and bring about conflict as well as avert it.

Wisely enough, in the case I am citing, the matter was skillfully shifted to the hands of old-fashioned diplomacy; within two weeks it was settled, with scarcely a ruffled feather in Europe.

To suppose that "frank and open discussion around a table" leads always to peace rather than conflict is an idea which still remains in the habit thinking of many of our crusaders for a "new world." Some of my friends who ardently desire the United States to join one or various international tables, and who demand always the broad light of day upon all negotiations, would be shocked to know that their proposals, carried out, would lead straight away from peace and straight toward misunderstanding and war.

For instance, I was attending as representative of the

United States a conference of vital importance to peace. One side was demanding a principle of far-reaching importance. Days had been spent at the conference table, supposedly behind closed doors, but with the usual leakage to the press, in an endeavor of a majority of nations to drive back by their combined assaults the spirited refusal of one nation to yield. Military and naval experts had met and argued and wrestled with the experts of the reluctant nation. The chief delegate of that nation had explained over and over again that, for his nation, the yielding of any such concession would mean the giving up of national security. Things began to look black. I went to see the chief delegate of the nation standing out against the others. To my surprise, he inquired deeply into our American public opinion and as to the real feeling of our Government. He took out a map. To be brief in the telling, I went away with his promise to yield, provided the circumstances were made such that he could yield in a manner to satisfy his own people back home, and without humiliation.

To prepare the ground for this man's concession I knew would take time and delicacy. Certain other nations would have been glad to see him forced to yield and exposed as weakening. Other nations would have been glad to have had the issue deadlocked. At the moment, if what I knew had been thrown out on the conference table, it might have set fire to all the tinder in one corner of Europe; on the other hand, if I could bring about conciliation quietly the United States might contribute substantially toward peace—and that

was one reason for my presence at this conference. At my door I met newspapermen.

"They telephoned down that you had left his room," said they. "What did he say? What is he going to do? Is the conference going to break? What cards did you play with him? Did he yield?"

These are the practical situations which meet the new open diplomacy "openly arrived at."

The correspondents, to whom I refused information, went away, and left one of them, a lifelong friend and fine old veteran, to argue with me. As I remember it, we went for a long walk through the snow when it was nearly midnight.

"You are adopting the tactics of the same old-fashioned diplomacy which the world has condemned," he said. "The people of the United States have a right to know what you are doing. Diplomacy is now the negotiation of peoples with peoples. It is open, aboveboard."

He was quite sincere; he was not a correspondent talking for his own benefit; he was my old friend advising me; he was talking theory and I was dealing with practice. So I said to him:

"Soon after this conference opened, the chairman of one of the three sections invited me to luncheon. He was very solemn in his warning to me. He said that he feared I might feel free to give out information to the American correspondents. He asked me to remember that to be a member of the conference was to abide by its rules of secrecy. And so I told him that I was sorry such was the case; that so far as the affairs of others were concerned, the United States representatives

would give out nothing, but that the position of the United States as to various matters was in no wise secret and would be given out by me directly and through no other agency or censor. And then I took out of my pocket a Paris newspaper which contained a complete text of a statement he had made the day before at a so-called secret session!"

I said to my friend, the old newspaperman:

"There is a vast amount of nonsense on both sides. These conferences which meet around a table and set up rules for secrecy are about as secret as a bridge table. Every delegation agrees to secrecy, everything comes out through every back door, there is a scandal, and after that the bars are down. Then the conference is driven to do most of its real business in hotel rooms, and sometimes the one thread which holds peace is secrecy. I have one of those threads and I am going home to bed and only pray it will not break before I can use it tomorrow."

This thread of secrecy did not break and, perhaps solely because it did not, a peaceful agreement was woven.

The deepest impression made upon one who has had experience with international assembly, whether it be in Geneva, at the League, in Washington with the Disarmament Conference, at Paris, Genoa or Lausanne—wherever an international conference is going on—comes from the realization that the very elements which the innocent believe will give free hands to their representatives to arrive at justice and preserve peace sometimes are the factors which cause the greatest embarrassment, tie delegates' hands the tightest and lead

toward irritation, suspicion, ultimate weariness and occasionally awaken all the forces of conflict. These factors are the open conference table, free discussion and publicity.

One of the most useful personal forces for peace in Europe sat in my room one night when things were going badly.

I said to him, "You are the man to save this conference. You have the knowledge. You have the ability. You have the personal power. You have the ear of European peoples. If you reach it now through the meeting tomorrow the conference will have to go your way. You can save the day."

I still believe that I was right, but this is what he answered:

"Perhaps you fail to distinguish between your position and mine. The United States has its own foreign policy, and it is simple compared with the foreign policy of my country, of which I am the custodian. We have years of complicated agreements and accords, jealousies and suspicions, behind us. If I struck out with my opinion in the open it would disturb and awaken a thousand echoes. You know my opinion and you trust it. Well, I shall try to use it; but I shall only try to use it under the following conditions: First, behind locked doors, because it is so vigorous that in the open it would upset not only our allies and friends but also our whole internal party politics at home. I could be a martyr to my own bravery and frankness, but what right have I to overturn my country's relations with other nations and what right have I to put my political party at home into jeopardy? Secondly, I can only use

my power in a way exactly the opposite of the one which occurs to you. That is, I must keep it out of the press.

"Do you expect the press of Europe to take the view that I have no ulterior motive? Do you for a moment believe it would attribute to me the unselfish motives which you do? Are you not able to see that the nations which would be reluctant to adopt my policy will use their press to prevent it and misinterpret it? You expect me to tear away the weavings of years in one speech. Well, that is the American idea. You can go in a path. We have to walk through a labyrinth. You can say what you please so long as it is what you call moral. If you are careless—well, it costs you nothing. If we are careless it costs us everything."

One of the reasons for his cynicism was that, a few days before, the press of one great European nation had been filled with a story, utterly false, that he had predicted the failure of the conference.

The sum total of any close observations will show an American, particularly one who has been not only on the sidewalk just outside the show window but also inside the shop, that even the most idealistic machinery for international relations may not be as it appears on the plans or on the surface of its practice. The show window plays a large part and a useful part, perhaps, but behind these show windows the real business is still being done. Sometimes it is being done there for the best of ends—peace and justice—and has been put back into hands of old-fashioned diplomacy to have it safely and well done. At other times it is being done for ends we consider evil, and then the show window, with

its pretty exhibits, is a snare to those who are foolish enough to believe that the show window is not still in control of the foreign offices of powerful governments apparently so far away. Fortunately we are able to keep our idealism and our hope and our willingness to help, without growing cynical and without much fear.

If the show windows disappoint us because they set forth only the best and only a part of the goods, there is a comforting thought in this: It is easy to be an idealist dealing with a world as one wishes it were and with facts which are not.

It is much harder—but more useful—to be an idealist dealing hopefully and bravely with a world of realities whether or not we like them.

CHAPTER IV

MY DIARY AT LAUSANNE

THE Conference of Lausanne was assembled to make a belated peace between the Allies and Turkey. The Treaty of Sevres, partly owing to the fact that there came into being a wholly new Turkey, was invalid and the need for peace in the Near East was pressing. The United States having failed during a former administration to declare war on Turkey could not enter this Conference to make a peace treaty, but in other respects our interest was as great as those of other powers and, in fact, we took a large part in the settlement of the more important decisions. The first Conference ended disastrously; the second resulted in a treaty most favorable to Turkey. The second Conference was not attended by the chief delegates of the Occidental nations and, therefore, my associate at the first Conference, Mr. Joseph Clark Grew, had the opportunity of exercising his great tact and diplomatic experience in a substantial contribution toward peace and the making of a new treaty between the United States and Turkey.

The story of Lausanne is told in the hastily written entries in my diary. I have selected those which may best give an idea of the changing colors on the surface

of an international conference and the varying forces beneath the froth and bubble.

Sept. 15th: The news of the rout of the Greeks in Smyrna by the Turkish army of Kemal forecasts some activity in European diplomacy. The British have bet on the wrong horse and I do not believe can hope for much support from France or Italy—Italy with a need for markets, outlets for emigrants and concessions in the Near East is paying court to the Musselman world whose favor Italy had almost lost. Italy also has her eyes upon Rhodes and the Dodecanese Islands. There is probably a merry slaughter going on at Smyrna and the United States with its sentiment for the Christian minorities and its hope for a freedom of the Straits to the Black Sea will have many questions to ask of me. These inquiries will not ripen at once; they will come when some missionary set at home begin to howl about the terrible Turk and when the great European powers begin to take a hand in making peace between Greece and Turkey. Turkey will demand Thrace.

October 8th: Sir Ronald Graham, the British Ambassador at Rome came to dine with us alone. Lady Sybil is still away. We talked of the Near Eastern difficulty. My opinion is that the Turk following the usual oriental diplomacy has been able to split apart or keep apart the Occidental powers and that the humiliation of the latter may result in the Slav and Oriental bringing challenge to the leadership of the Western nations and a vast stir of discontent among those people who have had to bow racially or religiously to the

THE UNITED STATES DELEGATION TO THE CONFERENCE OF LAUSANNE.

Top Row. Left to right: Lieutenant Wheeler, Mr. Heck, Copley Amory, Jr., Mr. Gillespie, Mr. Belin. Bottom Row: Admiral Bristol, High Commissioner at Constantinople, Richard Washburn Child, Joseph Clark Grew.

domination of the West. This includes Turks, Arabs, Persians, Indians, Chinese and Russians, Georgians, Ukranians. France it was said, has "let Great Britain down" and Italy has suddenly been thrown out of the arms of Great Britain into the arms of the French. So few the weeks or months necessary to create new interpretations of selfish interest!

November 6th: Yesterday morning a conference with Mussolini at the Foreign Office. We talked about Fiume and some reports of disorders from there. Mussolini says in a general way what I would believe if I were in his place. He indicates that the relations with Yugoslavia are strained, but if there is to be any controversy as to control anywhere on the Dalmatian coast it is better to plan it than to allow sporadic incursions and incidents and disorders. We discussed the Near East situation.

The Nationalists have entered upon the task of declaring that the government of Constantinople is theirs and they have requested the inter-allied control of Constantinople and the high commissioners of the powers there to yield all authority.

November 8th: To me it appears that we are nearer than ever to trouble in the Orient. Turks, Russians, Hindoos, Egyptians and Chinese are awake to the fact that Occidental civilizations which have conquered or surpassed them are not quite worthy. Strong religious prejudices, strong racial antipathies, strong hopes of new self-generated vitality are aroused. The Turkish successes against Greece by arms, the Turkish diplomacy against the British by the usual oriental method

of separating one's enemies from their solidarity have stirred the Moslem world.

And now we see the Turkish nation entering a new era of enthusiasm, of the feel of youth and of self confidence. The Angoran Assembly has voted to take from the Sultan temporal power. This means an attempt to take Constantinople out of the hands of the Sultan and out of the hands of the allied High Commissioners.

November 16th: It has been decided that I shall be the ranking delegate of the United States at the Lausanne Conference. We leave this evening for Switzerland.

Nov. 17th: We arrived this evening at Lausanne after a painless trip which my two little daughters enjoyed from beginning to end. They had the adventure of sleeping for the first time on the train and it was a great lark. The change in climate after going through the Simplon Tunnel was most marked. We left summer and entered winter. Grew, my associate delegate and Belin, who has been assigned from Paris to be secretary of this delegation, met us at the train. I have brought Copley Amory from my Embassy and later we will have Shaw from Constantinople and Dwight, who is head of the Near Eastern division from the Department of State. I hear he sailed yesterday from New York. We dined with Grew and his wife at the Beau-Rivage Hotel where our suite is most comfortable even though it has a certain ocean-liner style of decoration.

Curzon met Poincare in Paris. The British have made a secret deal with the French, no doubt. It is

said everywhere that in exchange for French support in the Near East there has been a pledge of support of the French policy as to Germany, especially as it concerns the deliberation of the impending Conference at Brussels to settle war debts and reparations.

This may mean that if the Turks force their demands there will be war rather than peace arising from this spot!

Nov. 18th: We awoke much refreshed. The weather was still cold, gray and lowering, but we could see that there is, in fact, a lake in front of our windows, with swans on it and an invisible horizon. I spent the day thrashing out with Grew what our duties will be and how to fullfill them. At noon we motored to a near-by town, where, in a little restaurant, conspicuously clean to eyes and other organs of sense used to Italian inns, we had luncheon with Dr. Nansen and Arthur Sweetser, an American Secretary of the League of Nations. Nansen I saw once, more than twenty-five years ago, when he strode through the Touraine Hotel in Boston after returning from his world-famous Arctic expedition. He was a proud and forbidding figure then without much sympathy in his face. Now he is a powerful, forceful, old man, but gentle and with blue eyes filled with a kind of patient sadness. He has just returned from Constantinople and Greece, where he had a mandate from the League to conduct relief and report. He talks of the refugee thousands, of the transfers and exchange of males as if sympathy had outgrown all individuals and had attached itself now only to masses of misery. He is used to refugee desperation for he has had nearly two years of experience with

mass-misery in Russia. There is something comforting about Nansen's size, his great hands, his deep northern voice booming out English.

Nov. 19th: The Conference will be formally opened tomorrow at five. Baron Hayashi, the principal delegate for the Japanese, has arrived and left his card. After luncheon with the Grews today, Sir Horace Rumbold, the British High Commissioner at Constantinople and the ranking delegate next to Curzon, came over to meet us—with Lady R. It is evident that, as yet, he knows little of what is going on in London and Paris and that he has no wish to tell that little.

Apparently we are an unexplored force in this Conference.

Tonight Poincaré and Curzon have come through Lausanne and are going on to Territet to meet Mussolini for a conference to the end that the Allies may present a united front to the Turks. It is the usual procedure. The British trade out with the French and afterward "confer" with Italy. I expect they will have difficulty with Mussolini. He has stated that his foreign policy would be "Niente per niente." He cannot very well refuse support, but he will want to know what makes the clock go. I expect to see him tonight or tomorrow morning, when all three, Poincaré, Curzon and Mussolini return here.

Nov. 20th: For a time this morning the Allied delegations, including Poincaré, Curzon and Mussolini were in some hesitancy in regard to the chairmanship of the Conference. This started rumors that I would

be asked to take the chairmanship and set us all to weighing the advantages and disadvantages, but when Grew and I saw Mussolini at two, he said they had decided on a rotation of chairmen. Inasmuch as there will probably be few sessions where a Conference chairman presides—and perhaps none—the presiding feature is a small one and this leaves committee appointments and of course some power to be in upon all conferences of import.

Mussolini did not give me any impression that the much advertised "united Allied front" had been perfected. Even Italy had made "reservations." After these strenuous days Mussolini looks well and bubbles with vitality. He was once expelled from Lausanne by the police. This was when he was a deportee from Italy owing to his supposed anarchistic tendencies. Now he comes back as the Premier of the country which exiled him and the Swiss police polish up their uniforms to be his protectors!

Last night he came to Territet and when Curzon and Poincare arrived they telephoned to him to change the place of meeting to Lausanne, but he told them that he was in Territet and that there he would remain. Curzon is said to have remarked, "Well, I will go there to put him in my pocket because, at the moment, we are in need of him." Curzon did not get him pocketed, however.

This afternoon the opening session in the theatre of the Casino in the upper town. The front row at the right began with the two American delegates, then Barrére, Poincaré, then Rumbold and Curzon, then Garroni, Mussolini, Hayashi, Otchai, then Roumania,

Turkey, Yugoslavia. The Bulgarian Prime Minister was present in the second row.

Haabe, President of the Swiss Confederation, made a charming speech of welcome. Curzon followed with a kind of cauliflower offering, pompous and puffing. Arrangements had been made to have the speeches stop there, but Ismet Pasha, head of the Angoran delegation broke this open by advancing with a short manuscript. It was somewhat argumentative and contentious. His motive probably was to keep in the warmth of the hearts of his people back home.

The British have received the Sultan in his flight and borne him away on a ship of war. This prejudices the success of this Conference which has been wobbly from the first suggestion of it.

Nov. 21st: Today was held the first plenary session in the Chateau with Curzon as chairman. There was a perfunctory show of "discussing arrangements"—the *Projets de Reglement.* It was only a thin veneer to cover the star chamber proceedings which Curzon—and possibly Barrére had worked out. Well, there we sat—at the head of the table, Curzon and Rumbold (British), Barrére and Bompard (French), on the right, and Garroni with a place reserved for Montagna, who is the Italian Minister to Greece, on the left. Just around the right corner where one of the East and West tables meets the North and South, or head table, sit the Japanese, Hayashi and Otchai, my colleague in Rome, and at the other corner—myself and Grew. On the right of the Japanese come the Turks, most of whom are anything but an intellectual or agreeable appearing company. On our own left facing the Turks are the

Greeks. Venizelos is there appearing professional, nervous—a kind of feverish genius eager to talk, and plausible. After the Turks come the Yugoslavs. After the Greeks the Roumanians, with little fat cheerful Diamandy trying occasionally to light a pipe without letting Curzon see him, because Curzon abominates pipes and all his secretaries say has had the dudeen banished from Downing Street.

Grew and I are about the only delegates who do not wear eye glasses or spectacles. Ismet Pasha is partly deaf. Looking around the table there is nothing imposing in the faces, little to indicate courage and much to indicate a kind of weasel mind, full of fears and suspicions with its eyes on its own personal political welfare. I trust I am not too cynical but I could see little here except the spirit of fearful yesterdays still carrying the psychology of the war.

The steam rolled arrangements of progress did not please the Turks. They do not feel themselves to be a defeated nation. Ismet protested that countries not originally invited were present; he demanded the presidency of one of the three committees (Territorial, Financial and Economic) into which the Conference has been organized arbitrarily and he asked that a Turk be appointed Assistant Secretary of the Conference. Curzon rode down all their proposals with a gesture of indignant, regal authority.

I thought it quite necessary to make our position clear. I said that we took our position as regular representatives, without vote, which is immaterial since no votes are ever taken in these international conferences. I said that I would express the position of my

Government whenever it was required either in committees or sub-committees. Curzon welcomed our presence most gracefully.

Nothing can be more clear than the fact that the Conference is organized for failure. The reason is plain. It was apparent somewhat at Paris in 1919 and at Genoa this Spring. Whenever the work is broken up into small sections, in sub-commissions, one of two things happens; either these sub-commission confine their labor to mere academic discussion or else they increase rather than ameliorate differences in points of view between the various interests involved. Such committees and sub-commissions are manned by second-rate representatives of the real leaders of a Conference. They are even more timid than their chiefs. The only safe thing for them to do is to claim everything and yield nothing. Subjects which are referred to subcommittees with the blessing of good will will come back in the report filled with the bad-blood of argument and the differences which become more marked by being handled by little souls who are afraid to do anything unless it be to "stand pat," to yield nothing and appear noncommittal or aggressive.

Today Grew and I called on Poincaré in company with Barrére. Poincaré, whom I had never seen before, is a little man, rather a dumpling in stature. He appears aggressive in the manner of one who is hiding a whole complexity of indeterminate qualities; he has a disappointed face suggestive of personal defeats within.

He told me that France felt that her interests and

those of the United States in this Conference were alike. His underestimate of my contempt for this kind of diplomatic clap-trap amused me. Then he went on to say in a perfunctory way that there was a "United Allied Front," but he took pains to create a great air of confidence in telling us that "France has not and will not send additional military force to clear up any situation created by the folly and intrigue of another nation." He added to this slight to the "United Allied Front" the reminder that "France is the only nation which has already completed an accord with Turkey." I suppose he was referring to the Kemalist Accord of 1921 in which France, secretly in part perhaps dealt with the enemy in the sense of making a bargain for herself before the nations at war with Turkey could act together.

Nov. 22nd: I have had a skirmish with Curzon and on the whole I am satisfied by the result. He asked me for luncheon today and when I arrived I found that Sir William Tyrell was also a guest. Curzon stated that he wished to speak of the vexing press question. Yesterday an announcement was made that all the sessions of the Conference were to be secret. Barrére engaged in a needless dictum in regard to the dangers of publicity and I believe, as if to show him the futility of hoping for secret sessions the complete text of his remarks were published this morning on two continents!

Curzon said to me that he knew the whole of Venizelos' remarks at the morning session had already leaked out from a source which anyone might guess. He said that he hoped that no representative of the

United States would join those who broke the rule of secrecy, that it would be serious for a "guest—an invited guest—to be the means through which the affairs of the Allied Powers were made public."

I said I had no intention of breaking confidences as to matters in which I was not concerned. However, I must have and would have freedom, not only to make my position clear, but in case of misrepresentation of our position I would make myself astonishingly clear with a promptness and vigor which would tend to attract the widest of publicity. I told Curzon that any question thrown upon that right might raise the question of our desiring to remain in the Conference. This settled it. . .

Nov. 23rd: What a comedy! Here are three principal European powers asserting that they present a United Allied Front to the Turks. Mussolini indicates that it does not exist. He admits mutual suspicions. Poincaré asserts the Front, but at once discloses suspicion, bitterness and reluctance to give anything. And now, today, Curzon confesses to me, in the course of a long exchange of views that the United Allied Front which he arranged in Paris is "tentative" and is subject to the appearance of a crisis in which case Poincaré has agreed to return to Lausanne for further conference. Mussolini thinks Curzon is a good ex-Viceroy of India, pompous and absurd. Curzon thinks Mussolini is an actor, a poseur, a "commoner" trying to lift Italy into an importance which Italy cannot maintain by her contributions to world settlements.

Feebly moving in suspicion of each other, jealous of

prestige, France and Great Britain have encouraged Roumania, Jugoslavia and Greece to present a "little allied front."

If the Turks understand a half of all that I can see, how amused they must be!

In the meantime the sessions about Western Thrace go on, with Curzon talking to the Turks as a schoolmaster, who liking his own highly developed command of language, talks to children. And there is Ismet Pasha frowning in his apparent childlike perplexity outwardly and probably inwardly conscious of the fact that never did a little third class, impoverished, inexperienced nation appear in history so well able to make all the first class powers of the world stand and deliver.

The policy of the diplomacy of the oriental is aimed at encouraging all foreign nations in their suspicions of each other to the point where they are so distracted that the oriental can run off with the pie. In this instance fate and folly have created the situation. The Turks do not have to make it; it is ready made and is being served to them on a dish garnished by the humiliation of the Allies.

Nov. 24th: It is my great wish to establish here the principle of the Open Door in the Near East. For centuries Turkey because of its geographical key-position has been the victim of competitive international politics played by the powers of Europe. If it is possible to free Turkey from this meddling, intrigue and bribery which has gone on at the Sublime Ports for centuries the next step will be to free the Balkan nations. It is not the fighting tendencies and national jealousies of these States which alone will cause

trouble; it is the meddling from without and the effect of larger powers using unstable states as political pawns. To establish the Open Door policy in Turkey would be a real contribution to the world's peace; it would break the vicious connection between commercial expansion of the greater powers and their diplomacy of political intrigue within smaller nations.

I told Curzon that I proposed to act on this; that sometime during the conference I would attack zones of influence, secret treaties meddling with internal affairs of Turkey for reasons of greed. I told him he could depend on this action by me sooner or later. Of course, I was counting on the fact that Curzon cannot very well risk offending public opinion in America by holding out against a policy so based on enlightened good sense as is the Open Door. I counted also upon the fact that the British are now coming to the view that meddling and taking mandates, and making "zones of influence" agreements are policies involving more loss than gain. Having told Curzon what I would do I went away.

I did not tell him that I was going to open my attack tomorrow. I choose tomorrow because the discussion on Western Thrace will end and I can declare for the Open Door principle when no subject is under discussion which would make my remarks appear to be directed at any particular nation.

Nov. 25th: I made my statement on the Open Door.

Curzon's eyes were rather anxious, and Barrére's eyes rather angry and all the other surprised eyes were fixed upon me. When I had finished there was a some-

what mysterious pause as if the clock had stopped. I could see that my statement had given discouragement and doubt to several secret plans around the Conference table. Ismet Pasha thanked me for the declaration. There was an embarrassed adjournment.

The newspaper men came to me clamoring. I told them I had said exactly what I had deliberately planned to say. They wanted to know if the action had been directed from the Department of State. I said, "No, I have been instructed to voice our national beliefs and principles and this is an occasion for doing so." They said, "This will be on the front page of the papers in Europe and America," and I said, "I hope so. There is nothing secret about it."

Nov. 26th: Curzon has issued a statement to the press giving adherence of Great Britain to the policy of the Open Door in the Near East and asserting that my statement was opportune. I thought so!

The French press is indignant, but finds its own indignation is embarrassing.

I am told by the American correspondents that the Open Door statement has been on the front page all over the United States. No doubt this will surprise the State Department but I have no misgivings about the support I will receive from the President and from Hughes.

Nov. 27th: We learn that certain opposition newspapers in the United States are endeavoring to create the impression that the Open Door statement was in some way inspired to protect our claims for a share of the oil in Mesopotamia. We have seen no representative of oil interests; we have had no line or hint of in-

struction from the Government concerning oil. This illustrates the absurdities which may be created by the press. Their tendency to overlook a broad useful policy and to find explanations for action in some sordid corner does endless harm.

Here as in Genoa and in Paris the French correspondents appear to be the source of a good deal of false rumor. I have traced to the French quarters the rumor that I had said the Conference was already a failure. This was printed all over France, so I hear. The news that the Turks had objected to the participation of the United States in the Conference, which was printed in France was brought to me first by the head of the French delegation, my colleague in Rome, Barrére. He told me in great confidence that the Turks had intended to insult us. I was able to say to him, "How extraordinary! Before Ismet Pasha made his protest against certain nations being present he came to me and said that it was not aimed at us, that he could not very well name such nations, and if I preferred he would not make the protest at all. I told him to go ahead; that we would not feel sensitive." Poor Barrére was much taken aback.

Nov. 28th: Today the Financial Commission held session with Barrére presiding. Ottoman debt under discussion. An absurd debate between Ismet and Venizelos about who caused the war. If I ever had a moment of ruling the world I believe I would enact a law providing capital punishment for anyone who ever debated as to who caused any war!

Nov. 29th: Ismet came again to see me this morning and we had another long talk. He is most eager to

enter into negotiations with us for a new treaty between Turkey and the United States. I told him we would make no commitment at this stage, but would always be glad to discuss suggestions made by Ismet informally in order to create a groundwork for further steps later.

Ismet is a complex mentality blanketed under the veneer of extreme simplicity. To Curzon he appears as a rather ignorant and rough little man who at moments when Curzon wants him to yield something becomes inexpressive or merely reiterates some sentence he has said a dozen times before. In personal contact this creates in Curzon a kind of tempest of inner rage and a sense of his total lack of power to proceed. Curzon believes that the whole phenomena comes from Ismet's stupidity. I am certain that when Ismet's mind ceases to function openly it is functioning marvelously within. Ismet knows the value of simple stupidity. Curzon talks like a schoolmaster, occasionally is insulting at the Conference table. Ismet makes no protest. He frowns—gazes in blank amazement or wears a sheepish smile He knows, I believe, that he is wearing Curzon down. He hopes, I believe, that Curzon will, in a rage, someday say something foolish. And he will! Already the victory in this contest between two men rests more with Ismet than with Curzon, for Curzon has taken positions from which he has been forced to recede. The schoolmaster and tyrant may serve well in the position of Viceroy of India, but when one is dealing with Turks and cannot back up domination in words by action and a willingness to fight, the bullying method will lose in the end.

Ismet is absurdly small. He is forty years old and looks fifty. He is deaf and his health is not good. His face has in it suffering, anxiety, slyness and sweetness. His smile is good to see. He admits his limitations. He says he has never been out of Angora, except for a month during an illness. At the Conference meetings he is bent over the table—an insignificant figure and he reads his statements haltingly in curious French and in a low, barely audible voice. In private conversation he indulges in long silences of apparent meditation and then suddenly breaks forth, often on a wholly new subject. In fact, this method is one he uses constantly in order to change the subject. His sense of humor is excellent and he has a hearty laugh, but the two, I find, are not connected always because I have heard him laugh when he was not amused and known of his amusement when he did not laugh. It must be a terrible experience for Curzon to turn his splendid flow of beautiful English upon this man and then find Ismet, with his little quizzical face, wholly untouched.

The French—Barrére and Bompard, who was once French Ambassador in Constantinople—try to wheedle him and cajole him. He absorbs all that comes from them just as he is impervious to all that comes from Curzon. But his position remains unchanged.

He has no complex secrets and tells no lies. He is as good a bargainer as I have ever seen.

I have said to Ismet and I will continue to say to him frankly that no nation being so little and so new and untried has had a greater opportunity to seize prestige and establish itself in the family of nations. I have

said to him that I knew, as he did, that the winning of the war with Greece was not due as much to Turkish achievement as it was to Greek insolvency and that the retreat of the Greeks was made largely for want of money. I asked him how he knew that the ecstasy which inspired Angora toward democracy, independence and self-reliance as expressed in the National Pact would endure. What would happen when Kemal and other good, unusual leaders were gone? What would happen when the excitement of war was over, or resources exhausted, and the painful poverty came along with peace and created restlessness, and the weeds of corruption crept in again?

He shrugged his shoulders and said again, "We have fought with all our minds and bodies and property and souls for our independent sovereignty. We will not have Armenians and Greeks remain as the means of importing corruption and disloyalty into our country. We must be free also of interference and intrigue by European nations."

Dec. 1st: The Conference has temporarily gone below the surface into sub-committees. Coincidentally, the Allies "jointly," but each on his own account, are endeavoring to negotiate privately. Curzon is exchanging views about the question of Mosul. We learn that he will not give any Mosul territory to the Turks who are demanding a slice of this region containing the oil territory. The French are interested in the financial question. They hold the lion's share of the Ottoman debt. It is evident that the Turks are despondent probably because the support they hoped to obtain from France is not forthcoming. It is said that Hamid Bey

went to Paris to confer with Poincaré and came back without particular encouragement.

Russia will not be recognized though it will be difficult to allow her to become a joint-signatory of the Straits agreement, if she wishes to join, without creating a "constructive recognition." Tchicherin's presence will, as always, continue to make everyone nervous. He is clever and provocative and the influence of Russians on Turks is still suspected.

The Turks would be willing to make peace with the Allies, and agree to settlements of most boundaries, put off settlement of Mesopotamian boundary, make peace with Greeks, arranging for exchange of prisoners and other terms. I can see plainly enough that this, and the Straits question, represents about all that can be settled. But the Allies are unwilling to take half a loaf and there will be a rupture in the end principally because of an attempt to settle everything and to yield to each nation that has its own particular axe to grind.

There was a meeting this morning of the First Commission (in reality a plenary session) in regard to exchange of prisoners. I sat wondering how Curzon could maintain in his attitude towards the Turks. He finally has made it necessary for Ismet Pasha to hit back and make a display. These forensic returns are telegraphed to Angora where they stir the Angoran assembly and stiffen the Turks' position. I know directly from Ismet that he is harassed from Angora enough and it is so plain that Curzon, by his methods, starts a train of consequences which forces the Turkish delegation to be more obstinate than ever.

Dec. 4th: Today the Conference opened up the

Straits question. Our Conference room was filled to overflowing because the Russians, Ukranians, Georgians, Bulgarians were all there, crowded down in the other end of the room, down the length of our green baize tables with their yellow blotters in front of each delegate. Tchicherin still commands the world's curiosity. A crowd has assembled behind the police lines outside the Chateau to see him enter. He reminds me of some kind of bird. His movements, his eyes, his nose are strangely bird-like. So is his unpleasant, strident, high-pitched voice. He is a marked contrast to Ismet. All Tchicherin's weapons are polished. His thrusts flash in the sun. He throws words about like javelins. He is ironic, argumentative, eager for petty, temporary victories. He bids for the world's ear and furnishes it with entertainment, brilliant, clever, adroit. He attacks the citadel of his opponents. Ismet, I believe, studiously avoids all this. He does not attack the citadel. He camps patiently outside, saying little, doing nothing, estimating comparative realities of force. His policy is one of exhausting, of laying siege, of attrition. He entrenches himself also and waits, giving no sign, blowing no bugles, flying no banners. As an opponent I would choose the brilliant Russian; he would be easier to defeat.

Curzon can handle Tchicherin. Opposing the Russians, Curzon is at his best. He meets their showy display by icy-cold, ordered logic, by deeper knowledge of facts and history, by powers of expression less excitable than Tchicherin's, but in its classic ease and grace and hitting power more thrilling and more memorable. When Curzon is through, one remembers what he has

said from his first sentence; when Tchicherin is through one begins with his last sentence and tries to remember backwards.

Well here before us is the contest centuries old—between Great Britain and Russia. The first fears the Bear and wants the Black Sea open so that a break by water can always be made in the advance on the Near East and India; Russia wants the Black Sea closed—a Russian lake.

The British and the French are using the smaller nations—Bulgaria, Roumania, Yugoslavia, as cat's paws. This morning Curzon's tactics were to invite the Turks to state their case. Then he called upon the cat-paw nations which had been primed to set forth in substance the British and French viewpoint. Then Russia had opportunity to speak. All the big guns against Russia were reserved for a future meeting.

Stamboliisky, the Bulgarian Premier, heavy, dark, with the figure of a butcher or executioner, black curling mustachios, a figure from a comic opera, but an able and on the whole progressive spirit, went into action again this morning. Heretofore he has appeared at the table to demand the outlet to the Aegean with a railway to Dedegatch promised to Bulgaria. With him at the table is Miss Nada Stancioff whom we knew at Genoa—the only woman in the room. She is young—well under thirty—a Slav in temperament. Her bearing, her modesty, combined with her real abilities, her love for justice and fair dealing and the industry she has put into a diplomatic training which has culminated in her recent appointment as First Secretary to the Bulgarian legation in Washington—are all ad-

mirable and extraordinary. If she is able to go to her post she will be a figure in Washington life. Barrére says that women in diplomacy offer strange problems of precedence in functions; I would count this difficulty a petty one.

Dec. 6th: I made my statement on the Straits this morning. As I did so I found myself thinking that few outsiders would ever believe how little "instruction" has come to me from Washington. When Dwight, the non-commital author of "Stamboul Nights" arrived on Nov. 28, as representative of the Department of State, we "tore open" the pouches. Instead of any instructions of interest we found a mere heap of academic material and references.

I invented the phrase, "The freedom of the Black Sea"—demanded that the sea should be open for ships of peace and ships of war of all nations and expressed the policy of the least possible armament on the Straits and the Black Sea.

I had spent long hours beforehand trying to induce Ismet to agree. He must not go over into the Russian camp on this question and I believe he will not. Turkey has a real fear of Russia. The attempts made by Tchicherin to instruct the Turks in their moves may be dangerous to the Allies as Curzon often says, but Ismet is quite capable of rejecting in silence ideas which he does not desire to use.

Dec. 8th: This morning the Japanese delegation stated their position on the Straits—exactly that as stated by me.

If I ever have a chance of organizing a conference I

will choose a sunny place where there are wide vistas and cheerful mornings and moonlit nights.

Lausanne has all the faults of Genoa. It is chilly, damp, dull, in winter. Clouds hang low. Snow melts quickly. It is not often that I can see the mountains from my window and many days Lake Leman is also shut off from view, although it is only a stone's throw.

The hotel is full of the same people. At night it is lighted up and there is an attempt at gaiety, dancing and official dinners. At first the presence of all these so-called statesmen gave a kind of thrill, but that has worn off. Newspaper men are becoming bored. It is no better uptown at the Lausanne Palace where the Turks and French and Japanese are quartered.

Our hotel is like a great Atlantic liner, becalmed on a foggy sea. I always feel when I go out to walk with Maude in the afternoon before dinner that I have gone down the gang plank of a great liner whose passengers have become bored with one another.

I don't see how Curzon stands it. He has a bad leg and almost never leaves his room. A devil for work they say. Up till two and always complaining to me that he cannot eat or sleep. Now that he has become warmly friendly he is like a tired child. Lady Curzon has gone off and he is miserable. Almost everyone bores him. He sees more of Maude and me, Joe and Alice Grew than of any other foreigners. He has the mood of a god with influenza. Try as he will he cannot move the Conference forward. He throws his arms up in the air!

Dec. 10th: I find I have failed to set down the memorandum of my conversation with Dr. Benes, whom I

knew at Genoa, held here on Nov. 29th. He said he had been travelling in Germany and France. France will go into the Ruhr before Spring. He fears social chaos will follow in Germany. I asked if he thought the United States had any unperformed obligation toward Europe. He said, "No!" I told him my experience at Genoa and Lausanne had shown that those who want our participation in European affairs want it because they hope we will support their particular interests against some others. If several wanted us we would be pulled and hauled around as we were in Paris, gaining nothing for ourselves, unable to change results, losing prestige and alienating our friends.

Dec. 12: Today the First Commission under presidency of Curzon met to discuss the minorities, a subject which involves the whole humanitarian question and incidentally a great deal of nonsense and broken promises and ignorant benevolence, and men who claim to represent God, but whose credentials appear to me to be forged. The French and the British delegations have an outward attitude on this question of the protection of minorities and of refugees which is intended to embarrass the Turks, is used for trading purposes but when its mask is off appears to me to be a rather slender concern for that number of Armenians in Angora which has dwindled to a vanishing point.

Ever since the Conference opened I have had various American missionaries and representatives of relief organization and humanitarian associations on my neck. Some of the newspapermen have pointed out

that some of their representatives draw good salaries and do not care as much about the welfare of the United States or the making of peace as they do about the impression of their activity which reaches those who send the checks. Among them, of course, there are good and unselfish souls.

One came to me late at night and said, "I insist that you must make a clear, unqualified demand for a National Armenian Home. You must excoriate the Turks."

I said, "Shall I say that you have advised me so?"

He squirmed, but finally said, "Yes."

"All right," I said. "I will do it tomorrow. How many relief workers have you in Angora?" He told me. "Then," said I, "I suppose I owe it to my conscience to think of their safety as well as the sound policy of the United States. If I make the attack on the Turks you wish me to make and pillory the Turks before all the world—" I stopped.

Then I went on. "I'll tell you what I'll do. I will wait for three days. You can telegraph your workers to leave Turkey and some of them will have time to get out."

"Look here," said he. "I guess I was a little hasty. You better not make it so strong."

As for the Turks, their point of view as to the Armenian and Greek population in Turkey is that it would be better to have all of them go. The Turk is not a good business manager and he realizes that most of the financial and commercial activity in the past has been kept alive by the Greek and the Armenian. When Curzon tells Ismet that the removal of these popula-

tions would deprive Turkey of those who carry on a large part of the economic activity Ismet realizes the truth of the assertion. But the Turks have had a long experience with the presence of these populations. They say their presence is like an open wound which invites infection. By this, they mean that Russia has used these undigested populations for intrigue and that the European powers have so used them. The Turks say that they have been harboring snakes in their bosoms. The snakes sting. Turkey tears some of them to bits and then this is advertised to the world as the work of the Unspeakable Turk. Whatever one may think of their viewpoint it is sincere and it is absurd to go to a man who feels like that and say, "Set aside a piece of territory from your own and call it a National Armenian Home." The Turks will say that to the extent that the segregation takes place it will create along the border of Turkey a place of constant trouble and if the Armenians do not go to the Home they will continue to live scattered about in Turkey to cause more trouble. The minorities are indigestible. They have refused to perform such usual obligations to the State as military service and the Allies are attempting now to secure exemption of this kind. I think the principle is indefensible and will not support it. If the Greek and Armenian are to settle in Turkey and take citizenship there, there should be no exemption as to any obligation of citizenship.

The Turks naturally enough resent many of the activities of some of our missionary groups. They say with truth that our attempt to convert Mohammedans has had a result exactly zero, and that in consequence,

perhaps our chief activities are with the minorities to whom we extend some ill-advised sympathy and in whose behalf we constantly feed anti-Turkish propaganda to the world. They are thankful, however, for our educational aid.

Members of their delegation have told me that agitation by me for a National Armenian Home would not only cause resentment but would be useless. They have told me, as I know already, that the British, French and Italians will not carry the demand for a territorial home beyond using it as a trading point.

I have said to the Turks that I would not tolerate in silence the proposal that any nation had a right to expel large bodies of citizens. I have told Curzon and Barrére that it was our duty to forbid the establishment of any such vicious precedent which might vex the future of international usage. Since the expulsion of the Jews from Spain and the Hugenots from France, no precedent of this kind has been attempted. I have said that Turkey owed a general amnesty to those who would by oath and by act undertake loyalty to the sovereignty of Turkey. If Armenians or Greeks have not been guilty of treason or disloyalty they should have the right to repossess themselves of their properties abandoned through fear. I have told the Turks that they owed it to themselves to take an interest equal to that of any nation in the solution of the refugee problem.

Curzon wants guarantees. He wants the League of Nations appointed as a kind of sentinel to watch for breaches of such treaty guarantees. All very good, but more important still, as he does not appear to see, is

the adjustment of these minorities and of the Turks to conditions and readjustments which would have greater value than all the treaty guarantees ever written. A contract which needs the sheriff is a poor arrangement; a treaty which implies reluctance and duress is a badly formulated treaty.

I endeavored, in so far as possible, to make clear my position in my statement, made at some length this morning.

Dec. 14th: A Conference attracts propaganda committees of races and groups in apparently infinite variety. Most of those who have appeared at my door are dark of skin, very polite, very insistent and some of them send me a new mimeographed blast in every mail. Copley Armory, Jr., my secretary here, attends to most of them. I think the list contains several Armenian committees, three Egyptian delegations with several spies attached, including one beautiful princess, the Tyro-Palestinian, the Macedonian, the Assyrean-Chaldean and an Irish delegation! Each deputation desires to recite its story from beginning to end. I confess that my sympathy is invariably aroused. I am forced to remind myself that if every group in the world which desires independence were satisfied there would be thousands of peanut states and the map would look more like chickenpox than Wilson ever believed when he created the slogan of "self-determination." Our only experience at home with "self determination" was settled by the Civil War.

The Turks have agreed to give guarantees for minorities, to grant some kind of an amnesty and indicate a willingness to join the League of Nations, for which,

they, like many of the delegations here, tell me privately they have no particular respect. They say that Curzon, engaged in a foolish note-writing controversy about Mosul, is using the minority and humanitarian question as a bed upon which to fall in case a rupture came on the subject of Mosul. The French believe this too.

The Turks complain that this is a steam-rollered Conference. They have had little part in making the agenda and no part in planning the subjects to be discussed. Even the night before, they are sometimes in the dark as to the subject of the next morning and are consequently unprepared.

The British have been used to a kind of world lordship. They have lost a good part of it. They have been proud of a kind of shrewdness in international dealing and they resent it because America is shrewd enough to read Europe's tangle. It is not that their purposes are bad. Often they are high purposes. But the British do not like to answer our questions or have us look into their windows. They want us to associate under their guidance.

Curzon apparently is glad when he can have an informal dinner with us. But he complains in an unbelievably childlike way that he has organized this Conference, practically presides over it and yet my statements get more publicity in England than his! When we were dining with him and Lady Curzon he tried to make out that we had taken, through Wilson, grave responsibilities in the Near East.

"No," I said, "we avoided taking a mandate, but you

took one and would like to get rid of it. Your mistake!"

Curzon and indeed most British statesmen believe that America and Great Britain should act together and act together on a high plane. So do I. But the British cannot quite bring themselves to the idea of equality. When it is proposed that we act jointly in financing they want the management and the by-products of all opportunities to sell the goods which the financing pays for. They are expert flatterers and often successful in treating Americans with this medicine so that the American becomes docile and is led around by the nose.

One of our ambassadors in London became more pro-British than the British. He was called a great American: I would call him a great Britisher.

I said to Curzon who once spoke of American-British irritation. "Of course it is true. We are not coarse and you are not stupid and piggish, but we will probably go on asserting it among ourselves. But suppose a Britisher had to set forth in a storm at night in an open boat to cross a dangerous channel and land on a rocky shore lined with machine guns and climb a precipice and rescue a fairy princess and never tell anybody, and suppose you said to him, 'You can take one man with you—an Italian, a Frenchman, a German, a Scandanavian, a Spaniard, or an American—choose!' which do you think the Britisher would choose?"

Dec. 18th: Curzon told me that he planned to have a draft of a Treaty drawn up and demand that without substantial changes the Turks must sign it. I spent an

hour begging him not to present a detailed draft of treaty. I won him over. I told him that a detailed draft of treaty—or indeed any detailed political document—a legislative bill or otherwise—never would stand up under criticism.

"If you think Ismet will take the thing back to Angora, then only present a draft of general principles," I said.

Curzon said, "The French want a detailed treaty."

"Not Barrére," I said. "He told me before we left Rome that he believed the strategy was to draw up general principles, sign those and let the experts fill them in. The Paris Conference which initiated a new departure in "detailed-treaty" making was a great mistake. When Wilson submitted the Versailles League of Nations to America he was beaten from the start."

Curzon said, "Barrére is a good man. I trust his desire for fair play. I would not have come here, if the French had not sent Barrére. I told Sir William Tyrell so. I think you are right about the procedure we should follow."

I said, "I want to see, at once, whatever is drawn up."

He was a little evasive about this.

Dec. 20th: An excellent example of the star chamber method used in the management of the Conference is furnished by the sudden presentation of a draft of a Straits agreement. We received it from the British delegation a few minutes before the meeting on December 18th. I saw at once that it contained a form of proposal for the United States to join and take membership in an international commission to have oversight of the Straits. I had told Curzon we did not believe

Lord Curzon (with walking stick)
"Mussolini thinks Curzon is a good ex-Viceroy of India, pompous and absurd. Curzon thinks Mussolini is an actor, a poseur, a 'commoner.'"

that an international commission would be more than a log rolling set of busy-bodies. I told him not to draw us into a place where we would be forced to criticize. Our political status at home would make unfortunate a debate on such a proposal and would result, perhaps, in a stiffened resolution to keep out of Europe altogether. And now he, without warning, had presented us with a proposal that we should participate and he has arranged so that the Commission is to be under the auspices of the League of Nations!

I was astounded. This is the kind of experience that we would always be having if we allowed ourselves to get into the mess.

Of course the first thing I considered was that if the question of our participation in the proposed Commission remained open, it would be an issue embarrassing to the Administration. Evidently Curzon intended this and I studied to walk around him. I did it by filing with him, at once, a brief note to the Chairman, stating in effect that the United States could not be expected to join a Commission, the very existence of which invited our disagreement rather than our approval. Curzon was furious, but I reminded him that I had been instrumental in gaining the Turks' conciliatory attitude as to the whole Straits question and that I had always told Curzon that we considered it wiser to have no international commission of the Straits.

Curzon did not circulate our note at once but I hear that he waited until after the meeting today.

The meeting today assembled in an atmosphere of great tensity. Barrére and Hayashi both told me that the Turks would take a most unpleasant position of

refusal of the Straits proposal. Whispers were going around that there would be a rupture of the Conference. I knew better. I had been with Ismet last night and I persuaded him to accept.

There was a great sensation when he did so. The Conference poured forth its delegates as happy as boys let out of school.

Dec. 25th: At one we went over for Christmas dinner with Lord Curzon who was somewhat downcast. The French, he believes, will go into the Ruhr and because this will unsettle British-French relationship the Turks will become more obstinate and there is more chance of losing a treaty here. Someone had given Curzon a Swiss cutglass musical decanter and he was amusing himself with that. We had plum pudding with brandy blazing blue, poured on by Curzon's secretary. Then Curzon felt better. I told him Ismet had been in my room during the morning and had not exhibited his usual tractability in listening to the low voice of the United States.

"There it is!" said Curzon, "the French have ruined the whole thing!"

The usual crowded Atlantic liner atmosphere of the hotel has changed to a certain empty desolation. Everyone in our delegation is off for the holidays, the French have gone to Paris, the Japanese to the mountains—a great Christmas scattering.

Dec. 27th: There is no doubt that the Turkish attitude has stiffened. This may be instructed from Angora: it may be Russia whispering to the Turk that when thieves fall out honest men come into their own. Of course, if there is trouble over the Ruhr the United

Allied Front will be still more of an unreality. Rumors go around that Curzon will break on Mosul but will make it appear that this rupture comes on capitulations.

Nothing is more temperamental than a Conference. One day the world is saved; the next it is lost. I am astounded to learn how much old, experienced so-called statesmen will lean this way and that in the winds of mere rumor.

Tonight at six I attended an Allied meeting in Curzon's quarters to discuss solidarity on the question of the juridical capitulations. The Turks, I am certain, are obdurate on this point. They are sensitive about their sovereignty, they say that historically the capitulations were granted to Venetian colonists and to safeguard other national groups in Turkey in ancient conditions far different from those of today. They do not wish to be less independent or more subservient in these matters than any other nation. In private conversation they cite instances of miscarriage of justice, bribery and so on, in Greece and Italy and other lands, and assert that Turkey is no worse and will soon be better in its juridical system. There is no delegate here who does not feel the force of the Turkish attitude and in his heart sympathize somewhat with the Turks desire to be cleanly rid of the capitulations for good and all.

But the various nationals who are residing as foreigners in Turkey press upon this government for protection and there is also the disinclination of diplomatic negotiations to assent to repudiation of treaty rights.

The result of the Conference in Curzon's rooms was an Allied agreement to present certain minimum demands. Then Curzon immediately proposed that these demands be thrown at the Turks in a Conference session early in the morning. I said, "Of course, this sudden thrust of the subject will tend not to make the Turks conciliatory but to cause them to reject the proposal." Curzon was angry. I have no doubt that he is really fishing for a breach on capitulations in case he cannot dispose of the Mosul question.

Dec. 28th: The Allied proposal on capitulation was rejected almost flatly by Ismet who has told me that he would be forced to do so. Curzon, as I expected, became provocative. He stormed and was bent on obtaining as much publicity as possible for the Turk's "obstinacy."

I made a statement on capitulations, arguing that attempted unilateral abrogation by the Turks was the kind of repudiation which put nations out of the confidence of others. I pointed out the equity which belonged to foreigners who had already invested their presence or their money under the capitulations. I endeavored to show that in no way could Turkey use her sovereignty better than by making such an agreement now as would cause foreigners to feel safe in Turkey and thus contribute to her economic future.

But I know, because I have had endless discussions with Ismet, that he will not yield and that if he did his return to Angora would become impossible.

* * * * * *

Barrére tells me tonight, after his return from Paris, that Poincaré will maintain the United Allied Front.

Nevertheless I scented trouble. Confidentially I was informed by Barrére before he left for Christmas that he would offer to withdraw rather than have France fail to support the Allied unity at Lausanne. Now he appears nervous, perplexed and irritated.

Barrére says the Turks are eager to avoid rupture on minorities or capitulations and wish to force the Mosul question, where their quarrel is with the British alone.

Dec. 29th: It is evident that the "Church element," as it is called, has been pressing upon the Department of State to demand from the Turks a National Armenian Home. Representations have been made that Ismet is privately in favor of it. This, of course, is ridiculous. Ismet's private opinion is that the United States has as much right to demand that Turkey set aside a piece of her territory for Armenians as Turkey would have to demand that the United States set aside Mississippi and Georgia as a national home for the Negro. He drew a parallel. The Negro is a problem —so is the Armenian. The Negro has been lynched and mobbed. So has the Armenian. The only difference is that the Armenian was found on Turkish soil, while we actually imported the Negro against his will. Someone said to Ismet, "We provided reservations for the American Indian." He said, "Yes. What a happy experiment for the Indian!"

The Church element, Admiral Bristol says, has carried on a long campaign in favor of the Armenian—partly because the Armenian can be converted from a Nestorian Christian to a Protestant Christian. Almost every American remembers at some time hearing lec-

tures under the auspices of some church about the atrocities against Armenians. If Armenians are massacred there appears to be a kind of hideous glee among those who love them!

But now the pressure on the Government to demand a National Armenian Home is lacking in sense since the demand would be futile. Futhermore no details are given—no plans for financing such a "home." It would involve the United States in European entanglement, it would give the Allies, whose interest in the question is not sincere, an opportunity to say to the United States, "Are you prepared to go to war on this issue? If a National Armenian Home is established will you take a mandate?"

January 9th: The little mills of the subcommittees are all working, but grind exceedingly small. Their principal product is difference of opinion. No understrapper will ever take responsibility for yielding anything.

The aspect is more depressing. The Ruhr situation has stiffened the Turks.

I sent word to the Secretary of State that there are three possible influences which may be brought to bear on the Turks. One is public opinion—I have learned that whatever value the Turks gave this has been worn out and they don't care a snap for "the public opinion of the world," which Curzon likes to roll off his tongue. Another possible influence is militant action. But no one wishes to undertake it. The third is the desire of the impoverished Turkey for money or business. I told Curzon that this was the only effective weapon he had.

He tells me that he hopes to submit the Mosul question to arbitration. Mosul has oil but more than that it is the military key to Mesopotamia and Persia. Curzon says that public opinion in England and honor of obligations will not permit him to give up territory under a mandate—especially when that loss of territory would menace the Arab State!

Jan. 13th: On January 9th a meeting in regard to minorities. Curzon gave a last feeble gasp about a National Armenian Home and, as I have known all along, he plainly intends to abandon the idea. Since the meeting the Armenians and their missionary friends, now disillusioned about the support of the Allies, have come and thanked me profusely for doing more than anyone. I have them on record in writing.

Tonight the British gave a huge dinner to the whole Conference in the Beau Rivage dining room. About 150 guests and no end of a problem in seating according to rank. As usual Maude had a place of honor beside Curzon and I was on the left of Lady Curzon.

After dinner there was dancing and group conversations. I talked alone with Curzon in a corner. He believes that no more difficulty will attend the Straits question. He said, "I did not like your note disapproving of the Commission for the Straits."

I said, "Well, I did not like the way in which, without notice to me, you presented me at the last minute with a draft of a Straits agreement, raising the question of the adherence of the United States. I had told you that we do not approve of an international board of control and I had warned you that it would be un-

fortunate if you named the United States as having a possible connection with it."

Jan. 15th: Tonight at ten Curzon and Ismet came to my room. I felt that this arrangement brought about by me would do the last thing I could do to save the Conference. I cannot say that the meeting was genial. It began by attempts at light jibes and then Ismet settled into his complete stolidity. Curzon and I used the argument that if no peace were made now Turkey could look forward to a long period of isolation and no investments. Curzon launched out into one of his brilliant, ordered, forensic displays.

When it was midnight Ismet took a doleful parting. Curzon was wrathy and beaten.

Jan. 22nd: No copy of the draft of the treaty has been shown to us as promised. I am convinced that it will appear at a late hour with features in it which the Allies—one or the other of them—do not wish us to oppose. And these are the same statesmen who complain that the United States does not take a hand in Europe!

Jan. 25th: On the 23rd Curzon brought the Mosul question before the Conference. Ismet made a poor showing in debating the merits of the respective rights with Curzon. It was a Greek temple against a dish of scrambled eggs. The upshot of Curzon's suggestion to submit the question to arbitration of the League of Nations and Ismet's refusal to do so was that Curzon said that he would submit the question to the League, the Turks willing or no.

Jan. 31st: The draft treaty text has been sent for private inspection. As I guessed, it is full of new and some evil matter. It contains clauses on concession and economic matters which are inimical to our interests and vicious in principle. As an example—one of them requires that all concessions made by the Turkish government must be submitted to the Ottoman Debt Commission!

Montagna, the second Italian delegate, and I have been endeavoring to find some formula for capitulations i. e. juridical status of foreigners in Turkey. This has been regarded as the most serious difficulty. Certainly it is the subject about which the Turks are most obstinate.

But I said to Montagna tonight, "Ismet says that the draft of the treaty contains all kinds of new matter never before discussed. Therefore, even if we find a formula for capitulations there remains now a whole newly hatched brood of difficulties." I told him I did not blame the Turks for their resentment. Nor did he.

When we told the British that we had objections to certain clauses they threw up their hands, "Too late to do anything! Too late to write anything new now!" So I am writing a note to Curzon asserting our own rights.

Everyone is cynical, tired, uncertain of the result.

* * * * * *

Two nights ago we gave our dinner to the Turks. Sir Eyre Crowe, the wisest man in the British Foreign Office, was there.

"What makes Ismet look so tired?" he asked.

"He was up all last night talking to Tchicherin," I told him.

I asked Crowe to come and have a talk with me. He came yesterday, the 30th.

I told him that when I had asked Rompard about separate negotiations by France I could not obtain a categorical denial.

"No, the Turks will not sign," he said. "There is nothing to do but go home. We are the victims of broken promises."

Today the plenary meeting and formal presentation of the treaty to the Turks. Curzon, Bompard and Garroni made "bread and butter" speeches. I must say that Curzon whom I left in a rage over the French negotiations in Constantinople late last night was well restrained today.

I made the statement which went into the record, of the position of the United States. I urged the Turks to accept all that they could, just as I urged Curzon last night to leave Crowe here, to eliminate many subjects from the treaty and postpone several settlements and so obtain some kind of signatures.

The Turks adopted dilatory tactics. They asked eight days to consider. The delegation is having a good time in Lausanne and Ismet knows that his policy of wearing out everybody's patience has gained him concession after concession. On the eight day proposal Curzon and his Allied associates went into private conference. I learn that it was stormy, violently tempestuous. Curzon whispered to me as he came out. He had reminded the French that they had agreed to leave Lausanne within forty-eight hours. He insisted on it.

He returned and conceded two days. He announced that not only he but the entire delegation of the British would leave.

February 3rd: The last three days have been hectic. Everyone is keyed up. The points of view are all around the compass. The one evident fact is that, when thinking rather than petty intrigue will help, no one appears to be doing any thinking. It has been a succession of telephone calls, messages, private talks. The detachment of the United States invites opposing parties to seek our counsel, but the difficulty is that in methods and material so many mistakes have been made that a mountain of error is too much to shovel away in a few hours.

Ismet spent this morning conferring with Allies in Curzon's rooms with no result. He came to see me and I told him that he must find a way out in regard to capitulations. We went over the whole treaty. Finally I said to him, "Write down what you will sign. Put it on paper and give it to me confidentially. Perhaps, I can help to obtain the agreement of the Allies. But I will not accept any verbal messages as to your position." Ismet said he would go to his delegation and would let me know this evening if he decided to write down in confidence, exactly what he would accept and sign.

Bompard came in. He was nervous and without any ideas.

I conclude that Ismet too regards the mountain of error as too great to deal with. I have a confused sense of jumbled conferences, confidences, tongues, disorganization. It is three A. M. I shut the book.

Feb. 4th: After luncheon today the Allies held a conference in Curzon's room with a great congress of experts. Concessions were being discussed. As a result Rumbold, Bompard and Garroni went up to the Lausanne Palace to ask for more particulars. The Turks, en masse, came down with them in the dusk.

And then suddenly word began to leak out that the Turks had come down to sign the treaty. Curzon's rooms were packed. The newspaper correspondents came in droves. Guests of the hotel, wives of delegates, representatives of little delegations crowded outside in the lobbies. The bar was full of nervous persons taking courage. And everywhere the word was passed around, "They will sign now in a few minutes." Some of the waiting crowd had cameras. A woman in dinner dress with staring white shoulders leaned against one of the marble columns and tried to peer up through the elevator shaft as if her gaze would go in serpent fashion through Curzon's keyhole.

After seven o'clock the Turks left. The crisis had come. Ismet wore a pleasant smile as he walked out. He went straight out of the hotel. He nodded pleasantly. He and his delegation filed out into the cold.

"No," said a strong voice. "I've just been up there. The Turks will not sign, and Curzon is leaving at nine o'clock."

Then the Allied delegates coming out of Curzon's rooms began to pour down the stairs. They look frightened, like guests leaving a party where a murder has taken place.

Curzon's room was now a disorder of papers, riffraff,

and thick with the stale air. Curzon himself, very weary, came toward me into the middle of the room.

"I want to thank you for all you have done," he said.

"Can we do anything more? Can we see Ismet again?"

"I think it is useless," he said. "But if you find that it is not, he can come to the station. I will hold the train half an hour if you think it will help."

We took a taxi. At the Palace Hotel Ismet for the first time appeared to be disorganized. He spoke of capitulations as being the great difficulty. We discussed it. Bompard and Montagna were in another room. The minutes ticked away. Ismet ran in and out. Everybody spoke hurriedly and badly. It was confusion and no human being could take command over it. There was the clock. It was the one authoritative personality.

We took the taxi and went to the station, but Curzon's train had gone.

Everyone has circles under their eyes. Tomorrow the world will read that the Conference of Lausanne has failed and will then drink its morning coffee. But here there is an inescapable atmosphere of a futile tragedy and a despair.

Montagna, the second Italian delegate who has done the best work of anyone, had to leave the table at our late supper. He was ill—worn out.

Feb. 6th: We left Lausanne today. Many delegates came to see us off. There were our own crowd, Grews, Bristols, Belins. There were Ismet and other Turks and Mademoiselle Stancioff and her father, who is the Bulgarian Minister at London, and hosts of dele-

gates. The train started to move and these friends all waved hands and hats as if they had practiced it. Goodbye Lausanne! Maude smiling at me from the corner of the compartment.

Suspicion and fear. Old complications, old Europe's tangles! Not wicked men, but weak.

CHAPTER V

WAR GERMS, PEACE BUGS AND THE TWO LEAGUES OF NATIONS

THERE is no question as to Europe's fear of its war germs. So far, there is not the slightest question as to Europe's doubts as to the efforts of the peace bugs.

When medical science made its greatest stride it developed diagnosis. Diagnosis was the basis for cure. It was the antithesis of old methods. The old methods were first incantations against disease. Medicine men endeavored to drive away sickness by reciting phrases. Later on, experiments were tried in administering drugs. The failure to understand what was the matter with the patient made this method only a little better than the methods of incantation. Diagnosis was the basis of scientific sense.

That is the trouble with the suggested campaigns against maladies of war. The medicine men have made a great clamor against war. They have beaten tom-toms, shouted imprecations and made phrases and slogans. If war is hysterical and unreasonable as a patient it surely is no more unreasonable and hysterical than many of the outpourings which have been made by the war doctors. It is ridiculous to attempt to drive out one hysteria with another. I remember the year when there were printed signs pasted up on the auto-

mobiles in America which said, "Stop War, Coöperate." I took one of these signs abroad with me and I showed it to men and women in several nations of Europe. Their comment was always this: "Stop war? Yes, but how? Coöperate? Of course, but in what way?"

I said to them, "Perhaps such slogans may make people think. Perhaps they have an educational value."

Statesmen and peasants, it made no difference, replied in substance, "It is absurd to make people think that war can be abolished by phrases. Stop war has been a slogan in Europe for hundreds of years, but it has never achieved any results. In fact, the more the mere phrases gain ground the less emphasis there is on the necessity to study the causes of war."

Then I asked, "What about outlawing war?"

Many answers to this gave an admission that this might have some value of an educational nature, but almost all the answers given me pointed out that to outlaw war required a law of war prohibition, and that a law which has no instrumentality by which it can be enforced is no law. The moment there is an international government to declare that war is illegal, good sense begins to clamor that some war—war for defense against wanton aggression, for instance—cannot be included. Some war might be legal. But all nations, whether aggressors or defenders, always claim that they are acting to defend themselves against wanton aggression. No one can find an instance where an aggressor nation believes that it is the aggressor and admits it. So an international body of some kind

would be necessary to say who is the aggressor and to stop the aggression in the face of prejudice, partisanship and fever of righteousness which all peoples feel when they are about to go to war. Either the consent of the nation decided to be an outlaw must be obtained at the time to make the decision effective or there must be an international force which will punish the outlaw.

So the general current of European thought is that outlawry of war is more of a slogan than a plan. The voluntary consent of a nation to cease a war merely because it is called a bad name is not to be expected. And the creation of a supergovernment, armed and powerful, although it might stop war might also result in the existence of a terrible machine, usable by some great powers or bloc of powers to work oppression, to perpetuate situations unjust and intolerable, to bar expansion and progress of the most fit and meritorious nations and races, or to act as an influence which tends to bring the expression and activities of various nations down to the level of a common mediocrity. The machinery of a supergovernment might be magnificent if there were any assurance that it would not be manipulated. The experience of the world with such organs is that they are manipulated.

An old diplomat from the Far East, who has acted as his nation's representative at the league of Nations, said to me: "These international organizations produce an excellent prospectus. Learned men, bookish men, and men of good sentiment see in the glowing promise of the plan only the plan. But practical men know that even the government of a village goes wrong

—right under the eyes of the people. Governments of nations have greater opportunity to go wrong because they are farther away. International government gives the best chance for the intriguer; it would be, perhaps, of vast benefit if it were not so easy to stack the cards."

Already, so far as the political activity of the League is concerned, there are, in Europe, growing suspicions. These are not the suspicions of irresponsible persons. Karnebeck, an outstanding figure in Europe, the Minister of Foreign Affairs in Holland, a representative of his country at the League, made a most significant statement. He said: "I, myself, have always preferred that the League of Nations should develop in a direction in which the element of military compulsion would ultimately cease to be the center of gravity of the system. In the system as it is now developing the tendency is toward the mailed fist."

There is an increasing feeling in Europe that any organization like the League, if it goes beyond the function of offering good offices of administration, trusteeship and voluntary arbitration, and undertakes to meddle, to be a busybody, to interpose its will against the will of any nation, will become subject to domination by one great power or another. Its voting power is open to the same logrolling which goes on in smaller units of government within nations. I have heard over and over again statesmen in Europe who represent smaller neutral nations raise objections to the opportunity a large power would have to round up by threats and promises a group of smaller nations

to support a program of selfish imperialism concealed under the cloak of idealism or of a peace movement.

"Did we not have the Quadruple Alliance with Austria, Prussia, and Russia, and later France after the fall of the Napoleonic imperialism?" I was asked by an English diplomat. "This alliance was in effect a League of Nations, calling for the same periodic conferences and councils. It was a machine of idealism, but we had to leave it because that machine was captured by the clever diplomacy of Metternich and was turned to the purposes of upholding special rather than general interest."

One statesman, who had refused to support the British view in a political matter which the League of Nations had touched, was berated in the English press.

"Of course," said he to me. "Why not? The League may appear to you Americans as a body of democracy and a harbinger of peace, but I can tell you briefly that the League as a political body will become another instrumentality of the scramble for power. Is it not natural that I am attacked by the British propaganda? I have stepped on the tail of their pet cat."

A man who has deep insight into European politics said to me: "The scene has shifted however. Suddenly the League has become the plaything of France. The Geneva protocol to outlaw war was the great opportunity of France. If Great Britain adheres to this protocol France gains what is tantamount to a security guaranty. If Great Britain refuses to adhere France will use this protocol to sign up various small nations, and through this means create a Continental bloc—an alliance with a group of nations under the

title of a peace movement, but which is in effect a military alliance. What France is hesitant about doing independently will become possible under cover of the League."

The attribution of motives is always a hazardous and sometimes a destructive contribution. I do not cite these instances of European opinion to increase the supply of suspicion in the world. The opinions which I have quoted are not put forth to prove that old imperialistic villainy and intrigue are at work. Everyone is entitled to his own judgment about that. My emphasis is that in circles well versed in European practices, in the age-old strategy and hanky-panky of European politics, there is already a great deal of suspicion of the League, not so much because the League of Nations has failed signally to put its teeth into subjects or situations when the veto of either France or Great Britain was presented behind the scenes, but because the League is regarded as an instrument with a label of idealism but which may be perverted and dominated by the same old play of imperial diplomacy and, if so perverted and dominated, might become a much more dangerous factor than the system of balance of power which it has attempted to replace.

It is quite possible to hold the opinion that the League of Nations can have a great and useful future not by extension of its activities but by a contraction of its activities. An American who is residing temporarily in England, and who is a recognized student of history, wrote letters to the English newspapers holding forth the idea that American participation in the League will be brought about only when the

League does something "to appeal to the imagination of the American people." Various statesmen who have the interest of the League at heart have asked me whether I believe this to be good advice.

I believe it to be the worst possible advice. If there is any hope of participation of the United States in the League, it will rest, not upon American imagination but on American good sense. That good sense would respond today if the League gave up once and for all the aspiration to become a supergovernment, an uninvited meddler, or a body which pretends to impartial political action against war while inevitable forces threaten to make it, behind the scenes, a dangerous playground of diplomatic push and pull, and international logrolling.

Good sense, I believe, would respond today if the League could be remade so that its functions would be confined to offering its good offices:

First, as custodian of a World Court for the exclusive service of those who voluntarily submit disputes for settlement;

Second, as a trustee of international loans and receiverships;

Third, as an international manager which could act in cases where temporary direction of backward or disturbed peoples and territories is called for by everyone;

Fourth, as a clearing house for all emergency relief so that good information and good relief administration could be available and also to make a more equitable moral assessment among nations for their respective money contributions for charitable purposes;

Fifth, as an international administrator of world sanitation, quarantine, standardization of regulations, equipment, customs practices in all matters pertaining to transport by land, sea and air, the adjustment of the rights of foreign residents, the standardization of citizenship, the suppression of crime by joint agreements as to extradition and police practices, and a wide range of similar useful activities;

Sixth, as a compiler, custodian and publisher of necessary needed international information.

This would make the League solely an institution of *good offices*. It would be an institution which would have, as it has had already, a splendid performance in a field of maximum usefulness and of minimum danger to the world's disillusionment. It can put off its vestments of a dictatorial peacemaker. Peace is not made by dictatorial methods; it may be induced, but it is not often commanded.

Today the League of Nations is two Leagues. One is that which has begun to perform rather well as an administrator of international good offices; the other League is the League which attempts international government. This latter is the League which has proposed to stop war and has not stopped war. This latter is the League which proposes to take settlements out of the hands of secret diplomacy and imperialism, but has not succeeded in keeping the hands of imperialism and secret diplomacy out of its own nest.

Where it has forbidden it has not been obeyed, where it has intruded it has been forced to withdraw. In its rôle as a servant it has had conspicuous success; in its rôle as a master it has had dismal failure.

I have often wondered at the simplicity of American audiences listening to lecturers who are telling of the undoubted accomplishments of the League. I have often wondered why someone did not arise and say to the speaker: "My friend, you are confining your examples of the successes of the League to those cases where the League was asked to do something,—to the League of Good Offices. But we had supposed that the League was created so that it might tell someone else to do something. Can you give an example of the League telling any unwilling nation to do anything, and if so, was the League obeyed?"

I find that in Europe today this distinction between a League for good offices and a League for political interference is becoming more and more recognized; that the success of the League in the first rôle has met with general approval, but that the failure of the League for political interference has been accompanied by wide suspicion and sometimes the presence of more irritability rather than less.

A friend of mine, a diplomat who has been at Geneva, says to me: "I have sometimes, when attending sessions, pondered a serious question. I have wondered whether our discussion or debate as to the settlement of disputes softened or, on the other hand, aroused the spirit of conflict. If debate ended in actual settlement a gain would be made, but if no settlement is reached, or if it is reached and cannot be enforced, all that we have done has been to act as a sounding board which spreads still wider the talk about war. We have advertised war. We have made people think about war and read about the dangers of war.

It is exactly as if we were a group of competitive business men who had founded a Monday luncheon club where at each meeting the assembled company was exhorted to talk about the conflicts, the jealousies or quarrels in the trade. I sometimes wonder if that kind of club is successful. I sometimes wonder if we should not have done better to begin with an international club which dealt only with the interests which we all have in common, which could act upon and build up and expand those common interests."

At any rate, the history of the League tends to show that the line of demarcation between the League of the good Samaritan and the Policeman League is already a sharp line between achievement and bafflement. The indirect approach to peace—that is, the development of international coöperation—has already proved a good means to kill out the war germs; the direct method of compulsion and dictatorial interference has already indicated that the Leaguers may, in their unpreparedness and innocence, not only fail but become the instruments of old and evil forces.

In its work of giving international good offices the League has taken custody of the World Court and has made possible a method of choosing judges which unorganized nations did not have. It has furnished directly or indirectly arbitration in many cases—the Memel dispute, the Iraq boundary question, and many others where the parties assented to this method of adjustment. It has been trustee for the Saar, for Memel, Dantzic, Upper Silesia. It has been trustee for the financial rehabilitation plans in Austria and Hungary and for certain factors in the German repara-

tions settlement. It has been or will be agent for military control in enforcing disarmament obligations in Germany, Austria, Hungary and Bulgaria. It has furnished foreign advisers and assistant administrators to countries desiring assistance, such as Albania. It has assisted nations desiring to mark out boundaries. It has engaged with some measure of success in international humanitarian work, in study and control of contagious disease, and of quarantine suppression of opium and white-slave traffic, and even refugee relief, although the compulsory exchange of population between Turkey and Greece suggested by the League's agent, Doctor Nansen, has been a terrible imposition of hardship and misery.

It has open to its labor a wide field of usefulness in standardization of equipment used internationally, in developing conveniences of international traffic by common consent, such as telegraph, weather reports, signals, lighthouses, landing fields and radio. It has, no doubt, assisted international good will and understanding by compilation and exchange of information and by publication. Finally, the League is able to procure in special cases the free services of the greatest experts in the world.

But when we turn from the Good Samaritan League and examine its record as a Policeman League, no matter how well-intentioned its activity may have been, the record is quite different. It is difficult to defend that record on the ground that it has been effective, on the ground that it has followed the moral precepts of democracy, or self-determination and protection of weak peoples, or on the ground that it has been free

from the pulling of the strings by socalled imperialistic forces behind the scenes.

"What have been the great snags in the way of European peace?" I was asked by an old colleague of mine in diplomacy. "Let me name them. Everyone knows them. First, the conditions in Russia and Russia's relationships with Europe. Second, Germany's reparations. Third, armed occupation of German territory. Fourth, the murder of an Italian commission in Greece and the seizure of Corfu. Fifth, the Russian-Polish war. Sixth, the war between Turkey and Greece. Seventh, the attack on Vilma by Poland. Eighth, disarmament.

"Now do not forget that the League was primarily intended to procure peace and do justice particularly to the weak. It is said that the League would have had greater success if the United States had been a member. Why? I cannot see that the United States is concerned in many of these subjects or so well equipped to intervene within the League as it is to furnish a real neutrality while standing outside of our political whirlpool. There are plenty of Europeans who believe that if the United States came into the League it would be impossible for the United States to play any other rôle than that of a possible ally of one side or the other in the Franco-British struggle for diplomatic domination in Europe. But in any case, just examine the action of the League on the important menaces to peace in Europe."

Unfortunately the League as a Policeman League to enforce peace or as a League for political interference presents a dismal record of complete failure. It has

technical excuse for its failure to touch the Russian question, but the fact remains that nothing has been done to advance Russia's relationship with the outer world, nothing done to fit Russia back into the European economic picture, and indeed nothing done to discourage a disastrous policy of European nations, causing them to deal with Russia one by one and in the spirit of avaricious competitors racing to snatch up a meatless bone. It was not the League but outside forces which produced the Dawes Plan for the German problem. As for the Ruhr, the League, for reasons supposedly based on the veto power of France, failed to heed suggestions from Germany and from Great Britain. To use a homely expression, the League would not touch the subject of a warlike occupation of territory under a claim of treaty sanctions with a ten-foot pole. It began to be plain that this supergovernment might be active in repressing gnats but would not, even under the banner of the dove, stir up any hornets.

It undertook to interfere in the quarrel between Italy and Greece, but finding the water hot it gracefully allowed the Conference of Ambassadors and old-fashioned diplomacy to bring the business back to a cool temperature. The claim that the League influenced the result takes on a comic flavor when one realizes that the League began by calling Italy to account and the Conference of Ambassadors ended by giving Italy every dollar of indemnity and as full a measure of apologies as Italy required.

In the conflict between Poland and Russia the League allowed one of its own members to violate the

prohibition against going to war without first resorting to arbitration, and a review of the action or non-action of the League shows a complete paralysis of several other fundamental articles in the League's Covenant. Apparently this was not an occasion when the powers behind the scenes cared to give the League any leash.

The war between Turkey and Greece, so far as anyone has been able to discover, went on without the slightest intervention of the League, although Greece was a member. The common European answer to this mystery is "Neither France nor Great Britain desired the League to act."

In the invasion of Vilna by Poland there was a direct instance of a member and even a smaller member nation being able to break across most of the text of the whole Covenant without a rebuke, probably because a large power was able to suppress action by the League.

When the League was asked to settle the question of the Aaland Islands the result was to turn over the population of these islands to an alien rule—a direct upset by the League of all principles of self-determination in favor of adjudication based on the respective interests of two dominant powers in a military and naval question.

In instances where there has been opportunity to urge judicial settlement of disputes the League has allowed the settlement to remain in its own hands, where adjustment is on a political rather than on a juridical basis. It requires no special study for anyone to see that a detached World Court or a board of arbitration is more free from the give and take of

politics than such a body as the Council of the League, and that the more the Council undertakes in settlement the more it becomes a playground for the trades, deals or differences between strong powers of the highest imperialistic development.

The League has recited a purpose to reduce armaments, but it was the Washington Conference and not the League which has taken the one appreciable step toward that end.

Winston Churchill, defending and pleading for the League, is driven to say: "Its structure, airy and unsubstantial, framed of shining but too often visionary idealism, is in its present form incapable of guarding the world from its dangers and of protecting mankind from itself." He might have added that it is not impossible for the League as a league for political interference to become the plaything of those very forces of imperial diplomacy which it was advertised to throttle.

These are the considerations which have brought Europe to the point of believing that the League will require remodeling. I have formed no opinion in any one of twelve capitals which I have visited that the League has failed in so large a measure that its existence is no longer desirable. Indeed I believe that there is no opinion that the Good Samaritan League should be abolished. But there is a strong sentiment forming in favor of limiting the League to the function of a League of good offices—a League which offers its services to all who come to knock on the door and ask for the development of their mutual interests whether this be by the machinery of a detached World Court or

by neutral arbitration of disputes, by joint agreements and joint boards to coördinate the international activities of peace, such as transportation and sanitation and the suppression of evils, or by the services of a trustee for financial and economic action either for the restoration of lame nations or the saving of peoples suffering under some emergency affliction.

These are the functions of the League which, whatever the theories may be, have worked in practice.

The functions of the League as an interloper, even in the affairs of the nations already signatories of the Covenant, whatever the theories may have been, cannot be said to have worked in practice. They are 100% failure.

I found plenty of good minds in Europe who have begun to fear that the League in its most pretentious aspirations—that of political interference—may fail and carry down with it the successful and practical and useful functions of the League as a League of good offices,—the Good Samaritan.

I have no doubt that many supporters of the League from its inception will admit today that the world was a little hasty in believing that the way to end war was by an attempt to prohibit war. The machinery for that purpose has always either died of stagnation and impotence or been defied by independent action or been captured by those powers which would use it for their own purposes.

The world is beginning to realize that the worst phrase it ever coined to obtain peace is "war to end war." It should have been "peace to end war."

It is possible to build common interests.

It is impossible to prohibit war.

It is possible to replace war ideas with peace ideas, but it is impossible to create a body to issue decrees, which is not also strong enough to bully the weak and put the dictatorship of the world in the hands of those who can so easily seize the power or sneak away with the power of an international body.

It is possible to build an international coöperation which is inviting rather than commanding, and to maintain international machinery for the purpose.

It is often said that cold is the absence of heat. It is often thought that peace is the absence of war. But thinking in that way of peace and war only emphasizes the psychological error of attacking war, and neglects the historical failures made to prohibit war. What the world needs is to think of war as being the absence of peace.

It is impossible for me to feel, after a fairly intimate experience with European diplomacy and European conditions and after spending most of my time since the war in Europe, that war is prohibitable. But I do feel that peace is buildable. We often speak of the unfortified boundary between the United States and Canada. It remains unfortified, not because of any decree of a supergovernment. It does not remain unfortified because there is no war; it remains unfortified because there is so much peace.

The contract not founded upon a common interest is no good; the law which attempts to remold human nature is no good, and the psychology of "Thou shalt not" is no good compared with the psychology of a more positive inspiration.

To build peace, to build common interests, and to remove in the process the causes for war, requires, I am ready to admit, not only the building through the Good Samaritan League, through liberal policies and through understanding and agreements, of common interests, but requires also diagnosis of the diseases which attack common interests.

Probably the one predominant enemy of common interests is fear. Fear makes murderers. Fear makes wars. So prominent is fear as an enemy of common interest that the leaders of any war movement invariably place their greatest emphasis on fear in order to stir up the war-will.

I talked with a writer on political subjects in Vienna. He is an Austrian whose work is published widely in the world. He expressed my feelings when he said: "It is not the death and destruction of life and property in war which is the summit of horror in war. The most sickening feature of war is the destruction of truth and the poisoning of human minds."

The one best dependence of the war movement is the cry "They are trying to crush us!" In war each nation says it; the other is always the aggressor, the other is always the intriguer, the beast, the perpetrator of atrocities. We show ourselves the picture of a creature with a bristle beard; our youngest child is seized by that enemy who is eating off its leg. The proof that fear is the emotional basis for war is found in the fact that if we want each other to go to war or if leaders with either a good or a bad cause want us to go to war, the strongest appeal chosen, the last word in propaganda, is the appeal to fear. If the enemy is

too far away we are told to look in the dog house for a spy! Fear at any cost! Buckets of fear!

I occupied one summer during the time I was in Italy a villa by the sea which had belonged to a German. When the war came the German fled and the property was taken by the Italians. The natives of the seaside village were sure that this villa had been built for military purposes. They looked about for emplacements, for wireless stations, for hidden machine guns. They found nothing until they came to a cabinet in the living room. It was very heavy. It was locked by huge bolts and strange devices. On it was a card saying "Warning! Do not move or shake this cabinet."

At last! They had found the storage place for high explosives! The bravest of them gingerly bore the cabinet out onto the beach and carried it out into the sea, where it was lowered beneath the water. Then it was brought back to the beach, and while two or three hundred villagers stood at a discreet distance the lid was pried off. The case contained a collection of butterflies!

This true story represents the needless fears which create or maintain wars, but it would be folly to say that war is caused solely by needless fears. I have seen the needless fears in war and in diplomacy, but I cannot believe that they will persist in a world where Russia is learning to read and write, and there is a radio in a village in Tibet, and an aeroplane drops a copy of yesterday's Manchester Guardian among a herd of elephants in Africa.

It is necessary to go deeper than fear and ask what

may cause well-founded fears in the world. If we can isolate and distinguish the causes of the well-founded fears in the world we shall have come fairly close to the real war germs. And any peace bug that is worth much as an antitoxin against war must not be directed at war, but at the causes for war. What we need more than an impotent attempt to prevent an irrepressible war from coming to a head is the scientific study which will diagnose the disease and deal with it in its incipient stages.

This is not a one-man job. It is not my job. So far as I can find out after a good deal of search in Europe, nothing much has been done on that job, even by individuals who wish to write a book about it. In one place you can find a psychologist who tells you that war is caused by people becoming tired of the monotony of peace—that war is an adventure. In another place you can find a neurologist who says it is an instinct for pugnacity. In other places you can find psychoanalysts who say it is the desire for power growing out of the sex instinct. Books have been written to show that war is always hatched in the directors' meetings of munition manufacturers, and pamphlets published to prove that diplomats whose obvious success is in the prevention of wars are in some mysterious way the very persons who seek to fail in their efforts. Here you can find a man who will tell you that religious differences and religious intrigue are responsible, and there is a man who has devoted his life to show that wars are created by secret societies and cabals which expect to profit by keeping the world disorganized.

The fact is that today there is more nonsense than

science applied to the diagnosis and to isolation of war germs—to the real causes of war and to the prevention of war by nipping the buds rather than attempting to prevent the bursting of the full blossoms. There is too much attention paid to those persons who hope vainly to break up boundaries, smash national feeling, suppress the instincts of race pride and create a permanent international unification, long before—hundreds or thousands of years before—the world is ready for it. There is too little attention paid to the recognition of the living fact that humanity is able at this stage of development to give its loyalty and herd instinct and power to organize only in units no larger than nations, and that the surest way to avoid war is to recognize this and to maintain peace between these units, not only by building up common free-will interests but by scientific analysis of the causes for conflict.

The impossibility of setting forth in one chapter the fundamental causes for modern war is apparent. I have talked with hundreds of men in Europe who have given the subject thought, and I have sought books and documents for five years, but it would be absurd to expect from me or from any other such person a completed opinion as to these causes.

No doubt a preliminary survey would reveal certain apparent causes, and these in themselves are valuable considerations.

For instance, it is becoming pretty clear to observers, whether statesmen or not, that the psychological *causes* for war are now slight indeed. The psychological *effects* of war are realities. No one doubts that once

the impulse is given and war is really on its way a hundred psychological changes take place. There is pugnacity, pride, instinct for conflict, desire for adventure, hero worship, avarice. When the herd goes to running all this flares up. But none of the psychological causes start the herd to running.

If I could assemble all the opinion I have gathered, and strike its average, it would speak like this: "The real causes of war—the causes behind the fears and other emotions which whip up people to consent to war—are economic or political. Of the economic causes—those causes which have nothing to do with leadership, but affect a whole people—there are two. One is the lack of enough food and material comforts to go around that number of people. The other is a surplus of production which must be sold to other peoples."

The voice would continue: "Really one of these economic causes is the production by a nation of too many human beings, and the other is the production of too many things. One is the need of more room and more resource; the other is the hunger for more markets.

"For instance, a truly wise world would regard with serious consideration all the overpopulated countries, particularly those not supported or supplied by dominions as is Great Britain. Population is the detonator of war. When the war bursts it may be because someone has shot the Duke of Skat who has been a royal guest of Volabia, or it may be that war may start because the battle cruiser of the Elka Free States, when she has raised anchor, has pulled up the city gas main of Bandoo; but the real cause is that the country of

which Bandoo is the capital has forty million overcrowded inhabitants instead of twenty comfortable million. The populations of Japan, of Italy, of Germany have been or will be something to reckon with when one is studying how to remove the causes for war. It can be set down as a lesson in the first reader that no people ever stay on a territory which will not support them. The explosive force, if not relieved in some peaceful process, will result in a bursting somewhere. If we had watch towers for wars, like watch towers for forest fires, the watchman on the turret would keep his eyes fixed on the places where the growth was densest."

The composite voice would go on: "Over-population may be relieved either by limitation or by a transformation of an agricultural nation into a manufacturing nation which make goods enough and sell enough to buy food, or by war in which territory for settlement of the excess population or territory yielding the necessary resources is acquired."

"You ask whether this is imperialism? Of course it is. But it is not the imperialism which strong and adventurous people undertook before this economic era. It is not the imperialism which made the East Indies Dutch; or India British; or the Philippines Spanish. Those were the days of imperialism to get rich; these are the days of imperialism to live. Germany fought in order to support an overpopulation she had pyramided on an industrial system, and that system to live required either a free guaranteed continuous outlet to far-away overseas markets or an outlet in the production of war materials. The case was one of economic imperialism—the only imperialism which is

now in good fashion. The old political imperialism had its day because the expenses of administration were low, the margin of intelligence of the foreign rulers over the backwardness of natives was high, the improvement in conditions made a great showing and impressed a conquered people, and rich untapped resources paid the costs many times over. Today the cost of holding and administrating a subject people of a different civilization which has become restive has mounted high; it is much cheaper to go into such places as a trader and investor and take one's chances of closing the open door to one's competitors either because of political skill, proximity or special fitness to deal with a particular market or a particular kind of natural resource. This competition will not result in war until the door is closed in the face of some nation which must either send its excess population to these developed territories or maintain its excess population at home by exporting cheap goods to these less developed territories. And then there is trouble!"

Such a composite voice—the voice I have heard so long in Europe—would go on then to sketch out the political causes for war.

Probably the first dangerous political element to be watched would be the wrong kind of nationalism. I am an intense nationalist, but I recognize that nationalism may easily go wrong. A survey of the world would show nationalistic elements of a most dangerous kind present in the life of Germany, present among certain extremists in Italy, present in the military and imperialistic group in Japan, present in other places. Such elements are always opposed by a steadier and

slower-growing current of liberalism. It ought to be the policy of the world to strengthen the hands of the party which at home opposes these sabre-rattling political forces. I have always believed that no folly could equal that of treating nations which have a noisy sabre-rattling minority as if such nations were wholly characterized by these extremists. Of course, to do so tends to insult and irritate the peoples of such nations and is the very treatment calculated to play into the hands of the military or chauvinistic party. When the Allies are pompous or needlessly brusque with Germany, down goes a liberal Marx while the stock of every vengeful fire-eater goes up many points in the home market. When Congress, feeling that there are not many Japanese votes in its constituency, needlessly rubs Japan the wrong way, years of gain of liberalism in Japan may be wiped out. All that is necessary, when two nations have the wrong kind of nationalistic elements, to bring the two nations to war is a process of whipsawing which first gives the teeth-gnashers on one side of the boundary a chance to raise a protest, and then gives occasion for a reply or a reprisal from the other side.

A second political element which may cause war is the desire of a ruler or an administration to hold power. If the world is watching the causes for war, it will pay to watch all powerful political figures who are on the wane. The temptation of such a man to save his place by arousing dangerous patriotic zeal for a conflict which he may precipitate is always present.

A third political element, looming large today, is the fetish of backward peoples for autonomy. This

restiveness in the colonial possessions all over the world fed by millions spent in Bolshevist propaganda also had a tremendous push from the doctrine of self-determination preached just after the war. If the revolt against foreign rule were a revolt of the mass and for a good end possible of attainment, none of us would mind. But usually these revolts are among people incapable of self-government They are often —indeed almost always—conducted by a minority against the will and welfare of the many. Usually this minority, while voicing noble sentiments for freedom and liberation, is led by self-seekers who want the foreign control removed in order that they themselves may exploit their own kind or gain political tail feathers. The best advocate I ever heard for Korean independence was a Korean I met in Peking who was under indictment in Korea for cheating the Korean peasants!

In the next period of the world's history such revolts and their consequences are almost certain to keep the peace of the world on the edge of the precipice.

The disposition of the world today is toward peace. This generation will never forget the pains of war or the punishments of readjustment. Victory gained little more than defeat. The chances for educational progress so that the next generation may hold peace dear are great indeed—just now.

They will be missed if we go mumbling slogans. They will be missed if we attempt international supergovernment, which, even after a six-year trial, sprawls out and gives rise to fears that international supergovernment may become only a new weapon in the

hands of the imperialists and the war builders. They will be missed if we try to catch war and tie it down.

If I have learned anything in Europe it is that we need international organization, not to engage in the pretense of forbidding war but in the more positive labor of offering all assistance needed in building peace. If I have learned anything in Europe it is that the next generation, when it hears about suppressing war, will want to hear how war may be put out when it is a spark in the cellar rather than barked at when the roof is falling in.

CHAPTER VI

MUSSOLINI

WHEN I sailed up the magnificent Bay of Naples in July 1921 I was the American ambassador to old Italy. When, after nearly three years, I looked back at the Italian Alps on my way home, I was still the ambassador to Italy, but it was a new Italy.

This is merely an untinted fact. There is a new Italy, and some say that Mussolini made it.

I will put it the other way around—there was a new Italy hidden in the hearts and spirit of the people, and it made Mussolini.

At the start let us admit, then, that some persons have asserted—usually from a long distance—that Mussolini is a *poseur* and therefore ridiculous, or a swashbuckler in international affairs and therefore dangerous, and a dictator; and that, together with the philosophy of Fascism, he was a stone wall in front of that thing some persons call the onward march of world democracy and internationalism. Some of this may be so; I pass it by. Endless sensational nonsense has been printed about the Italian revolution. Other national forces in Europe, which have been accustomed to bully and wheedle a weak Italy, were not pleased and have filled us, here at home, with anti-

Mussolini propaganda. We have read hundreds of yards of disparaging editorials written often by men whose knowledge of Italy is of the illustrated post-card type. We have heard from those who are shocked by the word revolution, as if the Magna Charta of England, the Republic of France and the American nation were not founded on revolution.

A great American publicist asked me with a pained voice and a sorrowful shake of his head, "When do you hope for a restoration of democracy in Italy?"

I said, "I haven't the slightest idea in these days what the word democracy means to any other man; but if you mean by it an effective expression of the will and willingness of a people, you may be sure there is more in Italy than there has been since the days of Crispi. Democracy is not created by the label."

It is necessary to say with candor, that those who did not like what has gone on in Italy may find some acts to criticize. We have in America a fairly sizable group, still fondly hoping for a world democracy, as they call it, which is to benefit humanity and fabricate a guaranty of peace by imaginary blessings and benevolence flowing down from international bodies to nations, from nations to the people. It irritates this group to face the sterner fact and doctrine that the source of all government power or merit or restraint can only arise from the worth, the discipline, the work, the justice and the desire for peace of the people themselves. I believe in this latter doctrine, and so did Mussolini. I do not expect those whose ideas appeared to Mussolini to be founded upon a marriage of ignor-

ance with sentimentality to accept Mussolini as a milestone in history without criticism.

There are those others who label themselves liberals or claim managing directorate of Christian morals, who believe that government is such a beneficent device that the more we have of it, and the more centralized it is, the better. It is only fair for me, when I write of Mussolini, to state that I believe in the least possible government consistent with the regulation of the rights of men; that I believe in decentralization; that I detest papa-and-mamma legislation—and so did Mussolini. Mussolini did not believe in the magic of engrossed resolutions, the power of documents, eternal conferences and government by talk. Those who do will seek and no doubt find weak places in Mussolini and Italian Fascism. No doubt these weak places existed. They always do—this side of heaven.

But, after all, there is a fact to deal with—Italy is a new Italy. A strong national spirit? Certainly; and admirable, too, if one believes that service, courage, loyalty are worth anything. We say "Half Europe's troubles would end if the peoples would balance their budgets and go back to work." Italy went to work and is balancing her budget. The whole aspect of life has changed. Apprehension and weariness have made way for hope and vigor. I saw Italy as she was; I saw a revolution burst under my nose and into the face of a world which has not yet half understood its significance, and—there is a new Italy.

Whatever anyone believes about theories of social organization, or government, a fact is a fact. I want to make this plan. Even a communist would be foolish

The King of England greets Mussolini.

to deny a fact; it would be like a man saying "I am against Thursday. I detest Thursday and consider Thursday an evil which should be abolished. Indeed, I am willing to admit that Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday exist; but I assert that there is no such thing as Thursday because I do not wish to believe in Thursday."

When Italy was staggering around after the war the only thing which worked was Italian Fascism and Mussolini; to deny it is like denying the existence of the first day in every month.

Mussolini once said to me:

"In the face of national disruption, I had to face the truth that facts are not the children of theories; they are the mothers of theories. Prospectus and talk are nothing; only performance is worth anything, and that is the reason I demanded time to show performance. The name of any machinery to do a task counts for little. It is no worse or better for being called liberal or reactionary, republic, democracy or commune. The time comes when humanity wants the work done. Then the only piece of machinery worth anything is the one which will go."

When I arrived in Italy the state was on the edge of a breakdown. I do not mean that there was any weakness in the monarchy. The King of Italy is a constitutional monarch. These are a few republicans in Italy. Political campaigns in Italy are always attended by the paintbrush, and all over Italy one could see scrawled on the foundation stones of buildings and in the villages on masonry walls "Viva Lenine," and occasionally "Viva Republica"; but the spring rains

and the summer sun of 1921 had begun to wash out the soviet slogans and the republican smears were too far apart to indicate much zeal. The Italian temperament, individualistic and optimistic, had grown weary of hope from communism, and the Italian mind had never accepted much serious thought of overturning the monarchy.

When I speak of the weakness of the state I do not mean weakness in the House of Savoy. The King is the object of affection in Italy, not of resentment. He does not furnish the slightest obstacle to representative government; he stands ready to help representative government whenever he can. He does help it, and no one knows this better than Mussolini. I have had conversational contacts with half a dozen monarchs in the last ten years and I know of none wiser than this representative of the oldest and perhaps the most virile of the reigning houses. He is a small man, impressive only because of his character, his learning and his kindliness. He can discuss problems of American politics with more facts popping out and more humorous insight than many of our own supposedly competent statesmen. For instance, he knows full well that in America, as everywhere, we are all trying to deal in too large units; he knows that it is difficult and perhaps absurd to try "running traffic from City Hall"; he knows that men are best understood and governed by the local microscope rather than through the centralized telescope.

I have never seen a man who had more politeness from heart outward.

"For goodness sake, put on your hat!" he said to me

on a ceremonial occasion when I was talking to him in the Piazza Venezia, before half a hundred thousand troops and people. "The wind is damp and yesterday I heard you were ill."

On another occasion he spent half a morning to show me particular specimens in his great coin collection in which I had indicated an interest. He is not a showy king. He likes to leave the brilliant settings which are provided for him, in the midst of which he appears like a lonely shut-off man, and go back to his villa in the trees and to his family. He might say to himself at the end of the day, "Well, now that my day's work at being King is done, I can go home." He is that kind of man; useful, indispensable to Italy.

The state, which I say was breaking down, was the constitutional state; the state which was going to pieces was the state of ministries and parliaments which had so much democracy that it had no leadership. It was so liberal a state that it could not maintain order; it was so benevolent that it allowed everyone to come on the pay roll; it was so peace-loving and gentle that it did not always know whether to court-martial its agents of public safety, such as the carabinieri or the regia guardia, because they shot at a mob or because they did not shoot at a mob.

I used to hear the alarming reports of conditions from my colleagues of the diplomatic corps in Rome, and titled Roman ladies next to whom I sat at official dinners would whisper fearful prospects into my ear. I suppose that I should have been filled with alarm had I not learned early in my observation that modern Italy and the Italians never quite reach a spill; they

sometimes go up on two wheels, but they come down on four again. In any other country there might have been the devil to pay with a state—successive ministers and parliaments—as weak as it was; and there is a compliment, indeed, to the Italians that almost orderly life, and fairly good-natured life, went on. Looking back at it, I sometimes believe that it was the hidden currents of national spirit, afterward bursting out into Fascism, which made the mill wheel of life keep turning.

In every direction, however, one could see the signs of feebleness. It was not unpleasant perhaps for an ambassador, who could go through police barriers by virtue of the number plate on his motor, or who listened to the cornet of cavalry trumpeting to disperse an assembly below the window of a palace, which also was almost a fortress; or who could watch the various processions go marching around, ending up at last at a ministry or at Montecitorio, where the Chamber sits, to plead or storm for some hand-out from whatever confused, perplexed and wholly liberal, peace-loving government was then in office.

It must have been depressing to any patriotic Italian. It must have been intolerable. Indeed, Mussolini is the direct issue out of the spirit which could no longer tolerate drifting toward nowhere.

I used to go up to the embassy in the morning, and sometimes the streets would be quieter than usual. A strike—a strike of the street-railway men. It was to protest against something. A carabiniere had struck a dock worker in Genoa. At noon the cars, for some

mysterious reason, would be running again; perhaps an apology had been offered.

The major-domo in the Orsini Palace would say, "Your excellency, very sorry—no bread this morning. There is a general strike." A week later the railroad official at the ticket gate would say, *"Tròppo peccato!"* —the train will not go after all. A strike, *"Ecco!"* Ordinary persons lost their trunks.

The railways paid out 3000 per cent more for such losses in 1920 than before the war. The streets during daylight working hours were filled with strollers; they were government clerks from the overstuffed bureaucracy. The government was absorbing the malcontents by the easy process of giving them employment. In villages, idlers hung about the fountains and told one another their complaints. Army uniforms were hissed.

Beggars—the professional lot—loosed from Naples, were on the streets of other cities with their whine, *"Soldi! Soldi!"* Out in the country one would find military barriers against traffic in certain districts. Those who liked sensational ideas could see in this the nine thousand and fifty-first beginning of a red uprising. Next day the roads would be open. In all probability some communist syndic or mayor had claimed that some member of the Popular or Catholic Party had called him a capitalist; in all probability he had telegraphed a demand for Rome to take the military away, and the government—the liberal, democratic, obliging state—had done the favor!

If anyone went to the government and asked why nothing was done to stop this or that, the officials of a ministry which was tottering on the verge of an adverse

vote in parliament would say, "Patience! We are working to accomplish all that you desire, but we must not offend other elements. *Paziènza!*" It became the watchword of government—*Paziènza.* The government intended always to show its strong hand—tomorrow. All authority in Italy had good intentions, and there were many good men in office; but it is difficult to get good men into the portfolios of a government which expects every day to be turned out by a parliament so liberal that it contains every shade of passing opinion and consists of shifting elements which have no cause in common except that of combining to overturn a ministry. To be an official of this kind is to be a man always looking over his shoulder to see that no one is displeased.

A republic like ours in America may escape this devastating influence, but a democracy as distinguished from a republic will usually go slipping into a jelly of inactivity and feebleness just because officials and representatives will be at the mercy of endless factions, each expressing conflicting demands, each becoming more and more vociferous for special privilege, for their own group salvation, all at one time requiring to be pleased.

One frank member of the ministry which preceded Mussolini said to me:

"Let us forget that Italy in the last sixty-odd years has had sixty-eight ministries. Therefore if a government official requires anything of the people he should be timid; when he has anything to give away let him be brave as a lion. Such, my friend, is the unforeseen reality of the workings of pure democracy."

During the first year that I was in Italy there were on trial for murder in a state court in America two Italians who happened to belong to the I. W. W. Anarchists, socialists and communists in Italy and the radical groups in other countries were whipped up by their leaders to create an anti-American agitation on the ground that capitalistic interests were railroading two innocent men to execution, not because they were guilty but merely because they were radicals. The secret police of Europe believed all this agitation was one of the means used by leaders of the reds to stir up the jaded zeal for communism; but there is no doubt that the rank and file of the radicals were sincere in their belief that terrible injustice was threatened to their so-called comrades and brothers. This made the situation dangerous. Cranks and zealots do shoot and stab. One succeeded in sending a bomb into Ambassador Herrick's residence in Paris and it blew a hole in the ambassador's valet.

I used to get dozens of letters a day threatening to make me the eye for an eye and the tooth for a tooth. These Black Hand letters promised kidnapping of my little girl and my wife, bombs, stillettos and sulphuric acid for me. My military attaché begged me to enter the embassy offices by the back door, not to walk alone; to have my chauffeur take off his livery and otherwise conceal or protect myself. Of course I refused.

I cannot say that it was comfortable, especially when the Italian officials began to send word that they would do the best they could to protect me, when military guards stood at the door of the offices and at the gates of the Orsini Palace. Mass meetings of reds were held

to resolve that I should guarantee the freedom of the men under trial in America or be called to account—the idea being that I should discuss the matter with Saint Peter. Whenever I went out walking alone, and furtive individuals followed me, I screwed up my determination to do battle with them; and then usually discovered that I was planning violence against secret-service agents who were detailed for my protection.

Finally one day word came that the committee of reds wanted to talk with me.

I said to one of my secretaries, "I cannot recognize them by allowing them to call on me officially here. Send word that I will go to them not as an ambassador but as a private individual. They may be frightened, so say that I will come alone."

Some of my staff believed me crazy, but I felt sure that human nature is such that it almost never does violence when surprised by a friendly advance. I went to the meeting place according to the word sent me, and there I found five excited, tense, earnest young men. One of them was a student—a long-haired fellow. They were convinced that their so-called comrades in America had been, as they said, murdered already. I reassured them. They said their messages by cable had been intercepted by the government.

"But you have daily information," they said.

I explained to them that I had not bothered my Government with the affair; but I said, "There is one thing I never wish to withhold from anyone—the truth. I will make cable inquiries in your behalf. You shall have the facts. But as to assisting you, I cannot and will not. Do not count on that."

I explained the relation of our Federal Government with the states and that criminal law in cases of this kind was not a Federal but a state affair in which an ambassador should not meddle. In the end we were all laughing together, probably because human beings are human beings no matter what label they stick on themselves.

A few days later one of these young reds came into the embassy against the protest of the secret-service guards, and this was his errand—he wanted me to find him a job! He said he was tired of being a communist.

I have told this story because this boy's attitude was then the attitude of Italy. The infection of communism had not worked. Everything was cynicism and drifting. There was a ravenous yearning to begin a new day.

I have told it also to illustrate the timidity of the Italian administration. The officials of that administration might have met the agitation and the threats against an ambassador by explaining publicly that the National Government in Washington and I as its representative must keep hands off the case. An official who came to me said, however:

"We understand it. But a large part of our population is radical and we do not wish to publish anything which might appear hostile to their wishes. *Paziènza!* We will guard you. It will all blow over."

This was a good sample of the pitiful weak cloth of government.

In every direction the inevitable breakdown of a badly conceived machine of democracy could be seen.

The war had concentrated power and bureaucracy in Rome. We have observed the same thing at home, where everyone and every community looks to Washington to get them out of holes from which the proper means of escape is a little individual or local effort. In order to force the hand of the national government as an instrument of benefaction begin to organize in groups to create political pressure. This ends in raids on the public funds and demands for government jobs. Then because somebody has to pay, the taxes must go up. Up they go until industry cannot keep going. Then there is more unemployment and more raids on the treasury and more demands for silly legislation and—chaos.

One weak administration follows another, and all along the descending road the sheep people who think they have a democracy are fed on glittering promises and little crumbs, while it is really the wolves—the bribe givers, the campaign contributors and the large intriguers, with a bought press as an ally—who take the whole loaves of bread. This is the inevitable result of centralization and of such systems of democracy as Italy and some other countries have tried.

Gioliti, who has managed more ministries than any other living man, told me, in substance, on one occasion:

"Of course, in America you have no democracy, but instead a republic, where representatives are at least supposed to be chosen not as messenger boys but because they are fit to exercise their own judgment. Futhermore, you have the two-party system, under which you can get something done. But here we have

a parliament filled by proportional voting and by groups or blocs. These minorities cannot accomplish much except by combining to vote down a ministry and turn it out of office, or by threatening to do so."

He hit the nail. The multi-party system usually results in government by blackmail.

Giolitti was responsible for the tactics by which the government met the attack of communism. He allowed communism to have its head. He probably knew that the Italian temperament is too individualistic not to backslide from communism. The Italian is a realist; he will feed on talk and plans for a while, but he goes back to facts—even depressing, unwelcome facts. If communism does not work, he knows it; if Mussolini has a machine that works, the Italian knows that too.

The Italian is said to be emotional. Do not believe it. He is demonstrative, but not emotional.

So Gioliti, in 1920, allowed the workers in Turin and elsewhere to seize nearly 600 factories and waited to see the futile efforts of some 500,000 operatives to get coal and raw materials or to compose quarrels among themselves. All over Italy anticommunist groups like the Nationalisti and some of the early Fascisti were opposing communists. The government withdrew into a position something like a kindly neutrality which desired to please everyone. It was a clever move. I cannot remember any other example in history of a government threatened by revolution which was clever enough to slip out of the picture. But the cost of this strategy is great; the government will probably lose all appearance of government; it

will become a nice, easy, benevolent weakling—flabby hands, benign and silly smile, empty, looted purse.

In the case of Italy, the government found itself in this weakness and with a disorganized, weary people. Communism and the radical leadership might have seized the government by force.

"It would be very easy," a deputy of parliment said to me. "This reason why it is not done is that communism is even weaker than the government."

The myth of the success of the Russian revolution was punctured. The Popular Party, which some believe was supported by reactionary forces, was making concessions to socialist and radical opinions and desires, and had tolled off a large body of those who otherwise would have joined extreme action.

It was running them like sheep until their tongues hung out, and as one Popular leader, who later joined the Fascisti, said to me, "They arrived, panting for breath—nowhere."

In the spring of 1922 I was representing the United States at the seat of the Genoa Conference. One night I was returning from a conversation with Lloyd George. My secretary and I turned a corner and met a group of young men in black shirts. They were healthy, lean boys, apparently in top training. This little squadron was on the run, going on some determined errand. They turned another corner and were gone.

"Fascisti again," said my secretary.

We had seen them before often enough. We had met them on country roads in Italy, we had seen them telling profiteering shopkeepers in Naples to reduce

their prices, we had run across them patrolling streets of little towns.

"Crazy boys!" said my secretary. "This is the kind of high-handed idealism which comes to nothing."

"I wonder," said I. "I wonder."

One of the duties of a diplomat is to keep his government informed of what is happening and, if possible, of what is going to happen. In April, 1922, I sent word to Washington that I was certain that something would happen in Italy. I believed that there would be nothing which could prevent a dictatorship. I said so.

The facts upon which I based my opinion were open to anyone who looked for them. I had spent a year studying Italy. I had found out a great deal about Italy which most Americans at home never realize.

Italy is an island—not literally, but in effect. Her new boundaries at the north are a mountain defense almost as effective as water. She sits in the middle of the Mediterranean, provided with endless harbors, and is almost like a distribution center designed by destiny to scatter commerce in a circle about her—Europe, Africa, Asia. Her lack of raw materials and of coal is an old bugbear, which is used outside and inside Italy to blind Italy to her one great opportunity. Her one great opportunity is the possible combination of her two great assets—first, water power; and secondly, willing, intelligent labor. The future of Italy is not in wine and olives and overpopulation without jobs; it is in water-power and man-power industries which take raw materials and primary manufactures from

other countries and convert them into goods for sale to her natural geographical markets.

I once said to Mussolini, "I know that emigration is vital to your problem now, but when that problem of overpopulation is finally solved it will be not by men going out of Italy to look for jobs, but by jobs which will grow up in Italy and will look for men."

I had begun to realize also that Italy is not an old country at all. Modern Italy, like America, is hardly out of its swaddling clothes. Like Americans, the race is made up of varied strains of blood. The swarthy Arab often looks out of Sicilian eyes and a red-haired Goth is perpetuated by a girl drawing water at the village well in the Abruzzi mountains. Spain and France, North Africa and Middle Europe, the old Roman and the Greek of centuries ago, tread the sidewalks of the cities, perhaps mingled in one human body. And Italy has come forward fast; her national life dates back only sixty-odd years. She is younger than we, and in that youth there burns an eager national spirit.

I made up my mind that Italy's opportunities and her spirit were too great to tolerate much longer the groping about in a wilderness of weakness and inaction. There is too much humiliation in being wheedled and cajoled by a European diplomacy aimed to keep Italy weak. It is the agencies of that diplomacy which drips anti-Fascisti propaganda into the United States. There is too much that is intolerable in a state which internally is going into a sentimental jelly of misnamed democracy.

When a spirited people cannot stand it any longer,

they act. Talk and party conferences and social theories and sentimentality are luxuries enjoyed by those peoples who do not face intolerable situations.

When a people faces an intolerable situation the real ravenous hunger is not for a program, but for a man. In modern Italy they have the tradition that when a man is really needed he will rise up from the crowd.

They had their Garibaldi, their Cavour, their Crispi.

I had never seen Mussolini when I wrote to Washington that, because nothing else could break through the mess, a dictator would be inevitable. But having made the prophecy, I thought it my duty to follow it up and find the man, whoever he might be.

I did not foresee that it would be a force and a man capable of rebuilding the state by methods almost wholly within constitutional action. I could not believe that any force could straighten out the tangle which minorities had created. I did not foresee a patriot who would take power in order to turn it back; I expected an out-and-out military dictatorship.

It was not until October that a young Italian, who was my friend, brought Mussolini to my residence in the Palazzo Orsini. [At this time, of course, Mussolini had not yet become dictator.]

Much had gone on since the early summer. It was now clear that the Fascisti were the force which would take a hand in affairs, and it was equally clear that Benito Mussolini was the strong leader of the expression of national spirit. And yet, even then, few foreign diplomats in Rome had ever seen him or talked with

him, and a great number of foreign correspondents were sending home belittling comments on the Fascisti movement.

Until that summer the Fascisti had been an organization not well kept together nationally. They had been preceded by the Azure Shirts—the Nationalisti, composed of men, many of whom were of old titled families, who in general believed that the national spirit crystallized by the war should be kept alive for domestic purposes. The existence of the Nationalisti was sufficient to indicate something of the undercurrent of the spontaneous national loyal spirit of service running in Italian hearts.

The Fascisti had no clear national program, but gradually their organization had been put together along military lines, with officers, squadron formation, uniform, drill and general purposes. Occasionally local bands of Fascisti would engage in unwarranted violence, but these instances have been exaggerated and distorted. Now and then a red newspaper would be raided; sometimes a clash with communists would take place, usually in circumstances where the Fascisti, being outnumbered, displayed a dashing heroism. In the main, a tradition of sacrifice, of discipline, of orderly restraint was being built up. Now and then customs would appear that appealed dramatically; as, for instance, whenever a squadron had lost one of its members in conflict and that member's name was shouted in the roll call, the company would all answer "Here!"

In the summer of 1922 there had been declared a general strike of the red element all over Italy. It was

an utter failure. Fascisti suppressed violence, policed ugly situations, ran trains and kept things moving. From that moment the national aspect of the movement was evident; from that moment Fascism felt a new assurance of its growing power in Italy's destiny. Men began to adhere from all classes: the army, in secret; the workers, professional men, the middle classes, peasants, and even so many communists that some persons feared that the Fascisti would be absorbed by elements not steadfast.

I remember being told that a communist leader had petitioned to change his little son's name from Lenine to Benito Mussolini. There was a flood of conversions. Anyone who believes that the Fascisti were born out of capitalistic machinations and were against labor and the masses is merely ignorant of the facts. Communist zeal was exchanged for the Fascisti brand of action by thousands of industrial operatives merely because of the realization that one machine would not work and that another machine would. I discovered one morning that all the menservants in my house had joined the Fascisti; it was hope. And all the time Mussolini was rising to the surface.

I can see him now as he walked into our reception hall—a compact, short man, with dark, alert eyes; quick in movements; at one moment aggressive, powerful, and at another flashing back a signal of understanding of one's thought before it was uttered. He was not well dressed; he might have been a manual laborer who had just put on his coat to go home from work. He gave me a hand which curiously enough is always a little listless in its clasp.

My first impression of him was of a man ill at ease, suspicious of me, somewhat theatrical, and fooling himself by his manner. I thought he was the kind who deals in generalities and slogans, a good leader of crowds, possibly, but without ideas or interest in patient administration. I have never been so mistaken in any man before.

This was the son of a blacksmith. Good blood. From the north—from Forli. I knew these things about him. I knew that he had a fair education and I had been told that he had an immense capacity to add to it every day. He had been a radical himself during a good part of his life. His age and my own were nearly the same; he was thirty-eight. He had been a radical, as we call them—a journalist of socialist publications—editor of the Avanti. He had been forced out of Italy into Switzerland; he had been shown the door in Switzerland. I had seen a photograph of two Milan detectives making the arrest of a dangerous revolutionary; it was said to be a picture of Mussolini. I knew, however, that finally his own radical colleagues had shown him the door; he, a leader, was expelled from the Socialist Party on November 25, 1914, because he wanted Italy to abandon her neutrality. He made a speech then in the teeth of that assembly of his hissing, roaring enemies.

"You think you are signing my death warrant," he told them. "Today you hate me, but it is because in your heart of hearts you still love me. But you have not seen the last of me!"

It was quite like him to say that and walk down the

center aisle between howling men, out into the open, without fear; I have never seen fear in him.

This was the man who wanted Italy to go into the war. This was the man who made speeches showing that mankind had failed to make a class cleavage equal to national cleavage; that the war fought on the basis of national cleavage was a fact. His "It is necessary to act, to move, to fight, and if it is necessary, to die," rang out in December, 1914. He had accepted the realities; the emergency of war required national, not class action. He went to war in the ranks and was shredded by shrapnel in a hundred wounds. Eight years later he was saying that emergencies of peace may also require national action, and the unity rather than the conflict, often useless, of classes, and that peace may require the same service which is given in war time. This was the man who told the people that facts made theories and not theories facts.

This man in my library chair, boring into my intentions with his luminous eyes, was the Mussolini who only three years before had run for deputy of parliament in his own Milan and had been defeated by Turati by a plurality of twenty to one. Later he was elected to the Chamber. This was the man who, I had been told, had been arrested only a few weeks before for going into barracks disguised as a soldier to spread Fascisti doctrine.

We took time for acquaintance. We walked in for tea with my wife. We laughed together about various phases of European politics. Mussolini tears the cover off all pretenses; it is his foremost characteristic.

Veneer is nothing; he rips it away and looks at the wood. We got on.

Finally he turned to me and said, "What do you want to know?"

"I want to know what your program is."

"What we are going to do? We are assembling a national congress at Naples," he said.

He tore off the cover again. He discussed the power of the Fascisti and its limitations. Nothing can ever convince me that at this moment he was seriously planning a march on Rome, even though it was a possible venture. He was too interested in the possibility of having a Fascisti government by obtaining a majority of the portfolios in the ministry.

I asked him if he would occupy one. He shook his head.

"No, I would have more power outside the government."

After a moment he asked me how an American would view the policy of trying to get a Fascisti government which would have only the majority of portfolios; which would hold no control of parliament and necessarily be less skilled in the old-line political tricking.

I said, "The greatest man I have ever worked with would have said, 'Where there is no necessity, do not compromise; when there is a principle, hew to the line!"

He leaped up; there was a long silence, while he paced up and down, thinking.

"Well," I said, "what is the Fascisti program? It is easier to snatch the tiller than it is to steer the boat."

He nodded as he does, vehemently, a quick, silent assent, which I have learned is better than most sealed documents.

"Program?" he said. "My program is work, discipline, unity." He shot another look at me and saw that I was doubtful about vague slogans. He said with tremendous conviction, "Programs are endless. It is the organization—it is men. It is action, not talk—it is men!"

He might well have said leadership—courageous, fearless leadership. I had been sent by my Government to the Conference of Genoa, and later I went as the chief United States delegate to the Conference of Lausanne. I was thrown into close contact with the statesmen of more nations than have ever come around conference tables before. And I used to wonder what was the matter. Somehow everything went along the road of feeble panic. Somehow almost everyone was looking back over his shoulder at the people at home, fearing to displease the least one of them. Somehow faith was pinned on writings and words, and all the time during twenty-one weeks of conferences I could feel a hunger all over the world. I knew finally that it was the hunger for leadership.

When Mussolini left me that day there was the beginning of an understanding between us. I do not believe that he foresaw then the strangest entry into a besieged capital which the world has ever known, or that he planned it. Circumstances neither of us could know or weigh drove events faster and into a new path.

I watched Mussolini go down the red-carpeted stairs. He turned and waved his hand.

The next time I saw him, not many days later, he came into my embassy office. He held out his hand and smiled. Rome had been taken. He was the Premier of Italy.

CHAPTER VII

"OPEN THE GATES!"

ROME, the Eternal City, so often taken, so often turned over to new control, through the ages, fell again and was entered by the Fascisti under our eyes.

One of the duties of an American ambassador is to observe with an unprejudiced vision, to report facts to his Government and, where possible, to prophesy coming events. My acquaintance with Mussolini before he came into power had enabled me to perform these duties with more information than was available to many and perhaps with more than usual obligation to be coldly impartial.

But as I look back upon the growth of the Fascisti movement I am more and more conscious of its lyric and epic quality. Let its opponents damn it if they will, they cannot deny that it had gladness, hope, loyal service. They cannot say that it did not have the breath of youth and of a great national spirit.

At times even an ambassador, in Rome, goes down to the Tiber and sits on the wall in the sun with his feet dangling over, watching the same flow of brown water which Caesar gazed at in meditation, and Garibaldi, sweating from battle, observed from the Janiculum. I desire, at this moment, to report nothing but cold

observation of an unparallel revolution, which it was my privilege to see, but I cannot forget a day when, with a young Italian journalist, I was playing that I was not ambassador at all. We came out of a coffee shop and dangled our legs over the travertine wall, and this is what he said to me:

"Can't you sense it coming? Not like winter, but like spring?"

The Fascisti revolution came like that. All that year, and more every day, it was possible to sense the rise of national spirit. It had the inevitability of the approach of a new season. Prominent Fascisti said to me, "We will demand the important places in the old, flabby government. We will demand elections to give the nation a new voice." And I used to reply, "I wonder if that is all. There is a kind of instinct everywhere that is like the migration of birds or the run of deer to a salt lick."

Mussolini, who had come to see me before he went off to the Fascisti congress, convoked in Naples, was in doubt himself. He was still planning concessions from the present government—new elections, coalitions. I often wonder whether he, who was still regarded by official Rome and its diplomatic corps with some nonchalance, knew the power of the force which, bubbling up from the Italian people, had demanded his leadership.

Yet, if one had stopped to listen, there could be heard the rhythm of universal desires and hungers on the march.

My two little girls, says my diary in October, 1922, scarcely more than babies, having been playing in the

Borghese Gardens, where Rome takes its children, came home and, putting aside feminine contempt for male attire, dug out of their wardrobe bloomers, which looked like Fascisti trousers, and created makeshifts for Fascisti uniforms. They went about all day singing the Fascista song, Giovanezza—"Youth! Youth! Springtime of beauty."

Mussolini had the whole country singing, and the song was not a song of battle and conflict, of class againt class; it was a song of unity. And in those days if one turned away from the doctrinaries, the theorists and old preconceptions, one could sense the fact that Italy was falling into line—young men, titled idlers awakening to service, laborers who had gone down the dusty, sweaty trails of social reforms to nowhere, shopkeepers, men of the fields, the girls, their mothers, and even the children of foreigners on the benches in the Borghese Gardens.

The revolution in Italy—the stirring of national spirit against the drifting, the inactivity, the weakness of a government so democratic that it was always looted, and against talk and social theorists and sentimentalists—was also more than a revolution against anything; it was primarily a revolution for strong unity of purposes and strong leadership. Even before the entry into Rome it was a victorious revolution. Though it had no class label, little in the way of program, it had taken place before those who made it and those who led them realized its victory.

The Fascisti congress in Naples opened on October twenty-fourth. The whole of the southern half of Italy had been suffering from the wind called sirocco.

It blows up from Africa across the Mediterrarean and bears the ill will of Hannibal's ghost. It sometimes brings and deposits, I am told by my friend the great archæologist, Lanciani, dust which can be analyzed as African soil. Sometimes it brings a sod-soaking drizzling rain. The Italians say that it creates neurasthenic states, when everyone is irritable, and old members of the diplomatic corps in Rome have a traditional belief that the sirocco is no time to transact business at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. It may have affected the acts of the government in dealing with the demands of Mussolini. It may have precipitated the crisis. Indeed, I often wonder how much weather affects the political destinies of the world. I wrote in my diary on October twenty-fourth: "The sirocco is depressing and creates a pugnacious spirit. I remember, during the Conference of Genoa, what effect a cold spring and eternal rain had upon our international negotiations. I told Lloyd George that if I ever had to call an international conference I would do it in a sunny place."

The revolution in Italy was all in the rain.

It was on the threshold, and yet few paid attention to it. The day before the Fascisti congress assembled, at a luncheon at my table sat an ambassador of a great European power, the wife of a famous Italian diplomat who has a reputation for knowing everything, the minister of Denmark to Italy, the counselor of the American Embassy at one of the two great posts in Europe, and a former minister of the Italian Government. We discussed the cleverness of the Turks in taking advantage of the disunity of the Allies on the eve of the conference at Lausanne, where I was sched-

uled as United States delegate, but no word was said of the Fascisti or of Mussolini. It was only five days before Rome capitulated to revolution; yet none of my guests appeared even to sniff the scent coming down the breeze.

It was raining in Naples on the twenty-fourth, but the populace, who stood on the streets in the rain, the military and naval attachés of foreign embassies and legations at Rome and the correspondents of the press saw in the parades of the Fascisti delegates, in their discipline, in the whole complexion of that assembly, some indication of a crystallization of the spirit of Italy, which might have given them food for hasty thought. I remember one of them—a military attaché, a general who had fought two fronts in the World War—said to me, "Well, I have seen them. That body of youth, the groups of the young women uniformed, the auxiliaries, the precision of movements! I would not have believed it possible; the world can well stop laughing at a machine like that."

I have often asked Mussolini what his thoughts were at the congress, so different from its unimpressive predecessor in Rome the year before. The membership of the Fascisti had now increased to more than three-quarters of a million; there had grown up a definite organization on military lines. Unlike organizations to which the ignorant sometimes compare it, there was nothing furtive or secret about it. It was the enemy of no race or creed. It was a sunlight organization, open to all who would join and accept discipline, and its nucleus was vigorous youth. Months before, I had written of the criticisms of the old Italian politicians

who had said "Merely zealous boys"; I put down in my journal: "It is forgotten that this organization recruits those who are or will soon become new voters; it is like a young orchard which will still be bearing political fruit long after the old trees have felt the ax."

When Mussolini, black-shirted, stocky, walking with his strange gait as one who pursues his aims like an animal stalking prey, went down the lines of his men with their straight-arm old Roman salute; when he saw the tricolor of Italy waved by the passionate throng; when he declared, as he had declared before, that Fascism and its forces were loyal to the King and the House of Savoy, he must have felt the dramatic responsibility of the decision he was about to make.

The national spirit of Italy, through the Fascisti, had made its demand, on a government already breaking down, for representation; for the right to infuse strength and put backbone into Italy's administration. Certain ministries of the government had been demanded. Unable to find expression through these constitutional channels the new national sentiment demanded also new elections so that it might make itself felt.

If the present government failed to yield, and to act in good faith, Mussolini and the whole Fascisti movement faced not only failure to prop up the disintegrating walls of the government but also the gravest dangers.

A cabinet minister said to me during the second day of the Fascisti congress in Naples, "We have determined to use all the forces of the state to suppress any menace to the government." But all the time that

the government was finally screwing up courage to talk like that it was bartering with the Fascisti leaders without offering substantial concessions, and it has been said often enough that a plan was being made to gain time, to allow the Fascisti to go home, and then to arrest Mussolini and the other leaders.

History is, at best, a rickety structure of truth. Gossip and sensations sometimes crystallize into supposed truth. And yet it is worth while to recall the fact that one of the most reliable men from whom I received reports of what was going on came to me, in that moment of Mussolini's decision, and told me in excited whispers:

"The march on Rome is now certain! It has been discovered that the socialist forces of the Left are planning a coup d'état. There is to be a celebration at the Victor Emmanuel monument on the anniversary of our great victory in the war. Today a request was made for the use of the schoolhouses as barracks for the crowds who are coming into Rome. The Fascisti have discovered that the crowds, who were to be brought to Rome, would be armed forces of the Left. They would seize power and execute the Fascisti leaders. You will see! Mussolini no longer has a choice. He must act at once."

Within a few hours after this report Mussolini had closed the congress in Naples, had rushed to the north of Italy, and the military directorate of the Fascisti had ordered mobilizations everywhere. Probably no one, not even Mussolini himself, can say how much his action was forced by the secret plans or bad faith of the

opposition and how much by the conditions inherent in the Fascisti movement itself.

I had written home, long before, a report on the new organization of the Fascisti forces. There could be no denying that there was preparation for what is known as direct action in case other appeals failed. The sentiment of the people, it now was plain, was running in an overwhelming desire for Fascisti participation, if not control, in the government. No elections were in sight. The government wheedled everyone, and nothing could be expected from a multi-party parliament whose tongues were of Babel. It was intolerable. The people of Italy were too hungry for action, for strength, for leadership out of the wilderness, to make fine distinctions between constitutional legal action and direct action. Everywhere one heard the phrase "Sometimes violence to put an end to violence!" As future events proved, there was no great shock to the Italian people in the taking of Rome and the government; that shock was left to those foreigners who believe sometimes in sickly liberalism even after its failure is spread before them like watery jelly.

No one knew better than Mussolini that he was handling a weapon not only capable of use in direct action but dangerous within itself. He must have weighed this fact when he made his decision. I wrote in August, 1922, that "the Fascisti squadrons are like teeth; they must bite on something or fall out."

Justice Holmes, of the Supreme Court, once said in regard to suppression of social impulses, causes and movements that "the best way to still champagne is to draw the cork!"

Mussolini, as a patriot and lover of Italy, knew these two facts: First, the government had drawn so many corks that the sparkle of Italian spirit had almost gone stale; second, the Fascisti needed the drawing of the cork lest effervescence burst the bottle and waste the contents.

Even if there had been no menace of bad faith from Rome, even if there had been no conspiracy to wheedle the Fascisti and assassinate their leaders, Mussolini must have seen that he must shoot or give up the gun. He realized in Naples that it was a bigger gun than he thought he had; to have held it longer in an inactive hand would have meant disaster.

Mussolini, with great qualities of leadership, knew as well as I that there was danger in Fascisti zeal and its tendency to get out of control. There had been, among endless examples of heroism and restraint and contributions to public welfare and order, also examples of high-handedness. Every crop worth a harvest has weeds. Some of the blots on the Fascisti record are funny. The castor-oil story is amusing, but it has been exaggerated, and the practice was soon forbidden by the Fascisti's own regulations. Occasionally the bubbling spirit of youth or the presence of the inevitable lunatic fringe of all movements resulted in incidents.

I had seen an English bishop stopped on the street by a group of Fascisti who did not know he was a foreigner, and forced to take off his hat to a little bow-knot of Italian tricolor. A demand was made by a group of Fascisti upon a servant of my embassy offices to hang out an Italian flag. "We have hung out the

Italian flag," said the poor man. "But, alas, every time we hang one out it is stolen!" The young blades laughed and one of them said *"Va bene!* When there is a Fascisti government there will be more stealing of your flags"; which, is a matter of fact, proved true.

An amusing story came from a man who had been driving in 1921 on a country road and was stopped by a band of communists whose leader commandeered his motor car; in 1922 the same man stopped the chauffeur of the same car and commandeered it in the name of the Fascisti! I heard shots one night in the little coffeehouse in the piazza beneath the walls of the Orsimi Palace; when I went to inquire they told me it was the act of a false Fascisti, one of the endless impostors who pretended to be members of this organization of order.

Mussolini knew as well as anyone the difficulties of holding in control an organization of power unless such an organization is made into the state itself. Already the number of adherents to Fascism was so great that it included those who were not, as the Fascisti say, pure. These newcomers often had no education in the Fascisti program, no training in the chivalrous and stern practices of a true Fascist; these newcomers were the fellows who often wanted local village or other municipal administrations seized too soon. In the places where Fascisti had taken control in orderly fashion of some policing or other administrative function—as I had seen in my motor trips, for example, in Viterbo or Ferrara—there would always be present new-recruited hotheads who wanted to go to extremes.

But above all, Mussolini could see other Fascisti leaders who perhaps secretly were ambitious to compete with him; and their method was the usual one in all movements—they called for more extreme action than he could countenance, and then went whispering about that they themselves were more stout-hearted than he. I have discussed these fellows with him, and it is plain that no field offered a better opportunity than the foreign affairs of Italy; at the time of the congress in Naples, as Mussolini knew, there were hot voices clamoring for the seizure of Fiume, for immediate claim to Italy's preëminent right in the Mediterranean, for all that was chauvinistic and foolhardy to be incorporated in Italy's foreign policy. After he came into power Mussolini could be temperate about such matters; before he had control of the government others in his party could outbid him in swashbuckling because they took no responsibility.

Finally there were the regions in the north, taken by Italy in the war and still of large German and Austrian population. A weak government in Rome had with its slogans of "Please everyone!" and "Patience!" allowed anti-Italian propaganda to run wild. I myself had been at Caporetto to visit the scene of this defeat; and I, strolling at evening with the Italian civil commissioner, had heard mass meetings of the old population singing German patriotic songs. I had been at Bozen, or Bolzano as it is now called, in the Trentino when the Italian flags had been hauled down by conspirators in the night. "Patience!" said the Italian Government, as always. But here and there there was a Fascist equally tipped over on the other

side; if allowed his way he would have massacred most of the new recalcitrant citizens of German or Austrian blood.

Mussolini, perhaps, had to act in order to restrain, but it is my opinion that fear of a counter coup d'état forced his hand.

Having discussed these matters before Mussolini went to Naples, I was not unprepared for the news by telephone that he and his leaders had left Naples precipitately. I felt at once that the revolution was already touched off. Rumors came of mobilization of the Fascisti at strategic points. The government at Rome, still talking bravely of suppressing insurrection, appeared unable to believe the facts.

"I do not credit the news!" exclaimed one bleating undersecretary of the government. "Mussolini does not dare to mobilize the black shirts!"

I was unable to keep from smiling; Mussolini could not dare now to do anything else! Not to go forward now was to go to oblivion.

All day long I sought information as to the strength of the army forces upon which the government could depend, and the comparative strength of the Fascisti. Some of the army was already under Fascisti influence. Indeed, the greatest difficulty in estimating the aggressive power of the revolution arose from the fact that no one, not even the heads of the army in Rome, could say how many army stores, munitions, field pieces and machine guns had been taken by the Fascisti at the moments when, as one Italian soldier said, "the friendly army officers were winding their watches."

News began to grow thin on the twenty-sixth and

twenty-seventh of October. It was evident to one in Rome that telegraph, telephone and mail communication was being cut by the Fascisti. The mist of interrupted communication and censorship settled down over the Eternal City. It was like the thick walls of a heavy rain. The sky hung lower and lower. Before night of the twenty-seventh any dependable information of the state of affairs from beyond the walls of the city was almost impossible to obtain.

The government had ordered the cutting of railroad lines. Late that night word was brought to me that army trucks were taking barbed wire to the outer defenses of the city and that the gates were being closed and fortified; there was tension, but the government was secretive, the press was mild. Dinner parties went gayly forward. Civil war was on its way with a menace of blood on the old cobblestones, but Rome appeared as a philosophical personality awaiting almost everything with a shrug of her shoulders.

That night I heard down in the old Piazza Montenara the shuff-shuff of the feet of infantry. Dark phalanxes of fighting men were moving through the rain.

My diary for the next day, October twenty-eighth, recalls to me vividly that period of tensity:

"All through the night there were the usual signs of troop movements—distant bugles and the rumble of army trucks. At breakfast we learned through the newspapers and from reports over the telephone that night had brought forth many developments. Rome, so often marched upon and besieged, was again cut off and surrounded and under martial law.

"We have full confirmation that the Fascisti action has been nation-wide. Possesssion of power and administration of civil government have been taken in several cities, Pisa, Perugia, Monterotondo and a long list, but not long enough, I think, to tell the truth.

"Rain! Rain, wind-whipped and gray, was flying across the great almost empty Piazza Venezia as I went off to the embassy offices. A line of autobuses, evidently commandeered to move troops in emergency, stood dejected below the palace wall, and out in the middle of the square, under soldier guard, were coverd army lorries with canvas flapping about, concealing, no doubt, machine guns. The streets were almost deserted; they were heavy with a depression and emptiness like those of a city whose population has been taken off by a sweeping plague. A traffic guard who stopped my car told us that the trams had been stopped and the movement of all motors had been forbidden. My chauffeur explained that I was the American ambassador. The guard motioned us to go on. A group of dripping Fascisti in black shirts and steel helmets came forward into the street, perhaps with the idea of commandeering my car. They returned, disappointed, to the doorway of one of the close-shuttered shops. Like other groups, they appeared to be waiting to give aid from within the city if their brothers who marched upon it from without, met resistance.

"The army's cavalry stands in side streets awaiting orders. The horses' patient heads are down after a night in the rain. Auto trucks filled with infantry, cough, explode their exhausts and roar along over the cobbles. Barbed wire moves along in trucks shiny and

new. Behind the entrance to the courtyards of government buildings squads of *carabinieri* and soldiers of the regular army hang on their bayoneted guns.

"There is a perversity in human beings which asks that violence happen. The best of us have love of conflict. I could find no one in my office and none of my many visitors whose eyes were not bright with expectancy. No one was frightened, no one failed to respond to any news which indicated that a clash was inevitable.

"My military attaché had little news. 'There is almost none,' he said. 'Even the War Office cannot find out what is happening. Mail is interrupted. No trains will run. The telegraph and cable lines are closed to private business. Railroad tracks are torn up along the approaches from the north. Bicycle scouts are out on the roads; their reports indicate that at least fifty thousand Fascisto are marching on Rome.'

"Early in the morning J. P. Morgan, who last night dined with us at the meeting of the Harvard Club, came in to ask whether it was safe for him to go with Mrs. Morgan on an expedition to the ruins at Ostia, where Senator Lanciani was planning to take them. I used this inquiry as an excuse to make new ones of my own of the army corps. Then it was disclosed to us in confidence that the large squadrons of Fascisti were not only following the railway lines but also the seacoast, and were coming up the Valley of the Tiber."

"During the morning a proclamation of siege and martial law was posted on the buildings along streets. It is said to bear the signatures of the ministry who have presented resignations to the King and been

asked to remain in office. It forbids assembly, enforces a curfew, prohibits the circulation of all vehicles. It is regarded as a declaration of war.

"One of the ministers was very white of face. He said to me: 'This Fascisti organization began in order to suppress revolution; now it is conducting a revolution! We will resist!' But he bleated it.

"I passed the Quirinal during the morning. The flag which, flying at the staff of the palace, indicates that the King is in Rome, was flapping wetly. The King had hurried back a few days ago from the north. I was informed that he spent the morning consulting with all the old figures of party politics, hoping to form a ministry around some man like Orlando or Salandra, who will give the Fascisti enough offices and portfolios to keep them quiet. It is thought that by refusing to accept the resignation of the ministry the King has shown his decision to resist Mussolini, who is in Milan. A few soldiers were guarding the Quirinal. Some Fascisti hung about in the square.

"A story was brought to me during the morning that a young Fascist, twenty-two years old, impersonating a deputy of Parliament, had entered Rome through the military barriers by showing a deputy's card and has gone to the palace with some kind of message to the King from the Fascisti leaders.

"Evening. The King has evidently changed his mind. He must have acted soon after midday. He announces that he did not sign the decree declaring a state of siege and that he will not do so. All the rules issued by the military command have been relaxed and the decrees are being torn down. News from outside

Rome is that the advancing Fascisti squadrons have captured various stores, machine guns and field pieces, and have many more motor cars and trucks. This country is a country of manfestoes; the walls are always covered with paper proclamations. It reminds one of Petrograd in the old war days. Some one this evening pointed out a proclamation for the mobilization of the Fascisti within Rome; it was pasted over the remains of the government's proclamation.

"The King has sent for Mussolini or is about to do so. Consulting with his best advisers, it has appeared that the onward march of the Fascisti has given every proof that the country approves of the revolution. The King may well recognize that it is all right to babble about constitutionality, but that sometimes the bare fact is that the will of the people desires, as Mussolini phrased it to me, 'to cut some Gordian knots.'

"The King has acted just in time for the good of Italy—two jumps ahead of the cat."

On October twenty-ninth, Sunday, I wrote:

"Still drizzling and we had to go out for luncheon at a secretary's of one of the embassies. It has become assured that the Fascisti revolution has been accomplished. There is no longer a word about coalitions or makeshift cabinets with Fascisti participation. The King has sent for Mussolini. Already the military and city authorities are planning to receive the hordes of invaders. The tracks, torn up to cut railway communication, are being relaid, and it is reported a special train is bringing Mussolini, whose name now appears in capitals and who is called *Duce*—Leader. He will form the new ministry. I believe the King

will give him carte blanche, except perhaps for the naming of the Minister of War. The old political crowd have ducked into their holes."

"Now that news and the advance column of the Fascisti are pouring in, amusing accounts arrive. One is of the capture of a small fortified army post outside the city. After it surrendered the army officers and the Fascisti leaders had luncheon together. The army officers explained that it was most embarrassing to them to surrender the place. 'Oh, well, said the Fascisti, 'then just keep it. We will go away and leave it in your hands to hold for us.'

"It is difficult to decide how many Fasciti have arrived from outside the city. Probably not many yet. When we were lunching in the Via Veneto revolver shots fired into the air brought us out onto the terrace overlooking the Piazza Barberini, where many had assembled. Later on we saw piles of burning material in the street near the offices of the Paese. Nitti's paper had been wrecked. We heard that Nitti had been captured and that the Fascisti intended to put to trial and punish those officials who have been guilty of corruption or disloyalty during or since the war.

"I motored about to see if there were substantial disorder, but I could find none. Motor cars loaded to the running board with black shirts come steaming out of the muddy approaches to Rome. Girls on balconies cheer them. The Italian flag is everywhere. As the rain has thinned down, the people come out and there is no sign among them of opposition or resentment; on the contrary there is an atmosphere of wel-

come and joy. A small crowd in front of the Quirinal cheers the King.

"I have received no reports of disorder from any of the Americans in Rome. The only protection asked of me has been from one or two Italians whose private lives are not in order. They have heard that in Venice the Fascisti took notice of the morals of certain notorious cases of scandal in society and gave medicinal treatment to these pairs and set their gondolas adrift in the Grand Canal without a gondolier. There is, therefore, some apprehension as to what the incoming Fascisti may do in Rome. I was asked by one terrified, titled wastrel, whose private life has been too public, to intercede with Mussolini for his protection.

"Mussolini is expected tomorrow."

The next day, Monday, I stood in my window in the embassy offices watching the columns of the invaders passing from the railroad station or coming from the Via Nomentana. It was a muddy, tired, healthy lot. And very happy.

They came by in an eternal marching stream, hurtling forward in the unconventional ground-getting gait of the Italian countryside. Some wore uniforms, some wore long, wet, working men's trousers with the black shirt tucked in at the belt. Some companies were equipped with full uniforms—steel helmet or tasseled fez, short trousers, putties—lean and businesslike as black hornets. Some detachments dragged machine guns. Some were fully equipped with rifles.

I could see old men who had been on the march across the open Campagna for two days, hungry, wet, sleepless. Their eyes were bright; they had entered

Rome. Some men carried shotguns, some only heavy walking sticks. All day long there was the shuff-shuff of marching feet coming out of the night and the rain.

In spite of hunger, in spite of the intoxication of victory, the disorder in Rome was negligible—a few casualties, the settling of some old scores. I heard of no raids on food shops, and in two days of going about I saw no case of drunkenness. Some of my American friends were irritated by the authoritative way in which young Fascisti ordered them to walk here or drive there or shut a gate, but this testified as much to prove remarkable discipline as to prove high-handed bombast. A troop of Fascisti stopped my car and ordered me to remain still until their columns passed in a narrow street. I laughed and obeyed. Why not?

I could not believe what I saw; I saw the entry into a great city of nearly a hundred thousand men of all classes of life; some without education, some used to the roughness of mountains, of dockyards, of industrial warfare, all of them victors in the taking of a prize, and yet subjecting themselves to discipline. Many of them—indeed most of them—were alive with the fires of youth; and they restrained these fires!

The inevitable conclusion was that while through history most armed men had taken cities for hate and loot, this taking of a city was done for love and common weal. The voice of Italy had said "Open the gates!" and Rome had opened them until they yawned.

My diary on October thirty-first says:

"Mussolini has formed his ministry. He will occupy the premiership—the presidency of the Council of Ministers. He will take temporarily, it is under-

Young Fascisti in salute before the Victor Emanuel Memorial Monument.

stood, the portfolio of Minister of Foreign Affairs. This causes some of my diplomatic colleagues great alarm, for they say he will be a firebrand in the European situation. The newspapers announce that he will also be Minister of the Interior. The term dictator was first applied to Mussolini this morning. But it is worthy of notice that this so-called dictator has appointed the strongest men in the army and navy as Minister of War and Marine."

"Among the marvels of this revolution, none equals that of the rapidity with which plans were organized to turn the invaders out of Rome again and send them home. Mussolini must have known that it would be disastrous to allow this black-shirt army and its adherents to remain in the city long, minus housing, food and means to hold discipline. By daylight the plans for a great victory parade of the Fascisti were under way! I understand that the march is to come up the Corso to the Altar of the Country, as they call the great marble-and-gold monument to Victor Emmanuel II, then go to the Quirinal to present obeisance to the King, and thence to the stations, where transportation home has been planned."

I watched that parade with my wife, in that enjoyable advantage an ambassador can sometimes seize of being one of the jostling crowd. We went out to see it at four o'clock in the gray afternoon. It had been marching since one.

A few hours had allowed the Fascisti to brush up a little; the mud was knocked off, uniforms adjusted, or acquired, columns were straightened out, and officers who had snatched a little sleep could give com-

mands with more snap. It was youth and the spirit of the crusaders that came swinging down the Corso toward us in the Piazza Venezia. They came with the swinging glad melody, Giovanezza, which was thrown back at them from the crowd, was echoed between buildings and filled the open piazza over the soil which once had felt the rumble of the triumphal cars of the Cæsars.

Column after column came up to the steps below the tomb of the Unknown Soldier and presented their tribute with the salute of the Roman Republic revived by the Fascisti. This is a throwing forward of one straight arm in the direction in which the salute is to go—palm of the hand down; it is a gesture suggesting equally welcome or farewell, democracy or benediction. Then as the brass bands crashed out a new march and the tricolor of Italy streamed forth into the wind, the same columns went singing away to the palace, where the King, on the balcony, in his army uniform, saluted and acknolwedged their cheers.

There were companies of women, Fascisti too, springy of step, black waists, marching with vivacity but wearing a dignity on their faces. There were younger girls, laughing. But in the main the composite face of that parade was the brown lean face of sinewy Italian youth. It was a face which has been been seen before; it was the face of Garibaldi's Thousand. There was nothing soft about it. It was happy and its eyes shone, but it was a face of stern vigor.

My own imagination is not moved a great deal by bands and flags, the swirl of airplanes overhead or the voices of orators or the shouts of crowds, but I confess

that the composite face of that parade—that face of lean brown Italian youth—will not go quickly from my memory. These cohorts, wearing it, had come to Rome, asking nothing, except for a restoration of Italy. This they asked, and this they got. They carried in their eyes the awakening of the human spirit to service and devotion.

Long after that day when I watched these faces I met Lloyd George again, who with his ravenous appetite to see how much that is fact will fit his conception of what fact should be, asked me a great deal about the revolution in Italy.

He concluded, I believe, that in the end "immutable economic factors must determine the destiny of Italy; that such awakenings as had come in Italy must pass."

I replied to Mr. Lloyd George that no doubt what he said was the whole picture of the progress of mankind, that it is an eternal struggle between the human spirit and the forces which oppose it; but I took pains to add that the human spirit striving for fine ends perhaps is never awakened in vain.

And yet as I stood in the Piazza Venezia with the swing of marching youth before my eyes, I confess that my thoughts went away from that pageant and that I no longer for a moment heard the marching song flung up by band and human voices.

I began to think of Mussolini. I began to think of him as he had said farewell to me only a few days before, when unattended, he walked out of the Orsini Palace and turned to wave his hand to me. I began to wonder if he were now standing somewhere with his head erect with pride of power or was looking at the

ground thinking as I was thinking that an almost impossible task confronted him.

He could contemplate, if he would, the utter chaos and the stifling rubbish of a misguided democracy, run wild. He could contemplate a people sapped of men and resources as no other of the victors of the war. He could contemplate the immutable economic facts. He could face the realities of disordered finance. He could foresee the difficulty of restraining mad impulse and of prodding dull sloth. He could foresee conspiracy, opposition and the need for an iron hand. He could foresee treachery among friends, lies among enemies. He could foresee the multitudinous details and the inmovable bulks in the way of building a new state—a new Italy.

He must have thought of these things, because when he came to see me two days later as Premier of Italy he said to me, "They call me a dictator. Already the foreign press is heaping abuse on me. But I do not know where in all the world there is another man who would take the job I have before me."

CHAPTER VIII

A NEW STATE

"TELL us about Mussolini. What does his presence in world affairs mean?" I have heard this from all varieties of men; from statesmen of many nations in Europe, from journalists and private citizens; and, since I retired from my ambassadorship and have returned from Italy, I find that among my own countrymen there is more interest in Mussolini and what Mussolini may mean to the world than can be attached to any other living personality.

After I had arrived at the Lausanne Conference from Rome in November, 1922, few were the delegates, from Lord Curzon and Ismet Pasha down to the representatives of the Balkan States, who, realizing that I knew Mussolini at first hand, did not ask about him as one might ask about the appearance in modern times of some curious mythological figure. In Washington and everywhere in America it was the same. Not many of the inquirers can even pronounce Mussolini's name correctly—it should be pronounced as if it were Moose-oh-lee-nee—but that does not chill the interest in the man.

Those who conjure with the word "democracy" and have been stuffed with nonsensical fabrications about

Mussolini and what he has done; those who have faith in labels and have been induced to believe that Mussolini has ripped down the placards of liberalism, are none the less interested, because it is impossible to deny Mussolini's achievement. Those who have no knowledge of him except through exaggerated accounts of his theatricalism are filled with curiosity. And finally, our own public men, realizing that there are lessons for them in Mussolini's success, are beginning to ask also, "Just what does this Mussolini story signify?"

I used to ask myself that question during all the time that I was in Rome as ambassador. Unlike most Americans, at home across the sea, I learned to know that the significant part of Mussolini's story was not the sensational part—the revolution and the victorious march on Rome—but was to be found in the work which has been done, since coming into power, to build a new state.

The real story, from which Americans and our own statesmen can draw useful lessons for the future, is a story not of an armed attack upon a flabby democracy which was wheedling and coddling everyone, but a story of leadership and discipline and national unity in the labor of erecting a new government, a new conception of citizenship and a new day in Italy.

Mussolini, after the revolution was completed and the King had appointed him to form a new government, came to me and reminded me that although the world was calling him a dictator, no one else wanted his job. I confess that, when I contemplated the labor before him, I was inclined to agree with him. I did

not believe that any man could do that job; I did not think Mussolini could do it.

It was going to require a leadership capable of stirring the national spirit and keeping it stirred. It was going to demand a hand so strong that it could choke off the follies, the excesses, the quarrels and the conspiracies throughout a whole nation, whose national existence is even younger than ours. The country had just passed through the torments and unparalleled losses and nerve strain of the war. Italy had suffered, after the war, the humiliations and irritations of a government so weak with the usual errors of extreme democracy that instead of being an instrument of authority it was rather an institution existing to be swayed, blackmailed and looted by organized minorities.

And now all the properties, riffraff, wreckage and junk were at Mussolini's feet, crying out to be built into a new working machinery which, as Mussolini told me, would have to take a constitutional shape. To do the work would require not only the Mussolini who, with qualities of dramatic, forceful leadership, had been lifted to the generalship of a national spirit unable to tolerate the former conditions of a flabby democracy gone wrong, but it would require a Mussolini capable of becoming a genius in administration—a man who in dealing with the cold matter-of-fact problems of finance, production, distribution could, if need be, sit in conference with Stinnes, Schwab and men of that type and show himself a little wiser than they.

Mussolini had on his hands a parliament which on party lines and in disposition was his enemy. To make

it aid him instead of trip him in the work he had to do required that he grip its throat with a hand of iron. But if he had pressed too hard he knew that he would have squeezed out the last spark of the constitutional form of government to which everything indicates that he is committed.

Only a few days after his appointment by the King, Mussolini went to the opening session of the chamber and spoke, straight to the point. I had seen him in his limousine a few minutes before in a side street, and to my salute he had thrown back a toss of the head and the expressive raising of his eyes which, in one youthful gesture, always implies that he has reached a decision and is not unhappy about it. And now, from the diplomatic gallery, I saw him in his usual rather quiet manner, but with a voice capable of explosive forcefulness, look into the faces on the parliamentary benches.

His own face at times is suggestive of bronze; it is muscled, but metallic; the shaven jaws are prominent, the mouth is rather thick-lipped, but not weak. When he speaks he leans forward; but, although this is his posture, he does not appear tense. Instead, through most of his discourse, there is an attitude of nonchalance, as if nothing worried him excessively. He uses none of the conventional graceful, finished gestures which attend most Italian oratory; nor does he arrange his thoughts or connect them with such care that one senses the usual Italian foresic preparation and form. Now he is humorous in a dry and mischievous, almost impish manner; now he is meditative. Sometimes he clenches his hands, but usually he immediately rests them on his hips.

I have noticed this—he never flinches from abusing his audience if he wishes, he never ducks away from a brutal truth. And I have never seen his listeners, even enemies, who did not enjoy this fearless and brutal directness.

The chamber was quite still when this young leader of Italy, to whom every deputy knew he must bow, arose to speak; and the first thing he said was loaded with that brutal humor.

He said, "I perform today in this hall an act of formal deference toward you, for which I do not expect any special gratitude."

Let me pick out of his speech to the chamber its essence. Americans can meditate upon it. Mussolini said:

"For many years—for too many years—crises in the government took place. They were solved by more or less tortuous and underhand maneuvers, so that a crisis came to be regarded as a scramble for places and governments were caricatured in comic papers." He went on to mention the revolution by the Italian people; then he said: "I shall leave to the gloomy partisans of superconstitutionalism the task of discoursing plaintively about this. I merely maintain that the revolution has its rights. So that everyone may know it, I will say that I am here to give the greatest value to the Black Shirt revolution, inserting it intrinsically into the history of Italy, an active force in development, progress and restoration of equilibrium."

He said: "I could have carried the revolution much further; I refused to do so. I imposed limits upon my

action. I told myself that the truest wisdom is that which does not forsake one after victory."

He said: "Before arriving here we were asked for a program. It is not, alas, programs which are lacking in Italy. All our problems—every one of them—have been solved on paper. But the will to put them into effect has been lacking. We represent that firm decisive will.

"We prefer action to words. Gentlemen do not throw useless words at the nation.

"We ask for full powers because we wish full responsibility. We do not exclude voluntary coöperation, which we shall cordially accept from deputies, senators or private citizens. We have a religious sense of the difficulty of our task. But there is no doubt that an enormous step has been taken toward spiritual unity. The Italian nation has found herself again!"

These are the words of the man the world called a dictator, spoken a few days after he came into power. As I heard them spoken I realized three facts: First, Mussolini realized that his real grim work had begun. Second, he had approached that work not as one who is puffed up by glory but as one who knows that performance is better than programs. Third, that he would continue to value national unity as a power directly opposed to class struggle and to a democracy—not a republic—so weak that it had become the prey of looting minorities.

Not more than ten days later he said to the Senate: "You must not believe that unanimous support flatters me. I have a contempt for those who clamorously sided with me in these last few days. They are fol-

lowers of a fair wind. I prefer sincere enemies to doubtful friends. For me, all these labels of Conservative, Aristocracy, Reactionary and Democracy are so many empty terms. They sometimes distinguish, but more often confuse."

He said to the Senate: "I shall not follow an antiproletariat policy, for reasons which are national, and other reasons. We are not going to oppose the people or drive them into humiliating conditions. Exactly the contrary. We want to elevate the masses materially and spiritually. It is not because we believe the masses can create a great civilization. Let us leave this type of idealism to those who profess to be ministers of mysterious religion. The reasons we are for the proletariat is that this friendliness is in the interest of the nation. These reasons are founded on realities. No nation can be peaceful and united if 20,000,000 workers are condemned to inferior conditions of life. Our antidemagogic policy will prove more useful to the working classes than the policy which, like a mirage, has hypnotized and mystified them into a vain attitude of waiting."

"The critics have said to me, 'The responsibility you have taken is enormous.' Yes, I know it and feel it. Sometimes, intensified by a deep and vibrating expectancy, it almost crushes me. I have to gather all my force, to arm myself with all my determination, to keep before me the interests and future of Italy. I know it is not my interests which are at stake. If I do not succeed I am a broken man. These are not experiments which can be tried twice in a lifetime."

I made up my mind that this speech to the Senate

fitted into my picture of Mussolini. I had no prejudices, unless they were those of a Roosevelt liberal, and my judgment of Mussolini had been reached from a detached viewpoint. I had known Mussolini before he had come into power, and I did not think of him as a dictator, but as a patriot, whose supreme ambition from the moment he took the plastic material of chaos into his hands was to mold a state which would be not only a piece of legal machinery but would also have the breath of unity and of national spirit, so that the government would mean more than a good but soulless institution of convenience, so that it would hold the loyalty and service of a whole people by an appeal almost mystical and religious. I had learned that it is impossible to understand Italian Fascismo, as distinguished from imitations in other lands, without understanding that it is more than a political party and is made of stuff which has nothing in common with the self-seeking of class struggles. Fascismo is a philosophy and an emotion running counter to the recent stream of thought which centers mankind's attention on rights. Mussolini, without distinguishing between classes, is the first conspicuous leader since Roosevelt that has organized political unity not around rights but around duties.

Said he: "The task in history which awaits us is to make a state; that is to say, a moral idea which is personified in a system composed of men who from first to last feel it a pride and a privilege to fulfill their duty."

But Mussolini suffers no delusion concerning the maintenance of this moral idea. He said to me at one time:

"No state can exist except by seeking favor or by using force. The state which lives by seeking favor is eternally the victim and prey of other nations. Even its own citizens abuse it; and, breaking up into groups, they contend with one another for favors until the state degenerates into a mass of decay and everyone is amazed at a result which is truly inevitable."

Even with the presence of a philosophy of discipline, self-imposed by a people, Italian Fascismo has no set program; and this is one of the characteristics which distinguish it from political parties and from the crop of many old and modern social theories. It intends to deal with conditions as conditions change and to accumulate experience by action.

Mussolini, answering attacks by liberals, says:

"Liberalism is not the last word; it represents no final formula in the art of government. This difficult and delicate art deals with the most refractory of materials, always in movement, not dead and fixed, but living. What is this liberalism? Does it mean universal indulgence? Does it mean legislative bodies in continuous session so that they may afford the indecorous spectacles which have sickened everyone? Does it mean that in the name of liberty the few are to have the freedom to kill the liberty of all the rest? If this is liberalism it is the theory and practice of humiliation and ruin.

"The truth apparent to all whose eyes are not blinded by dogmatism is that men are perhaps weary of liberties. They have had an excess. For youth, restless and eager, presenting itself at a new dawn of history, there are other words which move even more deeply than

'liberty'; these words are 'order,' 'organization,' 'service.' "

It is necessary for the American who wishes to weigh the causes for Mussolini's appearance, and to fathom what his success at administration means to know also the ideas and philosophy on which he and Fascist Italy stand.

As ambassador I had the difficult task of indicating such understanding as I had in a public speech in Rome. I was careful to avoid political comment on Fascism. Before I made the speech I told Mussolini something of what I would say. He replied:

"You may be sure that it will cause a sensation. It will be printed through Europe. And everywhere the old social theorists will attack you because you have given your approval to Fascismo."

"But I shall avoid that," I said. "I will state principles which were Roosevelt's and which were mine, and which I believe were American long before the word 'Fascisti' was in existence. If these are principles which Fascisti can approve, then it is not a diplomat approving of Fascisti ideas, but a diplomat stating ideas which Fascisti can commend."

Mussolini laughed, and later referring to my speech in one of his own, he said:

"The words of your excellency interested me because they reveal an exact understanding of our movement. This fact is the more remarkable because Fascismo is so complex that the mind of a stranger is not always the best adapted to understand it. You constitute the most brilliant exception to the rule. You have given the philosophy of Fascismo, interwoven with an exalta-

tion of beauty, of discipline, of authority and the sense of responsibility."

It is because the statements I made were thus approved by Mussolini as an understanding and expression of Fascismo that I repeat them in part as useful to those Americans who also desire understanding.

I trust I was voicing sound American doctrine when I said: "We have heard a great deal in the last few years about the menace which war brings before the face of the world. I am confident that my people and your people are willing to act together to contribute anything possible to reduce the dangers of war; but I hold the belief, and I think your Premier holds the belief, that worse menaces than war now oppose the progress of mankind. Folly and weakness and decay are worse.

"These menaces of weakness often are fostered by men of good intentions, who talk about the need to rescue mankind and about the necessity to establish the rights of mankind.

"I want to see leaders of men who, instead of teaching humanity to look outside themselves for help, will teach humanity that it has power within itself to relieve its own distress. I want to see leaders who, instead of telling men of their rights, will lead them to take a full share of their responsibilities.

"I do not doubt that the spirit of benevolence is a precious possession of mankind, but a more precious possession is the spirit which raises the strength of humanity so that benevolence itself becomes less of a necessity. He who makes himself strong and calls upon others to be strong is even more kind and loving of the

world than he who encourages men to seek dependence on forces outside themselves or upon impractical plans for new social structures. I do not doubt the good faith of many of those who put forth theories of new arrangements of social and economic and international structure, but they may all be sure that more important than any of these theories is individual responsibility, and the growth and spread of self-reliance in the home and in the nation.

"I do not doubt that we, Italians and Americans, have a full appreciation of the pity which we ought to confer upon weak or wailing groups or nations or races which clamor for help or favor; but I trust that even in the competition of peace or war I shall be the last ever to believe that weak groups or nations or races are superior or are more worthy of my affection than those who mind their own business with industry, strength and courage, and stand upon their own strong legs.

"I do not question the motives of many of those who, feeling affectionate regard for the welfare of their fellow men, hope for a structure of society in which international bodies shall hand down benefactions to individuals. I merely point out that some nations, such as yours and mine, are beginning to believe that these ideas come out of thoughts which, though easily adopted, are the offspring of a marriage of benevolence with ignorance. In any structure of society which can command our respect and our faith the current of responsibility runs the other way. The doctrine that the world's strength arises from the responsibility of the individual is a sterner doctrine. The leaders

of men who insist upon it are those who will be owed an eternal debt by mankind.

"The strength of society must come from the bottom upward. The world needs now more than anything else the doctrine that the first place to develop strength is at home, the first duty is the nearest duty. A strong coöperation of nations can be made only of nations which are strong nations; a strong nation can be made only of good and strong individuals."

"When one makes the fasces, the first requirement is to find the individual rods, straight, strong and wiry, such as you have found, Mr. President, and so skillfully bound together in the strength of unity. But if they had been rotten sticks you could not have made the fasces. Unity in action would have been impossible. The rotten sticks would have fallen to pieces in your fingers.

"Mr. President, what the world needs is not better theories and dreams but better men to carry them out. The world needs a spirit which thinks first of responsibilities before it thinks of rights. I was always a nationalist before I was an internationalist, and I would go on being a nationalist, believing in the spirit of strong and upright and generous nationalist, and believing not in theorizing nations or whining peoples but in those nations and peoples who develop a national spirit so finely tempered that they offer to the world an example of organization, discipline and fair play, only because they themselves are upright and strong men and therefore can contribute valuably to international coöperation."

Fascismo, without doubt, follows a sterner philoso-

phy than has been fashionable since the war, but I do not understand that it wishes to be judged by its philosophies but rather by its performances.

What have these performances of the Mussolini régime been?

Progress toward national unity stands first.

Not only has Mussolini labored to crush out a wasteful class struggle but, unlike statesmen less farsighted, he has planned to absorb the elements which were arrayed against one another in class struggles. He has done what he could to suppress the conflicts of political parties, not to crush opposition but to save the waste of endless contentions over meatless bones.

"Parties, with all their illusions, are the ruin of Italy," said a Fascisti leader. "They lay too heavy a burden on her national economy; they crush her under the weight of theories, projects and programs. Special privilege, taxes, subsidies and an ever-growing bureaucracy are the outcome of parties masking selfish minority interests."

I have often heard from Mussolini the idea that democracy carried on by too much faith in parties and programs may be a fraud. A writer on Fascismo has said:

"Parliamentary rule as we know it is democratic in theory only. The method by which members are chosen and the manner in which administrations are appointed pay no heed to the ideas or the needs of the voters. It is always special groups and special interest that get the upper hand in parliament. Consciousness of responsibility among citizens is destroyed; they think of the state as something to be deceived and ex-

ploited. But political democracy must not be confused with that democratic sentiment which should control all human relations."

Mussolini, seeking national unity, at once flung himself into the task of adopting everything worthy from the programs of class groups or of other political parties. I remember that one day early in his administration I had just come out from a conference with him at the Foreign Office.

I have often found him working in the morning with a growth of black stubble beard on his chin and lips, hollow-eyed and pale—up all night no doubt. I had close enough touch with him to know that after the victory of the march on Rome and he had been appointed by the King to restore the state, he doubled his hours and his output of energy.

I said to him, "Take care of yourself. Get air and exercise. Do some boxing. Get the champion Stallo to give you some lessons."

He told me that he was fencing and riding. He was learning, they said, to sit a horse in a manner to give Italian hearts pride in the appearance of their leader.

"You have seen me slightly tired like this before," he said. "But you have also seen how quickly I can restore my strength. There is endless work to do. Detail!" He spread his short strong arms apart to indicate the world of detail. "Detail interferes with wise solution of the larger problems."

Later he told me that he had learned to value a particular hour of the day more than any other; it is the hour before sleep. He told me that every day he used that hour, first to review all that he had done, and then,

turning his back on yesterday, he would spend the rest of the time planning exactly what he would do tomorrow. By such unlimited capacity for labor, and by ordering his efforts, he had grown to a personality many times the diameter of the former socialist, the former soldier, the former journalist, the former deputy and even the former leader of Fascismo, as he was when I first knew him.

On this day he was interested in the working population of Italy. Outside his office door, where stood Black Shirts on guard, were a group of old trade-union leaders and even some former communists. Mussolini was occupied in building a new idea in the relation of the state to the workingman and to the capitalist.

In this plan there is no abolition of capital or private property. Mussolini is a stalwart defender of private property just as he is a bitter enemy of the doctrine of class war. Furthermore, he is a most vigorous opponent of government ownership or any vesting of property in the state in the process called nationalization. He has quite another plan. It is to form unions in industry by which both capital and labor share in the creation of producers' coöperatives, which will be one leg of a national economy against wastes of which the other leg is the consumers' coöperatives. Furthermore, unless these coöperative unions are proved necessary, or more useful than older forms in any given cases, he believes the state should keep its hands off.

Capital, so Mussolini thinks, has a social function—owes its duties to the commonwealth just as labor has its social obligations. Both ought to be responsible to the state in somewhat the same way they ought to be in

wartime; that is, both may be, in effect, conscripted if necessary, and made to work together for the ends of peace. The savings of the laborer are treated as capital; the day's work and the personal contribution of the capitalist are treated as labor. The state, although it repulses state ownership of industry, fosters a system of unity of production. This system is built up of trade-unions, better described as producers' coöperatives, a group of these form a corporation, and there is National Confederation of Corporations. The state, as one Fascisti writer has said, "stands above all these with a persuasive and, if necessary, coercive force."

Similar corporations exist for agriculture; within a period of less than two years the national corporations of Italy had nearly a million and a half members. It must be remembered, however, that these new unions and corporations to a large extent, and for the present, are voluntary.

Everyone remembers our own National Council of Defense in Washington during the war, with its experts and research bureaus. Mussolini has erected a somewhat similar organization for the purposes of peace. The producers' coöperative corporation organization has its experts, but there are also national, provincial and local organizations called Groups of Competence. These groups are made up of the best men to be found as experts and advisers, whether they be laborers, professors, capitalists. The creation of this system is based on the idea that in the modern world the realities of technical, economic and social problems are so complex that their solution cannot be carried on by politicians and orators. Therefore the state, as well

as local administrations, has followed to a marked degree the advice of these nonpolitical unprejudiced Groups of Competence in matters which range from technical army and industrial problems to colonial policy, constitutional reform and educational system.

The value of the volunteer system is always in Mussolini's mind. I told him once that I had suggested in my own country that the day might come when every boy and girl between seventeen and twenty-one would be required to give a fourth of every year to training for citizenship and to performing assigned duties for the benefit of the state. Mussolini's face lit up as he characteristically nodded his agreement. He has created several volunteer organizations of national scope with the full faith that they not only perform needed labors but serve to preserve patriotism and the spirit of service.

Two of these organizations, for instance, are the Volunteer Militia for the Land and the Militia of the Waters. Spreading all over Italy, taking in boys and girls as well as adults, these organizations engage in reforestation, combating pests and plant diseases, distributing agricultural information, restocking waters with fish, fighting malaria, reclaiming waste lands, dredging streams.

So also, to combat the menace of unemployment, one Fascisti plan is for volunteer committees of public works. Among all Mussolini's difficulties that of unemployment was most pressing. He was engaged in stripping the bureaucracy of endless government employes, in the government-owned monopolies and public utilities he was knocking the pads out of the pay

rolls, he faced the fact that emigration as a relief to over-population and unemployment might become limited rather than extended. Volunteer committees therefore were formed locally to determine the needed public improvements or decide upon developments which would pay. The dwellers in the locality were assessed according to their incomes and received shares in the venture. If there were several undertakings the contributors could invest in one or in all. The unemployed were put to work.

All these measures—the breaking away from class struggle by creating coöperative organizations rather than combat organization of industry, the insistence on organizing a spirit of service, the full recognition of the needs of the masses, the successful fight on unemployment—arose from Mussolini's insistence on national unity. In the main he has accomplished in this field a success which none of us who saw him come into power believed that any man could attain. And he has done this without the political cajolery of the old régime of politicians. He says, speaking of the workers:

"The 20,000,000 Italians who labor with their hands have the right to defend their interests. What we oppose is that political trickery which is a detriment to the working classes; we fight these priests and prophets who, in bad faith, promise a paradise they do not believe in themselves. This new breed burns incense hypocritically before the proletariat. We say that the proletariat, before it tries to govern the nation, must learn to govern itself. It must make itself fit in technical skill and, still more, morally, because government is a tremendously difficult, complicated task. The na-

tion is composed of millions of individuals, whose interests clash. No superior beings exist who can reconcile all differences."

With the same skill at stripping off all gloss and veneer and exposing the bare material, he says: "Liberty? Well, even the socialists have always given the lie to liberty; they have denied the liberty of work." And of force used in government he says: "Force and not words maintain a state. And force is consent. If there is no consent there can be no lasting force."

He distrusts talk and makes a minimum of speeches. He once said that fifty-two a year were too many for a busy administrator, but he succeeds in his contacts with all classes in spreading an infection of the spirit of service. He goes to the Ministry of Finance and there he says to the officeholders: "I hear that some of you work sixteen hours a day. Good! Long hours and a fine example. But if sixteen were not enough, it would be necessary to work twenty! Only in this way can we come out of the sea of difficulties and reach the shore."

In creating the spirit of service and of national unity there is something more than a cold program of efficiency. As I have said, there is something mystical and religious in the Fascist conception of the nation and the state. When Acerbo, Under-secretary of State, who has been conspicuous in the work of administrative and electoral reforms, was selected to review the accomplishments of the first year of the new government, he put first the restoration which Fascism has given to the spiritual forces of the nation. He spoke of the relations of Italians to the family and to God. His first claim was that the new government had reën-

Mussolini, head of the revolution, marches through a lane of Fascisti leaders. Note the straight-arm salute.

forced the institution of the family and home by "strengthening all those judicial and political rights which give family life economic and moral solidarity, including the rights of private property." His second was that teaching of religion had been restored in the schools. He emphasized the preëminent need for ethical and spiritual, as well as for the mere material, restoration of Italy.

I learned in my acquaintance with Mussolini to understand his capacity for leadership of men's hearts and minds. I learned to know why the Italian people understand that a man who can be a brutal realist can also be an idealist who makes love of country and commonwealth a religion. I saw also the immense capacity Mussolini has for labor, his skill in dismissing detail and in reaching political and administrative decisions with bullet directness. I am still profoundly impressed by my contact with one of the few men I have ever known could combine the leadership which compels human hearts and minds to follow with the administrative ability which guarantees that those who follow will not be led up the paths of false hopes. This is the combination for which every country—even our own—hungers and thirsts. Efficient administrators who fail really to lead us we can find. Passionate and sincere prophets we can dig up. But rare, indeed, and needed, indeed, is the man who can be two men at once.

Mussolini, without much training or experience, became, under responsibility, a genius of administration. During the first year it is said that the cabinet over which he presides passed 1658 executive decrees. The business done by these decrees, it must not be forgotten,

was the entire overhauling of a state of chaos and the taking of momentous decisions, some of them filled with dynamite for destiny.

I have been told by members of the ministry that Mussolini, in conferences, has a manner apparently almost inattentive, listens and says nothing except to ask a few questions. Then suddenly and usually before anyone expects it he becomes galvanized; he sits up with a jerk of his stocky body and shoots out a decision which almost invariably is final.

It is these decisions which have changed so markedly almost the whole set of social and economic statistics in Italy; it is these decisions which have transacted more business in ten minutes than the Italian parliamentary system has transacted in ten years.

If one has a liking for figures and for reading in figures, the complete change of complexion of life in Italy, the first year of Mussolini, furnishes plenty of interest. The savings of the people increased nearly 15 per cent; the deficit in the budget was reduced nearly one-half. The receipts were 160,000,00 lire more than the estimate. Nearly one million taxpayers who had formerly evaded payments came onto the list. The government-owned railways, which Mussolini wants to turn back to private ownership, had dismissed a large part of the useless employes who must go in a plan to reduce their number from 240,000 to 180,000. The deficit in railway operation was brought down from 1,257,000,000 lire to 905,000,000. The posts and telegraph system turned from a deficit to a profit.

Unemployment figures had been cut down from 606,819 to less than 180,000. Strikes were reduced

from 643 to 150 and the number of men involved from nearly 500,000 to less than 50,000. All traffic, passenger and freight, showed a marked increase; cars loaded in the first six months of 1922 were 2,598,115, but in the same period of 1923 the number had increased to 3,022,700. The clock of economic activity had begun to tick again. Although the national defense had been reorganized on a more efficient basis and the air force had been, in keeping with the program of France, substantially augmented, the expense had been estimated at a reduction of 338,000,000 lire.

When Mussolini first came into power the diplomats of Europe found it fashionable to regard him as the bad boy of European affairs. Firebrand, some called him. Well let us see.

I state the facts. I am not and, under the duty of being an impartial observer, I cannot be a partisan of Mussolini. I trust that I am not one of those American diplomats who become surrounded by a narrowing ring of one-sided opinion. I have tried to see the events around me with the detachment of a stranger who believes in minding one's own business and doing it as well as possible.

A most distinguished Italian said to me: "We are where you would be if you became involved in European affairs. The larger powers have used us first on one side and then on another. We are cajoled with promises. But we always find ourselves between two fires. We serve and we obtain nothing."

Mussolini at once, on coming into office, stated his doctrine of foreign affairs: *"Niente per niente"*—Nothing for nothing. Abandoning faith in the great

dreams of European settlements, he set himself to the task of strengthening the prestige and peace of Italy in the Mediterranean area. Leading rather than being weathercocked by passing opinion, he has done all that no one believed he would or could do. Instead of war, he made peace in every direction.

Nothing could be more amusing than the claims that the League of Nations made Mussolini back down in the Corfu incident and in the claims he made upon Greece for the murder of the Italian commissioners on the Albanian border. The plain facts are that the League, unable or unwilling to force the issue, and facing the withdrawal of Italy from the League, referred the whole matter to the Council of Ambassadors, and that the latter body compelled Greece to give in substance the whole of the Mussolini demands, including the indemnity. The performance, like that in the League's unwillingness to deter France from her Ruhr invasion, was so clearly defined that one irate League advocate, Doctor Robinson, principal of the University of Birmingham and a moving spirit in the English League of Nations Union, called the League's attempt to intervene "a lame and lamentable conclusion." He said for his associates: "We are not prepared to give either our time or our money in advocating the claims of an international organization the authority and competence of which have been successfully defied and repudiated."

I saw something of Mussolini during the days following the bombardment of Corfu, when, after plenty of warning that firing would begin, the Corfu authorities, official and otherwise, allowed refugees to remain

in the very spot where the shells of Italian fire could be expected. No one could have felt more deeply the loss of innocent persons than he.

But he had his way. If a peaceful American mission abroad were murdered under circumstances which created the odor of premeditated political crime, it is not unlikely that we would send an armed expedition. I hope so. And I have heard more than one prominent European diplomat who has said to me that Mussolini's action, instead of menacing war in the old theater of wars, had brought the tinderlike Balkan situation into sobriety at a critical moment when no academic persuasion of arbitration or debating societies could have done the work of a firm and iron hand.

The plain facts show that Mussolini, instead of being a war maker has been a treaty maker. He has forged a political and commercial treaty with Jugo-Slavia which settles the ugly Fiume question. He has made a new *rapprochement* with Spain. He has built a commercial treaty with Russia. Doctor Benes sat in my garden in Rome the day he came to open up conversations which have led to a treaty between Italy and Czecho-Slovakia. Mussolini is working out an emigration problem with Brazil. He is extending commercial possibilities in the Near East. He has exercised in the European situation a liberal influence, doubtful about the occupation of the Ruhr, and in general harmony with promising settlement policies like those of the Dawes Commission. It was Mussolini who ordered the ratification of our Washington disarmament agreements; it was Mussolini who during the Lausanne Conference ordered his delegates to act

to the best of their abilities as conciliators and peacemakers.

He has no illusions in regard to war and peace or in regard to the feebleness of conferences. I heard him say:

"I confess I do not believe in perpetual and universal peace. In the life of peoples, notwithstanding ideals—noble and worthy of respect—there are permanent factors of race and the greatness or decadence of nations which lead to differences often only to be settled by a recourse to arms. International agreements represent a breath, a pause, and it is useless to inquire whether they have been created for idealistic or for business reasons. If Italy does not adhere when possible we should appear in the eyes of the world as imperialists and jingoes, which is far from the thoughts and beliefs in our hearts and our minds."

He said: "Treaties concluded between two powers—the basis for close economic relations between two nations—are of more value in the reconstruction of the European world than all the complicated and confused plenary conferences whose lamentable history everybody knows. The fundamental principle upon which our foreign policy is based is that treaties once signed and ratified must be carried out, no matter whether they be good or bad."

It sounded like Roosevelt.

Mussolini is interested in Roosevelt. He often asked me about him. He associated Roosevelt with his own ideas of summoning a people to a citizenship which puts national unity above class selfishness, which puts responsibility and obligation higher than claims

and rights, and which is willing, for the defense of principle, to hit and hit hard.

They accuse Mussolini of being a nationalist. Of course he is a nationalist.

Until I see him again I shall remember him sitting in a corner in my residence in Rome with my two little daughters climbing over his knees. He was no longer the Mussolini who with a metal, muscled face snaps out orders, paces up and down, runs a nation and pumps into it spirit and vitality. Still young, still belonging to a generation which can engage in athletic play, he had taken off care and it was pleasant to see his gentleness.

"You do not know who I am?" he asked my children in Italian.

"Yes," said they; "you are Mussolini."

He laughed delightedly and then he asked me why I intended to retire—to leave Italy. I told him that for one who is not much more than forty it is not good to be away from one's country too long.

"Ah, yes," he said, nodding, and his voice was vibrant. "One's own country!"

CHAPTER IX

THE DAY OF THE MONEY LENDERS

POSSIBILITY of war still haunts Europe. Sensitive Americans at home still believe that when the curtain goes up on the next act of the world's history Mars, the god of war, may again clank out and, as the theatrical people say, come down center blowing poisoned gas, sowing disease cultures and in company with Science making conflict so hideous that General Sherman's figure of speech would be a gross understatement.

In America there is a zeal to prevent war so strong that it often becomes, from the European point of view, impractical and blind to realities as to the causes of war. In Europe there is a fear of the shadow of war so deeply planted by the horrors and costs, to both conquerors and conquered, of the conflict ended, that even among some statemen and students of affairs there is blindness to the realities in the causes for peace.

Everyone in the United States is familiar with the two types of Americans who have been returning from Europe waving the signals of distress and danger. One kind is the pessimistic busybody who hopes to rush the United States into peace ventures and European snarls by crying "Wolf!" The other kind are recruited from the men and women who, instead of weighing the evi-

dence and gathering and inspecting the forces which may lead to war and the counter forces which will lead to peace, merely gather the confidences of that great host of Europeans who still believe sincerely that they are living on volcanic ground.

The psychology of being on volcanic ground is a peculiar psychology, and until one has begun to wear out one's apprehensions it is an unreasoning state of mind. I made an official call on Mount Etna when that monstrous volcano was in lively eruption. Lava streams as wide as the Mississippi were being gulped up by new craters which had yawned suddenly in the mountainside. Standing somewhere on the giant slope and covered with the drizzle of ashes, it was not unnatural to ask oneself whether, if craters yawned and blossomed over there a distance away, they might not suddenly yawn and bloom under one's own private and personal feet. Indeed, it was not unnatural to look up, when the wind veered, at the great cap of Etna and remember that sometimes Etna had blown its head off.

I overheard on that occasion a member of my staff consulting with an eminent Danish expert on volcanoes. He asked the learned man, "Is there any possibility that this whole mountain may split open?" The geologist specialist gave his diagnosis and prognosis. He replied, "No. On the contrary this eruption has now reached its maximum."

The member of my staff, who never saw a volcano before, came to me and said, "I do not believe that fool knows anything about it. The only one who knows anything about it is Etna!"

This is still the state of mind of serious Europeans,

and even of certain important statesmen of Europe. I have found that the apparition of war, though less discussed, still remains to haunt minds, even minds of size which have been put by selection or by fate into directing positions. Like my companion on Mount Etna they will, in confidential voices and realizing a moral obligation not to spread an alarm, point to the craters which are still unhealed in the international aspect of Europe, and to new rumblings which indicate new irritations. They find themselves reminded that Europe has blown her head off before now, and usually with out any warning.

I have listened to low voices in Europe resurrecting war phobia. In various forms I have heard a great deal about the old ghosts, Pan-Islamism, Pan-Slavism and Pan-Germanism. I have heard even more as to the Continental bloc which the voices say France is arranging to crystallize under the mask of protocol against war. The leader of one nation whose past history has been one of the foremost of imperial colonizers told me flatly that four years will be quite enough to give to the present interregnum of the dove and that nothing can prevent the cooking of a great conflict now already on the stove. It is pointed out to me with truth that when the world fixers in Paris at the Peace Conferences clothed various nations in garments of democracy which did not fit them or become them and carved out new boundaries, they made more messes than millenniums. I am reminded by admissions in some nations and by violent assertions in others that the map surgery done to Europe by awkward hands, though it may have closed some wounds, has opened even more.

I am requested to give attention to the smoldering hates, the racial bitternesses, the old antipathies which do not spare the great powers and which burn in the secret hearts of little smarting nations.

All this is accepted. It is accepted almost universally. But to believe that it means the proximity of war is to believe that the presence of fires in the heart of Vesuvius means that tomorrow Vesuvius will go into eruption. Vesuvius will not go into eruption tomorrow; nor will Europe go into wars of any dimensions for many a day.

It is not the unreasoning fears of those who expect craters to open under their feet which furinsh the best testimony. The diplomat who the other day raised the fear of a Pan-Islamic contest with Europe in which the Russian Slav and possibly Germany might join, was unable to give much detail for his belief. When I pointed out that Turkey, the old center of influence of the Islamic world, had broken away from orthodox and blind devotion to that ideal, and indeed was stewing an internal squabble in her own new untutored democracy, he looked across the Golden Horn at the mosques and minarets of old Stamboul and shook his head in the same unreasoning attitude of mind which led my friend on Mount Etna to reject the evidence summed up by the expert on volcanoes. In other words, the various war phobias in Europe are just as vague as they are natural.

The Red Army of Russia is a great ghost to some who will not weigh the cold facts as to the limitation of its power, the difficulties of its motion, the grotesque impotence of its supplies. The secret arming of states

like Germany, Austria and others may emphasize the pathos of minorities who would have their innings if they could; but, looked at in cold blood, the facts show any such attempts are measures of baffled impotence rather than as indicating any ability to make war. Before we in America had tasted of war, Colonel House, who foresaw its coming, once told me that one of the great tragedies of modern war was that conquered nations would be for years at the mercy of the conquerors; in days gone the only way to keep the conquered in subjection was extermination, not often undertaken, whereas now no matter how great the man power of a conquered race, the conqueror can maintain subjection by depriving the vanquished peoples of the arms and materials necessary to carry on modern warfare.

I was told by a spokesman for an overcrowded nation that unless the world found an outlet for its overpopulation there would inevitably be a war within five years between a group of overpopulated nations led by his own and those nations which were holding land or colonies which they did not need. "It will be the industrial and overpopulated nations against those with agricultural lands, with a low birth rate or a large acreage per capita," said he. But he forgets that this would throw Latin against Latin, Slav against Slav, Teuton against Teuton; and that race is the strongest of all loyalties. He found difficulty in charting his prophesied war on a map of Europe.

No one denies the multiplicity or the persistence of the hidden fires, but I have been unable to find anywhere in Europe a prophet of war who could speak

coherently and come down to details with any proof by reasons more potent than the reasons for peace, welcome or unwelcome peace, willy-nilly peace!

On the other hand, the reasons against war are standing up all over Europe like cathedral domes and church spires. The peoples triumphant in war are even more tired of war than the vanquished. In Constantinople Turkish men and women, even those from Anatolia, speak of war with a dull-eyed weariness or with an almost imperceptible drawing back as from an old menace. In Spain the peasants said, "Why bother about Morocco? We want our boys home again." In Hungary the small landowner gazed out across his fields and said, "Some day the lands belonging to the Iron Crown of Stephen must be returned to us. The day will come. But today no more war!" In Germany the men whose productive power will free the land of debe—the workers of Germany—have the conviction in their hearts that unless the burden of toil becomes too great it is useless to look toward the bent sword for relief. In France they said, "To have the big force of Europe is comforting unless it causes the franc to drop to nothing." In England the reluctance to consider war is so great that the forces of revolt in Egypt, India and the Near East are counting, even too much, upon that reluctance. The taste of war is bitter in every mouth. It is no desire for war which lives in the hearts of people; this generation has seen the inherent desire of mankind for conflict come to a head, burst disastrously for everyone. I found no fever in Europe, no high blood pressure; I found, rather, fatigue and chill—a desire for a fire on the hearth of home. Noth-

ing but someone's crass folly can bring war to Europe now. The fear of war is abroad, but it is seeing old ghosts rather than new realities.

Therefore, if the curtain is now being raised on a new act—a new epoch—on the European stage it will not be Mars who will come with a clanking of armor to the footlights.

The character who will now appear to do a turn of five or ten years is quite a different character. Enter the money lender, who steps into the world's calcium not with the clanking of baser metals but with the alluring clinking of gold and the rustle of silky credits. This is the day of the money lender!

Having occupied for the best part of three years an official post of vantage in watching Europe, I believe that I saw this day coming. On the whole, the most significant present phase in international affairs is the diminishing power of governments and the increasing power of financiers over the destines of peoples and of peace.

When Japan could obtain no further war credits and made peace with Russia through the good offices of Roosevelt, the Nobel Peace Prize was given to the Colonel. It is said, perhaps without substantiation, that he remarked, "This prize should really have been given to Kuhn, Loeb & Co."

Today, as perhaps never before in history, the destiny of the world is for the moment, at least in the hands of the financiers—the money lenders. I do not wish to be mistaken in my meaning: "Money lenders" is by no means a term of reproach or scorn. As I use it, it does not mean usury or base motives. On the con-

trary, it is quite possible that the next ten years may see money power as a force for peace much more potent than mere propaganda for peace. Money, in the next epoch of Europe, will do the talking. It will not talk so much, as the League of Nations, but even more powerfully. It will talk and it will act; it will have, for its day, an unusual authority and power, and though it may abuse this power and could do so if it were a foolish king, it is much more probable that it will do its best to make its power beneficent, not because money can be depended on for either wisdom or goodness, but because just now the interests of wisdom and goodness are one with the interests of safe investment.

The phrases which it is necessary to use to show the extent to which money and credit have already invaded the power of government and politics are not particularly pleasant phrases, but I do not use them in an unpleasant sense. The "day of the money lender" suggests perhaps the exaction of pounds of flesh, but I do not use it so. If I show the power of this new king in world affairs, I am only describing the truth and not deriding those who have found it necessary to pawn some of their property in order to preserve it, nor am I reflecting necessarily upon the financial middlemen who have just begun to scent their power. I realize that nations with patriotic populations regard with reluctance and humiliation various forms of going to the pawnshop, particularly when it is not only necessary to pledge pieces of national property, such as liens on railways and other activities, but also to a greater or less extent to pledge freedom of action, the power of taxation, promises to be good, and even, at times, to

turn over functions heretofore considered functions of government to the money lenders or their commissioners and agents. There is only one comfort for nations compelled to put goods or their self-determination in hock: It is that the real misfortune is in their bankruptcy or their dire need for credit rather than in the form of relief which it is necessary to seek. An insolvent man may cry out that he is too proud to go to the money lenders, but the real misfortune to his pride is in the hollow sound of his purse.

Perhaps it is natural enough for some nations which need credit to resent suggestions which imply their insolvency. I happened to be in Paris and in touch with certain French politicians and public men when an American who has had postwar experience in Europe, and who is something of an expert on reparations and interallied debts, made a speech in New York. He said in substance that when America had suggested or approved the Dawes Plan for the fixing and payment of Germany's indebtedness we had asked France to forego a part of her claims on Germany. What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, said he. If we can ask France to scale down her claims on Germany, why cannot the world ask us to scale down our claims against France?

Now there were plenty of Americans, and some of them my own acquaintances, who found some justice and force in this speech. If told that it caused a considerable resentment in France these persons would be astounded. But it did cause resentment. And why? Because when the scaling down took place in the case of Germany a string was attached to it. The Dawes

Plan contemplates a kind of limited receivership. It contemplates restrictions of a kind on the freedom and independence of action of the debtor. It contemplates an agent with powers of no mean proportions applied to the pledges and pawns which are security. It was a composition of creditors, taking new liens. In order, therefore, to say that the United States must scale down the French debt to us because we had approved the Dawes Plan, to say what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, implies that if we scale down the French debt we should have what the French had from the Dawes Plan—a new agency for administration and collection—a kind of receivership. And that was the reason for resentment in certain circles in France, because the French are clear thinking and logical and are a long way from inviting a receivership, limited or unlimited; are a long way from being ready to accept what the American speech maker described as sauce for the gander.

In many cases where the observer in Europe of today finds intense hunger for money and credit, which, tested not only by appetite but by expectation, has now reached its maximum, there may be no need of anything like receiverships or even pledges of national assets. Loans are made as well in cases where internal conditions and peaceful tendencies inspire confidence of investors, as in those instances where limited management of the debtor's affairs follows the money to see that it is not wasted.

The money lender as the new King of Europe, the temporary successor of the god of war, appears in many rôles.

This principal character in the new European production may appear as one nation extending credit by cutting down the debt owed to it by another nation with or without political conditions. An example is the case of the United States scaling more than a third off the British debt.

It may appear as a composition of creditor nations reducing a debt, by scaling down or by extension of time, taking in exchange a partial control of finances and pledges and liens of such revenue as comes from railways, specific taxes and other sources. An example is the case of the plan which Owen D. Young helped to work out for Germany.

It may appear some day in the rôle of a conference of several nations readjusting their claims upon one another in accordance with capacity to pay and with other equities.

It may appear in the rôle of one nation loaning money to another to maintain influence with the latter nation, to furnish an ally with money even when the ally uses the money to purchase armament. One would not have to go far in Europe to hear the examples given of British financial help to Greece while Greece was holding Smyrna; or of French assistance to the nations of the Little Entente while there was in process a buffer corridor of little nations between Germany and Russia.

It may appear as a banker's loan to a government but only whenever such a loan may be floated, whenever the buyer of bonds—the investing public—can be induced to purchase shares in it by their belief in the wisdom of the loan.

It may appear in the form of investment in the industries of foreign countries—loans and participation.

However it appears, a Europe which is returning with increasing progress toward normality of mind and of industry is ready to welcome, at least for this particular act in the world's history, the money lender as the newly enthroned king. I have heard an extraordinary chorus in all the countries I have been revisiting: "Our dire need is credit. These are not the times for revenge or conquest. We are tired of politics, tired of laws, tired of talking, tired of debates, tired of documents. Give us no more dreams. Give us daily bread —and credits!"

By the ears of one who has been most of the postwar years in Europe this chorus is heard without particular surprise, but I doubt whether its full significance and volume have yet reached most Americans. The last year or two has made a great change; we have come definitely through the act when the tired god of war still sat on the stage but spoke only in stupid whispers; we have come to a new scene, a new act, a new phase, a new epoch.

In 1922 I went from my post in Rome to Vienna during the darkest days in Austria. An American capitalist had said to me, "Austria is a country carved down to a grotesque and impossible economic situation. Vienna, developed as the capital of an empire, has one-third of the population of all of present Austria, and Vienna cannot be supported. Just now if a rich man comes along with fifty million dollars he can buy the country and put it in his pocket."

There was just enough truth in this to set anyone to

thinking that some international body should be created to act as a trustee—an agency for states needing to borrow and a guardian of the interests of those willing to lend. I had advanced this idea informally to delegates at the Conference of Genoa. It did not appear to me then that the League of Nations was sufficiently detached from politics, sufficiently aloof from international balances of power and intrigue to meet the requirements of an international trust officer. I felt then, as I do now, that it is a pity that the League cannot be reorganized into a body which is nonpolitical, which never is a busybody, which pretends to no self-power or interference, but does its effective work only through administration, as an agency for international standardization of practices, customs, equipments, and as a body which could offer its good offices to those voluntarily seeking arbitration or to those requiring the service of a trustee or other agency serving the general welfare. I said this in substance at a luncheon given by that competent and faithful representative of the United States, Minister Washburn, of Vienna, in the summer of 1922.

A little more than two years later in Vienna I return to almost the same spot where I made this suggestion. It had appeared to a group of American senators and congressmen, delegates to an international conference of lawmakers, and to certain Austrian officials and Viennese bankers at Washburn's luncheon, as almost impossible of fulfillment. And yet two years later at this same spot I met Zimmerman, the agent of the League of Nations, which is acting most excellently as

the international trustee for the financial rehabilitation of Austria.

I went to Hungary, and there again I found a state so stripped of riches, of agricultural lands, of mines and resources, so bound around with countries like Czecho-Slovakia, Romania and Jugo-Slavia, all erecting, in behalf of infant industries, tariff barriers against Hungarian industry, that the economic life of Hungary had become like a plant trying to sprout in a cellar. But in Hungary I found Jeremiah Smith, Jr., a lawyer from Boston, whom some of my Hungarian acquaintances privately called the Good King. He was the commissioner general of the League of Nations. He was the agent of a trustee for the borrowing state on the one hand and of the money lender on the other.

Because the League improved its form of trusteeship in the period between the relief given the disintegrating Austria and the loan to Hungary it is more worth while to study the development in Hungary to see to what a beneficial extent the money lender—the new principal character on the European stage—has invaded the powers of governments and political forces. If it is necessary to call functionaries by their names, the Great Jeremiah, as the modest and plain-speaking and direct-acting Smith has been called, was a receiver appointed for a nation. The factory management—the ministry and parliament—was retained, but to secure the safety of the loan—abut two-thirds British—and to insure the wise expenditure of moneys lent for rehabitation, the agent of the League of Nations had almost limitless power. The old governments of Hungary when revenues by taxation were exhausted called in the

printer and inflated the currency. Now the issue of money is in the hands of a new state bank, and in practice the agent of the League can veto new issues or initiate them. He can, in practice, veto taxation measures or initiate them. He can, at his discretion, stop further payments of installments of the loan deposited outside of Hungary. He can effectively prevent legislation which appears to endanger the financial responsibility of the nation. The absolutism of the financial dictatorship of Jeremiah Smith, Jr., of Boston, became an absolutism which made the dictatorships of Mussolini, Kemal Pasha, and Primo de Rivera appear pallid. But Hungary welcomed his presence. His job was to put Hungary on her feet. He went at it without tail feathers; he was as free from suspicion as only a citizen of a nation which does not belong to the League of Nations can be. Furthermore, it appears that the progress toward financial stability and balancing of the budget exceeded the estimates of those who projected the financial plan. His work was on a plan mapped out at first by an imposing committee of international bankers whose services probably could not have been bought but were freely given to an international trustee—the League.

The figure of the money lender elbows his way through the old gang of actors—the discredited Mars, the baffled politicians, the yelping unrealities, the impractical chest thumpers. It is a figure of realism. No dreams in this money lender. Instead a kind of cold impersonality—but an impersonality rather comforting for this particular period! A laconic creature—sometimes benevolent—capable of power for evil, but

usually risking hazards only on the good, the wise and he restrained. A little of a bully perhaps. He may ay, "I hold in my hand salvation; sign here!" But at east he does not say, like the labeled idealists, "I have alvation," when in fact the hand may be pale with mptiness. He is no evangelist exhorting to dance and nake merry, to pray, laugh and then weep over false nopes. At his best he exacts only thrift and labor.

At his best this new hero of the piece—this new king, he money lender—does business through international ction such as the Dawes Plan for resurrection of Germany. He may act, as I knew when I was in China in 917 he would have to act, through an international commission to put China into some kind of cohesion. He is a good disciplinarian. At his worst he may become an unbearable tyrant, forbidding, perhaps, the mpulse for international war, but whipping workers o production to such extent that he will breed class vars all over those territories of the earth where mankind has already suffered most.

At his best he may be the principal whose agent is ome trustee like the League of Nations. It is said that ne of our Presidents who had insight and realism bout China once remarked that trying to do anything vith China was like attempting to nail a piece of jelly o the wall. Now it would not be amiss for the League f Nations to utilize the power of the money lender; he League would be successful if it even succeeded in naking China jell.

It is conceivable that Russia may turn over some norning and be ripe for the new king. Though a thouand nations recognize Russia, it is only the sound of

brass and tinkling cymbals. Only when Russia may b ripe for recognition by the money lender will Russi hear the sound of gold. If the world has an interes in the salvation of China and Russia—the seats of th oldest and of the newest civilizations—it will not aban don either country to the competition between finan ciers by which discipline will be lost or evil done o investment wasted on the willful old man or the incor rigible stripling. It will look for an internationa trusteeship to enforce discipline and, equally, to forbi abuse, corruption and usury.

Everywhere in Europe today—from the shores o Ireland to the Bosporus, from the Tyrrhenian Sea t the Baltic—there is one interest in the United State Do not believe that this interest is in us as the natio that walks like a preacher. Do not believe that thi interest is in us as a nation that enjoys being a politica busybody. Europe has learned at last that we ar neither, and she has always known that the sword doe not fit our hand. The interest in the United States— find it in Spain or in Angora, in Latvia or in London— is the interest which arises from the realization that fo this epoch in Europe it is the money lender who mus hold the stage and that we are potentially the greates ultimate source of credit in the whole world.

A cabinet minister of one of the new small power of Central Europe told me, "A great deal has been sai about your entanglement in Europe and your advice t Europe. May I say to you that I do not think you hav any particular obligation there? May I be fran enough to say that except for the possible exception o a great power which wishes to use you in Europea

The King of Italy, Victor Emanuel II, talking with Ambassador Child. To the right of Mr. Child stand Premier Bonomi of Italy and General Henry W. Allen, U. S. A.

olitics there is no desire to entangle you? You are
ıore useful when free to act. May I say still more?
our advice appears to come more from those of you
ho are eager to give advice rather than from those
ho are most qualified to give it. Perhaps, therefore,
nless it be advice as to American industrial methods
nd effective management, we could get along without
dvice unless it pleases you excessively to give advice.
He paused. Then he said: "I think your great obli-
ation—your great moral obligation—lies in the fact
ıat you may be the controlling factor, the guiding
pirit in this epoch of finance. You may lend for peace,
ut be careful that you do not lend for war. You may
nd to stop wars between nations, but be careful that
ou do not lend so that you inflame wars between
lasses. You may lend wisely, so that success of lend-
ıg will give further assurance to invite the savings of
our people to more good work, but be careful that in
aste you do not lend foolishly and so turn away from
urope and from struggling peoples the confidence of
our investors. These I believe are your truly notice-
ble moral obligations."

Today there are enough thoughtful Europeans of
is kind to make an American observer gasp. At the
nd of a long look in Europe just now I find myself
mewhat awed by the prospect of this era of super-
ıpitalism, if one must call it so. How long it will last,
eaven only can prophesy. How extensive it will be,
nly the angels may foretell. Where it will lead in the
nd, neither I nor any other man may know. Other na-
ons than our own may have, and will have, a share in
. But if the conscience of America is awake it will so

permeate the three factors in the movement that we may play a decisive part in making the use of money a good and not a bad or dangerous instrument.

The three factors in America are:

Government, because to a large extent our national administration still remains powerful enough to guide bankers, to approve worthy movements of loans and veto, if necessary, wasteful and ultimately vicious dispositions of our credit and investment;

Bankers, because in great measure the conscience of bankers extends beyond the mere impersonality of the new chief character in international affairs—money—and may operate with effectiveness to guide the investors of the United States;

The investor himself, because, say what one will about the cold blood of investment, claim what one will about the sensitiveness of the pocket nerve, I have too much faith in the American conscience to believe that the ordinary investor of my country will willingly choose to invest in evil at 8 per cent rather than in good at 5 per cent.

Unfortunately, perhaps, as I see it after a study of Europe, we are not so much exposed, in our extension of credit, whether by the process of scaling down old debts or creating new loans, to errors of conscience as we, who are far away from Europe, and the victims of propaganda, are exposed to errors of judgment—of unintelligence.

Perhaps our first moral obligation of intelligence is to recognize that money power is coming back—that it will have now its day of being king. I think it was Christmas Day, 1918, that Trotzky, in the habit of

ssuing periodical bulletins of political philosophy, on he whole worthy of attention if not of agreement, said omething of this kind: "International capitalism, vhen it undertook war, committed suicide. Capitalism ives by authority. But the soldier, though he may ppear on the surface as the embodiment of authority, s ultimately the human creature who has learned law- essness. He has learned to kill, to destroy property, o engage alternately in lawlessness and idleness. It vill take nearly half a century to restore the sense of uthority. Capitalism—the power of money—will not ntroduce authority or restore its own power in this eriod."

Trotzky may be a bad prophet. International super- apitalism is about to come again to bat. The recogni- ion of this is our first obligation of intelligence. And f capitalism—call it, if you will, international super- apitalism—is to continue and to extend its day, our ext moral obligation is to see to it that capitalism not nly has wisdom of its own that it may not be improvi- lent but also that it is conscientious enough to prove its alue to the happiness, the order and the freedom of uman beings.

After painstaking studies of Europe I would if I ould erect for my country certain warnings. Let me lace first the warnings which appear, superficially, ompletely selfish.

First of all I would give to our government a warn- ng. The warning is this—do not allow American apital to dribble into Europe merely to pick up inter- st rates.

The world's experience is quite against that proce-

dure. The power of international capital—even when conceived as a beneficial power—does not rest upon mere interest rates. The power of capital abroad rests also upon the ability of investment to drag trade after it. We had an excellent illustration during the war when our bankers made loans to foreign buyers. These loans never left the United States. They were consumed in the United States by the purchase of American goods. Since then the problem of exercising the greatest scope of the power of money has, in many instances, changed. Today it may be that some of our loans must be made to procure the production of goods abroad which, even in spite of our own tariff wall, may be used to pay the indebtedness to us incurred in the past.

On the whole, this first lesson—that loans should not be merely the means to gain a safety of principal and a high interest rate, but that, with proper coöperation of government, bankers and investing public, they may be used to procure also prestige, power and the by-products of purchases of home goods in some cases and payments of past indebtedness in others—is a lesson we may learn from old hands, the British. It is also as easy to be a wise money lender as a foolish one. It is, for instance, wholly improvident to give a loan, one of our dribbling loans, to Nation A, who will pay 7 per cent for it and turn around and loan it to Nation B, who will promise to use it to buy railway equipment in Nation A's market rather than in our market.

After all, we are new at this game. Even from the point of view that our loaning power may exercise a good rather than a bad influence on the world, the

maximum of that power is procured by eliminating the financial middleman. One of the most prominent and most experienced representatives of American influence abroad said to me the other day, "Someone should have the courage to say that the average American business or financial man abroad is a fool who in his secret heart knows that he has lost his way."

I know exactly what he means. I am familiar with the American pilgrim to the shrines of European high interest rates and commercial opportunities. I have met in various corners of Europe such pilgrims. It may be in a Central-European country, where good industries are paying 24 per cent. for their money. The American money lender arrives to investigate the safety of credit. He does not speak the language. The telephone in his hotel baffles his college-graduate secretary. He misses appointments. He is unused to the national temperament in bargaining. The financial middleman on the ground—some local banker—talks a dozen languages; he has local credit information at his finger tips, he has political alliances, he knows how to dodge taxation, just or unjust. The result is that if any loan is made it is made not to the industry but to the local banker. He pays the American 10 per cent and exacts 24 per cent from the industry.

And at this point we can draw a lesson from Germany. One of the largest industrial magnates of Italy said to me: "If Germany found it richly profitable to exploit Italian energy and resource before the war, you Americans have even a better opportunity now. But, mark my words, it is useless unless you adopt the Ger-

man policy of setting up a financial center in Italy and a source of credit information. The fountainhead of Germany's foreign influence was her banks planted in other lands, her credit men planted in foreign banks. You were in Russia during the war? Yes. Well, then you know that in wartime even Russian wholesale houses drew credit information from a house in Berlin, and even acceptances, discounts and insurance. What machinery have you Americans established for credits? None! You have money, but only some other nationals know what to do with it! You can take a lesson from the old Germany. The Germans learned by centuries of experience. They maintained outposts, and their influence because of these financial outposts was so powerful that not only in Russia but in Italy they succeeded sometimes in crippling the production of war material, even in wartime."

But there is a higher duty for America even than the duty of intelligence and of unity of action between Government, bankers and investors, which must be aimed at preserving for us, in the days when the money lender is the newly crowned king, the power of our financial influence. This is the duty to use whatever power of that kind we can summon for good and not for evil ends. Mere good intention is not sufficient. Mere sentiment, uneducated, is at the bottom of the basket of Folly.

I have talked with a statesman who has had avoid two rocks in the channel of loans. The first is the danger that our financial resource shall be used by nations desiring to build defensive or aggressive European blocs of war power. This leads to war. The

second is the danger of assisting in a régime of super-capitalism, which leads to putting upon nations in financial difficulty too great an obligation to produce hastily for repayment. This obligation is borne by the workers; it is borne by the masses. If it is too great a load it will be—do not doubt it!—the last straw on the back a patience and restraint. It would lead to class war.

I have talked just now with a statesman who has had much to do with the financial destinies of a country in Central Europe. He said to me, "We are not aloof from your settlement of debts and extension of credit to the great Nation A. We owe A money. If A has settled her debt to you I can settle my country's debt to A. When that happens I can engage in economy. I can balance my budget. If I should do so now, then A would say, 'Behold you are prosperous. Pay me. Pay me in full.' This is the reason why we are so interested in what the United States will do. One thing leads to another; it sets all the European clocks ticking."

I might have said to him, "These are words of honey. But may I ask how you came to contract new debts to A since the war? Was it not to build up a military force not only in behalf of yourselves but in behalf of an alliance with A? Do you wish my people to pay the bills of that war-bloc policy?"

I met a workingman on a third-class carriage on a train. I said to him, "Things are better now? Your country has a loan—a chance to get on its feet."

"Well, yes," he said, looking at his hands. "But I have been through the war and I am tired. Then we

had peace and nothing to eat. Have you children? One of my two died, during our worst winter. Now we have the loan! Things are better? Perhaps. We are asked to speed up, to speed up, to speed up! God only knows where it will end."

It is no longer useful to invoke any supposed American moral obligation to become entangled in European politics. Our real moral obligation in the coming epoch will lie in the profound duty to keep our credit-giving power free from blithering sentiment and out of the reach of nations or middlemen who may use it to build for war or may dedicate it to destruction or to the oppression of laborers, whether they are nationals of our old allies or of our old enemies, who already have suffered, are willing to go to work, but must not be worked to the bone.

CHAPTER X

WHAT EUROPE THINKS

NO GOOD reporter has an idea and seeks evidence to support it; the good reporter is the one who merely brings back the news. The idealist can go to Europe and come back with any kind of story. So can the alarmist. So can the propagandist.

It is difficult to analyze the reasons for the American opinion that the European is a strange mixture fitted out with a mentality different from our own; it is even difficult to account for the European idea that an American is a strange creature. It may be that each side of the water is confused because, as a noted French author said the other day over his coffee cup:

"In America you have mass thinking. You rush in a flock after a new idea, a new theory, a new diversion. You swim like a school of fish after Wagner's Simple Life, then it is Tagore, then psychoanalysis, then the Literature of Discontent, then mah-jongg, then the League of Nations, then cross-word puzzles, then the Russian theater, then something else. You put ideas on the market like a brand of cigarettes and they sell everywhere until a new brand is advertised. And you treat ideas as if, indeed, they were commodities which you can use and wear out as if they were not a

part of the human being at all. If one begins to go stale, you merely throw it aside like an old dress, out of fashion."

European opinion can assume that superior air if it chooses. With some justice, it can pride itself on being comparatively free, over long periods, from being herded and run. Over there, ideas usually travel more by a multiplication of individual thought, and take deeper root than under circumstances where canned thought is put on the market and radioed, movied and display-typed into lightly running short-distance mass zeal. Europe was unprepared for the spirit materializations conducted by certain world leaders of the political-séance type during and since the war. It was untrained in taking ideas in wholesale deliveries. It was nerved by stress and has found itself running this way and that off the main road, and up blind alleys, jumping fences for short cuts and coming up at nightfall in the woods of bafflement. These experiences are not serious to peoples with fur coats or fat pay envelopes; they are painful to those who have taken false hope believing they were supplied a necessity. Europe, unlike territories where the pinch was not so great, could not treat nostrums, panaceas, theories and ideas as if they were mere thrilling, transitory luxuries.

And now the one outstanding fact about European thought is that Europe is coming down again onto its intellectual feet. With a motor still overheated, it is making a successful landing on the field of facts.

The truth is that Europe, and perhaps the world, has had an intellectual spree. One feels this in almost every country visited. And it is clear that the spree

affected peoples in two ways. Some of them departed from all reality and went singing and weeping after impractical idealism. The others went laughing and shrieking after freedom, self-indulgence and anything bizarre. The world is just coming back, with something of a headache, to sobriety.

If one has lived abroad during this period—or perhaps at home—there has appeared a whole thought-vintage which may be called "the wine of irresponsibility." There has been a passion of mankind to leap the inevitable, to dodge around the facts of life, to seize any and all proposals that promised an opportunity to the individual to take care, trouble, toil, service, thrift, and even morals, and check them all at any parcel room doing business under the name of that old faker, the New World. The New World had a great variety of gimcracks on its counter. Ready-made democracy was a mechanical toy which everyone was taught to believe was self-winding. Self-determination was a rocket which often went off prematurely and burned the operator. Peace was a dove which turned out to be rather soiled, and stuffed with giant powder. New freedom for the sexes was a ball of red wool which snarled up many and strangled others. Communism was a drum which gave out sound in direct ratio to its own hollowness. Internationalism was a Noah's ark, but it lacked the animals.

"The passion of escape had seized us all," says an editor in London. "We hungered for anything which would give us escape from that long hard toil upward, which I suppose is man's really precious legacy of the ages. We thirsted for governments which asked us no

tax or service of citizenship; we wanted a magic intertional formula which would allow everyone to dance all day and prevent all conflict. We insisted on a paper plan of the world which would make the least fit man as fit as the fittest. We flew in the face of man's nature and we defied God. We preached freedom and got license; we gave in a requisition for pay without labor, happiness without virtue, public welfare without contribution, rights without obligations, decency without clothing, social relationship without standards, justice without laws, liberty and security without authority."

One who has lived in Europe since the war has learned to recognize that the wine of irresponsibility was served in many bottles, but that it was always the same old wine. It might come from zealots, who with purposes noble enough, and directed at wholesale production of Utopias, founded all these conclusions on supposed facts of human nature and of the present development of individual mankind, which facts are nonexistent. It might come from those who base theories on a world as they wish it to be rather than on life as it is. It might come from a painter or musician, who, unable to compete with the art of old painstaking and inspired masters, produced grotesque pictures and compositions which in terms of labor, training, skill and devotion represent little more than the wine of irresponsibility. It might come in one form of emancipation of women, described by William Allen White as "taking the night key from father and giving it to mother"; or it might come in the emancipation of youth, to the end that youth today shall eat its cake at

the expense of youth yet unborn. It might come as a proposal of reformers to replace the spiritual development of the individual by writing salvation and security on the statute books. It is the same old wine. Europe and the world have had their fill of it—irresponsibility.

If one finds in Europe among statesmen and peasants, rich and poor, a measure of cynicism and a reaction toward rather cold-blooded realism, let the blame fall where it belongs—on the shoulders of those impractical idealists who have gone off the main highway of man's normal progress and by dragging the scent bag into blind alleys and short cuts, toward mirages and vacant sterile fields, have run the whole pack of us until our tongues are hanging out. In the main, this is the thought in the intellectual minds of Europe. It may be unfortunate that zealous Americans, stirred by indulgent and well-intentioned desires to be architects of the world's destiny, find Europe somewhat cold to the preacher of isms; but, on the other hand, it may be just as well that Europe is taking on chilly armor against communism, which is advocated by other idealists. It may be well that the old instinct for toil, for self-help, for moral responsibility is coming back.

"Mankind cannot easly change the center of the world," said Mussolini to me. "The center of the world is the individual. The individual may invent organization to develop relationship with his neighbor, but the machinery will not be any better than those who invented the machine."

He was repeating in another form what Samuel

Smiles said in his introduction to Self-Help: "The institutions of society will never be any better than those individuals who compose it."

A British statesman said to me, during the days when there was so much panting expectancy of the New World, "New World! Who says New World to me? Isn't this New World made up of the same old individuals?"

Europe is facing that question and answering it. The beaters of tom-toms and the ghost dancers are losing ground. I heard a French senator congratulating a foreigner on the great future of his country—a country which has flung forth new, untried ideas in wholesale.

"Yours is the land of springtime," said the Frenchman.

"Perhaps," replied the foreigner, "because everything is so green."

In the reaction of Europe against impractical evangelists, I found in every capital I visited a curious perplexity about American influence. It has been a tradition of Europe to conceive of the America of today as being materialistic, a worshiper of the dollar and of mere things. Europe was astounded at our efficiency in preparing belatedly for war, but much more astounded by what Europe now considers our fanatical idealism. The idea of a nation absorbed by adding machines, where the workmen on a house in construction surrounded their labors with a hollow square of limousines, suddenly developing into a land of impassioned idealists confuses our neighbors over the way. On the whole, they have more faith in us as

erformers than in us as promoters of programs. We ay like that or we may not. But there it is!

With the reaction against mere programs, there has ome a decided turn back toward recognition of uthority. Two heads of police in two countries of urope have told me at length of the definite change n the spirit toward authority, not only among those vho would be tempted to break down authority for heir own purposes but among those who pose as lead- rs of thought or hold positions as officials of govern- nent. After the war there was a widespread indul- gence of so-called liberties. It extended far beyond ndulgence, toward suversive propaganda. It was alked about a great deal. The New World was to e one in which love was to replace fear. Some modern sychologists were saying, like some modern mothers, hat the mere forbidding of wrongdoing was an invita- ion to the innocent to become guilty. This curious hilosophy of law and order, this ban upon wished uthority, was answered by a certain premier of one f the Succession States. He said:

"Absolute liberty will replace authority whenever he wrongdoers of the world are more affected by love han by fear. It depends on them. You have heard he attack made upon me in Parliament. I shall reply hat I cannot decide when love will be a greater estraint on wrongdoing than is fear of authority. It loes not depend on my progress and enlinghtenment; t depends on the progress and enlightenment of the vrongdoer. There again it is not the institution which s important; it is the individual who is important."

It is safe to say that all Europe has reacted against

the breakdown of authority; the change has been marked even during a two-year period. The thought of Europe today is that if in the development of man, authority in organized society may be displaced by loyalty and good citizenship, well and good—well and good, when, as and if. But the attempt to replace it has been attended by disaster and by mere flabbiness in the social structure. With complete recognition that liberty and authority always require a neat balance almost too fine for the wisdom of mere men, Europe has concluded that too much liberty for those who clamor for it the most treads on the toes of the others and deprives the others of their own share of liberty. In countries like Italy, where under flabby government there had been a good deal of abuse of liberties, the authority of a premier like Mussolini is represented as brutal.

"The choice, however," said an older member of the Italian Senate, "is not between indulgence and authority; the choice is between authority and chaos."

Some years ago, after the assassination of McKinley, a soap-box orator on Boston Common delivered himself of a theory that the police ought to be abolished because they were agents of capital. Someone started a movement to lynch this orator. I saw him flee down Tremont Street before a gathering mob. He took refuge in his house above his tailoring establishment, heard the door being forced and the windows breaking in, and so, leaving his family, dashed over the back fence and arrived panting at the police station.

"Help! Help!" he cried. "What is the police for but to protect a poor man, eh?"

It is by lessons of this kind that Europe has returned o the idea that liberty loses luster when it is license. t is another form of the willingness to return to a ense of individual responsibility from a period when isproportionate emphasis has been placed on the sup- osed rights of the individual.

In this process of sobering off, there has grown up n increasing desire to go to work, to engage in unin- errupted and rather comforting labors. Of course, a reat deal of this change in attitude comes from eco- omic stabilization. It is no wonder that the workmen n Austria and Germany whom I saw in 1922 have uite a changed attitude now.

"How can I find it in my heart to toil all day for ronen which may be worth something in the morning nd nothing at night?" I was asked by a workman in ienna in 1922.

And that pointed question gave one-half the circum- erence of the vicious circle in Europe. No work, no conomic stability and recovery! But no economic tability and recovery meant no work. That circle, it ow appears, has been definitely broken, and I find hat in Italy, Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, Hungary, Germany, a new readiness of everyone to put his houlder to the wheel.

"The war left us all in the worst possible spirit oward our day's work," said Czech statesman who has nown what it is to labor with his own hands. "Our rouble was the vague tomorrow. We had learned to amble with values which jumped up and down. It as more attractive than laboring for a currency which ight purchase nothing. I often give as an example

the case of a man in Vienna who insured his house against fire. He paid a premium about equal to seventy-five American dollars. When his house burned, he collected in kronen an amount about equal to two dollars and a half. It was therefore provident and thrifty not to insure. All life was turned upside down. A tremendous premium was placed on all extreme action, on risks, on violence, because it might be that these would profit a man and his family more than going to work. But now the tide has turned; in the countries around us, the people are working seriously."

But there is also evident plenty of indication that this has been brought about not only by economic stabilization but also by social stabilization; not only by loans and better financial administration but also by an awakening sense that an expectancy of magic production of necessities was a foolish expectancy and by a growing distaste of individuals for the wine of irresponsibility.

Europe today faces all the dangers of reaction against the experiments which were aimed in this post-war period against the system of capital. Industrial workers, who hoped to eliminate capital and trained professional management from industry, have been disheartened by the experience of Russia. They see Russia rather helpless, engaged in the painful business of standing over the sick bodies of factories and other producing plants and beckoning back into Russia the capitalist and the trained manager to resuscitate the moribund. They have seen the fiasco of the Italian experiment of turning certain large industries in the

orth over to the workers. There is only one grain f comfort left. One hears it everywhere from the orkers.

They say, "Of course, these experiments could not ucceed at once. The period of transition is always ark."

Everywhere is this phrase, "The period of transi- on." And yet the laborer in Europe does not believe n his heart that this is the day for more new industrial r political trick plays. And believing this, and being mbittered by the memory of the frustrated hopes, he ppears to bankers, industrialists and capitalists as a affled man who will stand anything to get three meals day and have a well-ordered environment. The anger in Europe is no longer any immediate danger f extremism from the laborers; a much more imme- iate danger is in the overconfidence of those who feel ney are dealing with a supine man. The disaster is ess likely to come from wild revolt; it is more likely o come from foolish oppression which tries to capital- ze this growing willingness of the masses in Europe o return to the idea of individual responsibility—indi- idual responsibility for conduct, individual respon- ibility for productiveness.

In this present trend of thought, there has grown p a wide doubt as to the power of government as a aternal machine. When the war ended, the idea of he New World somehow spread a general feeling hat new institutions could create new life and new hankind. The idea that morality, peace, and even rosperity issued from a man himself was forgotten n the rush to follow the tom-tom beaters.

"Alas," said a French politician to me, "it is now discovered, as it has been discovered a thousand times before in the world's long experience, that the laws that go on the statute books are trampled over roughshod by the laws of economics and by the social instincts of mankind."

A German laborer voiced the same idea. He said:

"I voted in these elections, but after all government cannot do me much harm or much good. It is along way off. It touches my life very little. It may be 2 per cent of my life; 98 per cent is the factory and the home."

I have seen the same attitude among Italian peasants, who wag their heads at the mention of the government in Rome:

"It is nothing much to us. We have heard a thousand programs. We have seen many new ministers. Life continues as before. Not much change. If you speak of sun and rain—ah, that is another thing!"

Of course, reactions against dreams of magic omnipotent and benevolent governments may bring the tragedy of lethargy among democratic peoples. The foolish hand of man at the helm of life almost always swings the tiller away over to port or away over to starboard. So when Europe turns its back upon doctrinaires who have political nostrums and panaceas, it is no doubt possible that Europe is in for a period of cynicism. It is not certain that, instead of coming back onto a well-directed steering course, the hands on the tiller will not shift the vessel too far over to the right.

At the moment the thought of Europe flows away

from hope in the extension of the functions of government.

"The plain truth is that most of the peoples of the world are now ready for less government instead of more," an old professional Spanish politician said to me. "I have traveled a great deal. I think the voices of the peoples of this continent are crying in the ear of government, 'For pity's sake, don't try to do more until you can do what you have to do well!"

My own observations in a dozen countries confirm the existence of this spirit. On all sides there is complaint that there is too much legislation, not enough administration, too much talk, not enough doing, too much planning, not enough performance.

An editor in Austria said to me, "Government has been infected just as art was poisoned. We have had a world-wide era of cubist legislation and modernist leadership. And now we are tired of its futility."

Europe has passed through a painful beginning of recovery from war-wise men who knew and said from the first that it would be a long, tiresome and exacting process. But on the whole the masses, even wise men when off their guard, went grabbing the air for remedies that would cure everything by noon tomorrow. Even those who did not see the presence of the New World thought it might be possible to run fast enough this way and that to find it. Realism, on its return, may appear a little cold and hard-hearted; but it makes, so Europe thinks, a somewhat better foundation for idealism than the variety of séances conducted by political mediums who asked everyone to join hands and sing. Nothing much materialized.

When the faith in governments to legislate the welfare of mankind, and the hope in parliaments yielded little, the same tide of feeling tended to make Europe doubtful that any international organization could legislate peace. All over the Continent one finds a growing respect for the League of Nations as a body which can offer its good offices to those who voluntarily seek them, but an increasing distrust of the League as a body which may interfere, without being invited to do so at the time. Few Europeans can be found who will wish to defend the record of the League as an institution which can dictate to anyone. It has avoided touching the most dangerous situations; when it has interfered, it has already had its nose slapped even by its own members; and there are plenty of observant statesmen in Europe today who begin to see that the League in its rôle of peacemaker may mask a good deal of intrigue and cover many moves of large powers to make small ones pull their chestnuts out of the fire.

But if disillusionment has come in these last six years, there is great comfort in the fact that when mankind finds it impossible to pass responsibility for all peace, all progress, all production and all morals upward to higher authorities, then men and women themselves will assume responsibility. And that is exactly the movement which Europe is experiencing today.

A political leader of Holland, a member of the parliament, said to me:

"And this sense of responsibility is a true democratic movement. After all, real democracy must begin in the lives of people. It is no gift conferred by destiny.

It is nothing if it is a mere label on government. When peoples cast their affairs, their fates, their welfare, into some lap other than their own, it is really the opposite of democracy. It is true that in the short period since the war there has been growing doubt as to the working of democratic governments through legislative assemblies made up of many parties and of scrambling politicians; but we must not forget that when salvation does not come from outside, the human being looks for it in his own neighborhood, on his own hearth and in his own head and hands. He begins to coöperate in his own small world and it is there that real democracy can be built."

In the course of this flow of European though there has risen an amused contempt for documents. When I first went to Europe as a diplomatic official, the fashion of documents was at its height. It began, perhaps, with the signature of the Treaty of Peace. No one can have objections to treaties which express and crystallize the real will and sincerity of two or more peoples. But it is absurd to expect, as so many Europeans have expected, that a commercial treaty is all that is required to make commerce; that a treaty of peace and amity is all that is required to make peace and affectionate regard; that a piece of writing can alone represent much progress or alter in a vital way the lot of mankind. Nevertheless, it was in fashion in Europe to sign something. In America we suffered the same delusion; we expected in a vague way that the wounds of war could be healed and the future of mankind insured by men in frock coats and tall hats

who wrote their signatures with a flourish at the bottom of a document.

So great was the faith in this fashion of documents that I was warned in June, 1922, not to give expression to the contrary view. I said, however, in a speech which I made in Italy, and which was reprinted in the press of Europe:

"Whatever may be the importance of dealing nation with nation, whatever may be the consequences of the signature of accords, documents and treaties, it is our faith that the best contract in the world is mutual interest and actual coöperation. It is our belief that the best coöperation is not the one found in coöperating to sign a document, but is the one which is recorded by brick upon brick, the voyage of ships, and in the confidence of peoples laboring together. It is a poor contract and a poor treaty which requires enforcement. The best agreement in the world is the one written in actual deeds, rather than in negotiations and promises. Too much attention and too much faith are given to those who hope to write the moral and economic reconstruction of Europe on a few sheets of paper."

The whole tendency of European opinion has turned that way. Europe has found that signatures on three great peace treaties have not made a single completed peace; that recognition of Russia done with a flowing pen has brought scarcely one mark, one franc, one lira, one krone more or less business with Russia; that commercial treaties, when they fail to express the economic interests of the peoples who make them, neither stir trade nor change its course.

No one proposes to put an end to the useful practice of treaty making; but it is beginning to be realized that agreements, if any account, are expressions of the will, the disposition, the ability and the good faith of peoples. It is utter folly to begin with the contract. It is utter folly to begin with the contract. It is not the contract which makes the will the disposition, the ability and the good faith. Ten minutes of writing will not accomplish what even ten thousand years of slow and sure human progress has not yet brought into being; and Europe knows it and will tell you so. In relation of nation with nation, Europe today is turning away from internationalism.

"The strongest loyalty of human beings is race," said Lloyd George to me, speaking from his unparalleled contacts with nations.

All Europe's recent experiences goes to show that at the present stage of man's development, man will not detach his top-most loyalty from the nation and give it to world brotherhood.

"Perhaps, it is just as well," said an eminent Italian biogolist to me. "The ultimate test of internationalism is social comfort, the ultimate test of social comfort is the possibility of intermarriage and interbreeding. And our increasing knowledge of such interbreeding shows that in many cases of different races, the half-breed starts a progeny which becomes sterile or is susceptible to tuberculosis, to decay of the nervous stamina, to the production of unfit beings. Perhaps this powerful interest for race and nation has a scientific reason. In many cases it is useless to argue by wish; it is only possible to argue by fact. And the bare

fact is that men and women will not—indeed, they cannot—transfer the traditional loyalty for the tribe and for the national unit to a universal brotherhood and to internationalism.

I do not believe that in accepting nationalism again Europe will make the mistake of confusing the right kind of nationalism with the wrong kind. I have talked, everywhere I have been, about that possibility, and everywhere there is evidence that nationalism of the chip-on-shoulder or the imperialistic sense is being discredited in the minds of the people. National loyal remains undiminished; but the day has gone when commercial or political groups with their propaganda could "make the people believe it" when there was only slight cause for war.

There is no agreement among the minds of Europe as to the cause of the Great War. The average man and woman are tired of that discussion, but always ready to voice the feeling that the Great War, which blew nobody any good, came like a thing unplanned by men's minds, like an ill wind rising to a hurricane —an enemy of all. There is the feeling that humanity failed to dig its heels into resistance against this almost nonpartisan catastrophe and that a common interest of all against repetition must brace itself in case the tornado comes back this way.

It would be absurd to say that the wrong kind of nationalism no longer exists; but it would be equally absurd to deny that there is a widespread and growing feeling in Europe, stronger now than at any time since the war, that there is something grotesque in the possibility of men who have no reason to project individual,

personal hate at one another, projecting at one another bullets, shells and poison gas. In other words, pugnacious nationalism, though it still is unshackled by any efficient political devices and will probably remain so, is nevertheless already subject to the restrains of social forces—social thought.

"And nationalism is not only less chauvinistic, said one of England's great statesmen; "it is also less imperialistic. You will find a strong current of thought in Europe running against imperialism—certainly imperialism of the old type. Imperialism is of two kinds, I think. Imperialism of necessity is the first; it is that which reaches for new territory because population can no longer be contained in the old boundaries. The second is imperialism of avarice—conquest because of a desire to have the riches of conquered lands.

"Well, this latter form no longer has much hold on the imagination of the peoples of Europe. During the last quarter of a century that form of imperialism has begun to show an accounting loss. The administration of colonies or subject territory has become so costly, and the price of keeping the order restless foreign subjects has become so high in terms of money and of public opinion, that taxpayers at home often revolt against the experiment. Nationalism, therefore, will be less tempted toward expansion and is more concerned with a peaceful and contained expression of national ideals —with intensive rather than exclusive cultivation."

He might have added that the multiplication of facilities for movement and communication have given national ideals, even when they are extended, oppor-

tunities to register in far lands without the old flag-raising methods of imperialism.

Europe, however, within a few years has become more and more interested in the problem of nations whose populations can no longer be contained in their own territory. I find a growing recognition that this "imperialism of necessity," as the English statesman calls it, is the world's primary menace of war.

"War might come, as it usually does come, from apparent causes not clearly concerned with bursting population," said one of my old diplomatic colleagues; "but when analyzed, it would be discovered that bursting of population was responsible. England is an example of a territory of bursting population which turns to intense industrialism to obtain support of forty million on a space which will support only twenty million. But that island has coal and metals and other resources, so that intense industrialism is possible."

"Germany had intense industrialism as a means to take care of crowded population; and yet to maintain that industrialism she had to have access to foreign markets, and so overpopulation became an indirect cause of war. Italy and Japan are lacking the resources necessary to develop, with readiness, an intense industrialism and I cannot contemplate those countries, no matter how peaceful their disposition, without wondering to what extremities their overcrowding will ultimately lead them. It may well be that even if we could suppress all instinct for conflict in mankind and promote a universal disposition for peace, we should still have war forced upon the world

The New Princess and Count appear on the Balcony of the Quirinal.

by conditions, circumstances, and the mere statistics of numbers and acres and daily meals.

"Intense industrialism is the one way out, and yet most Europeans are beginning to think that it is hideous; some think it is much more hideous than war."

Much more than in America, the peoples in Europe are finding themselves opposed to intense industrialism. There is a growing hatred of its effect upon the lives of the individuals who serve it. Rathenau, not long before his assassination, told me of his belief that the ugliest life that mankind had ever invented was the life of an intensely specialized industrial worker who stood in front of a machine making so many thousand repeated motions of his elbow every week, and using leisure to buy things he did not need, and excitements. He was troubled, of course, because such a man has no self-expression of any dignity. Such a man may have luxuries of which laborers of centuries gone never even dreamed; but nevertheless he is a stunted soul without peace, and eternally seeking entertainment from outside his own spirit and mind.

But now in Europe it is not only philosophers and theorists who set forth this hate of intense industrialism; the rank and file of human beings are beginning to draw their own brief against it. I was astonished to find in many countries of Europe, and among all classes, that this resentment is the subject of eager and increasing conversation. It is not taking the form of any protest of class against class, any political protest, any battle again capital. It is becoming merely a cry of humanity to be resuced from the ugliness and the smothering effect of becoming mere machines, with no

other reward for service than the opportunity to sur-
complexity of machine-made devices.

In France, of course, the national temperament is peculiarly set against the type of civilization which modern industrialism brings into being. A friend of mine who owns a factory near Paris had an opportunity to hear something of the French philosophy and, indeed, of the growing philosophy of Europe. In his factory, among the French workers, he employed an American. One evening, after hours, the American came rushing out of the factory, cranked up his motor car and then turned toward a French worker who was sitting on a log smoking.

"Look here, you," said the American, "I've been getting time and a half for overtime. If we could import some American pep into your bunch, we'd double the output of this dump and you'd be riding in motor cars and your wife would wear diamonds. Pep's the thing! Pep and system! Why don't you get 'em?"

"We don't want them," replied the native worker, with an indulgent smile. "We don't want to double the output at the expense of quality. We don't want to own too much, and I don't want to hear you talk about it. I want to sit here and smoke and think and see the sun go down and not be afraid that American industrial pep or German industrial mustard will ever spoil the sweet flavor of France."

Of course, France can afford that attitude of mind, because she isself-contained and her birth rate is low; but the distaste for modern industrialism is not now confined to France; it is found all over the Continent.

"I work all day in a factory to make a window ven-

tilator so that I can buy a brass electric lamp, and somewhere another man is working all day in another factory on brass electric lamps so that he can buy a window ventilator. Neither of us has much sun or air!"

It is that sentiment which is becoming widespread in Europe—a protest against what a Czecho-Slovak workman told me is the "trap of civilization." And that sentiment is developing much faster overseas than it has in America.

To me it appears a part of a return to an enlightened individualism.

"It is not unlimited production which is the service of humanity," says an Italian philosopher. It is humanity which has become the slave of unlimited production. The individual is caught in a net. He finds himself drifting toward a dead level with all his neighbors. He cannot release his soul in a variety of work or through personal expression in craftmanship. He cannot release it in the purchase and consumption of luxuries. He cannot release it by merely being entertained by pictures, noises from the air and other things coming from outside himself. He realizes again that the development of himself cannot come from without. It is not government or law which is the foundation of man's progress. It is not conquest of matter or great institutions for producing mere things. Everywhere there is talk of the wonder of progress, but among all the voices scarcely one can be heard to say, 'The wonder of the age is a better human being!' "

Perhaps the most powerful undercurrent of thought in Europe—the thought or instinct of the plain man—

is one which has yet had little open expression; but it walks hand in hand with the return of the sense of individual responsibility and with the reaction against the intoxication which came during a period when everyone sought and hoped to put responsibility onto broader shoulders than the shoulders of man; when there was a passion for short cuts and a misplaced faith that institutions could be invented to release men and women from the necessity to labor, the necessity to restrain their desires, the necessity to find their salvation in their own spirits, minds and bodies.

This sentiment, now developing, is the instinct for decentralization.

Europe is beginning to believe that the world has been dealing in units altogether too large. In government, in industrial life, in everything, there may or may not be efficiency; but the world is beginning to believe that in these great units there is not much of happiness for humanity, nor indeed much democracy. When the unit grows too large, the emphasis is placed on the unit. Everyone is asked to serve some giant machine of industry or government which is so far away from the individual heart and mind that the machine and the individual are distant strangers.

The giant units, which the war with its clamor for immediate efficiency helped to develop, deal with human beings without intimate understanding. Dealing with human beings in vast masses implies that no distinctions can be made which ought to be made because of varying geographical situations, conditions of life, temperaments or the instinct and feelings of small communities. The human being becomes the slave of a

tyrant giant machine which, even when it is some vast centralized unit of government erected to serve the people and labeled "Democracy," becomes a machine to bully humanity into an intolerable standardization.

One finds in France, Italy, Germany and in the Succession States plenty of incipient protest against the centralized governments of Paris, Rome and Berlin attempting to govern on information obtained telescopically. Information for humane government—government as the people want it—can only be obtained through the microscope. In communities the microscope can be used and small local government units can express the people's will, and are open as well to the close observation of the people. Big national overcentralized units of government are often top-heavy with bureaucracy, stupid, blind and oppressive. There used to be complaint about absentee landlordism; a century later we heard of the evils of absentee factory ownership as a cause for labor troubles; it may soon appear that long-distance absentee government is more of an evil than the others.

The King of Italy talked with me at length of the difficulty of accomplishing decentralization of authority and administration when once the big centralized units are in existence. Even with the desire and agreement of everyone, it is difficult to get functions out of the hands of a national government back into a local administration; it is difficult to bring the business which the town can and ought to do out of the hands of some larger government unit, which ought not to do the business and cannot do it well and justly. It is difficult to take back from any government, no matter

how small, the responsibility which belongs to the citizen and make the citizen take it on again.

But nothing will stop the rising tide of opinion that decentralization, obtained even at the cost of money and infinite pain and some waste, would in the end make government, industry, society and life itself more acceptable, more tranquil, more just, more like mirrors reflecting the will of people and less like monstrous flashlights blinding everyone.

The turn of Europe's thought today recalls to my mind a night on a military train in the middle of Russia, when young officers sat in my comportment discussing the value of human beings as against things.

"I fought the Germans," shouted one, "because it was the Germans who caused me to put aside a wooden spoon and eat with a plated one. I worked for that spoon and I was no happier. The German productiveness was dedicated to spoons and things and not to man. This was an ugly idea; that is why I aimed a machine gun at it. I am the enemy of any nation or any man who makes better devices and does nothing to make better men. Who can name any reformer in all the world's history who made a much better mankind by inventing political programs, institutions, devices and plated spoons? Bah! The only philosophers I want to remember are those who told us that the only better world came from better human individuals—Socrates!"

"Yes, Socrates," interrupted the one with the dull eyes. "And then there was another too. His name ——"

But looking around at the riffraff of vodka glasses,

of sausages, muddy boots and cigarette ends, he evidently thought he would not speak that name.

Europe is groping today for the doctrine and practice which place the development of the human being first. It is individualism to be sure, but it is Christian individualism.

It is not the individualism of personal privilege; it is the individualism of personal responsibility.

CHAPTER XI

OUR FOREIGN POLICY

EVEN at solemn European conferences, where supposed prizes of diplomacy are at stake, moments came when some delegate in an informal atmosphere takes the screens of discretion from truth.

Said one of them to me on such an occasion: "If I may express myself with your American forcefulness, Europe and your own country have suffered less from any hard-boiled reluctance in your foreign affairs than from those who counsel various forms of soft-boiled foreign policy."

Even if close contacts with our American foreign policy might prejudice a diplomatic officeholder, voluntary retirement from an ambassador's post gives some measure of detachment and opens the way to telling, as one American would tell another before the open fire, how much he had seen of the workings of our foreign policy, and how much is gross nonsense out of all the nonsense we have heard about it.

I assume that we all have the same point of view. We wish to preserve our own peace and contribute to any working plan to preserve universal peace that is really a workable plan. Furthermore, we all wish to preserve the legitimate interests of the United States

and to prevent encroachments on those interests whether they concern the safety of Americans or their property abroad or at home To the full extent of our power we desire to contribute to friendly negotiation and peaceful settlements of disputes provided we do not become unwelcome meddlers and busy-bodies in other nations' affairs. We have every wish to coöperate—all of us. The first piece of gross nonsense therefore—and everyone has heard it from those who go reckless in words—is that a part of us, from some villainous or stupid motive, are trying each day to avoid fulfilling America's duty to the world. Whenever a group arises which disagrees with the foreign policy of the United States, represented by those who are conducting it as they have been instructed to conduct it by the great majority of the American people, then out from baffled wrath and from those whose suggestions are not taken come streams of accusations of moral, intellectual or emotional delinquency. Anyone with diplomatic or foreign experience, and without any political partisanship in our foreign affairs, knows well enough that flood of phrase-making and how by adding those phrases into a grand total the sum is exactly the double zero of nonsense.

The European diplomat was right; our danger and the danger to the general welfare of the world comes from those who are agitating for various and diverse forms of foreign policy—soft-boiled.

It would be absurd to say that our present foreign policy is 100 per cent wise and perfect. Any administration, no matter how wise it may be, fails to seize every last advantage or to foresee every emergency. In

my own corner of the game I can see now that I made mistakes, sometimes by concessions and lack of persistence, sometimes by failure to concede and to conciliate. I learned constantly something more as time went on, and one of the things I learned in Europe was that the foreign policy of a nation, particularly our nation, does not consist merely of adopting a scheme or signing a paper, as some of our sentimentalists would have us believe.

Foreign policy first of all is made up of active international dealings of great variety, done on good principle and on the basis of sound morals. Therefore the first example of the nonsense spread about by those who have some new scheme or international program not yet accepted is the accusation that the United States, because it has not adopted the scheme, has no foreign policy. If anyone doubts the nonsense of this, let him go to Downing Street, where British foreign policy is conducted. The British, for instance, are members of the League of Nations; but the moment you went to the British Foreign Office and stuck your nose inside the door you would know that the League of Nations is not the whole of British foreign policy, that it occupies even at the best but a small fraction of time and interest in the great press of business of British foreign policy. If you went to the Quai d'Orsay in Paris and took a second look you would see that the League of Nations was not all or half or a quarter of French foreign policy.

If you go to Europe and browse around in the capitals and read the newspapers and go out to dinner with the distinguished and the humble, you will hear and

see less of the League than you will see and hear among agitators in the United States. You will hear a great deal about other phases of foreign policy of other nations—you will hear of Italy's treaty with this country, of England's Russian policy, of French policy and occupation of the Ruhr, of the Dawes Commission plan, of conferences, of reciprocal arrangements as to trade, travel, usages and all that weaves one nation's life into that of another.

The conduct of such business, nation with nation, and the principles on which this business is done constitute foreign policy. No single plan or program, no scheme or proposal, no experiment or Utopia, no matter how inspired or blessed by good will, or even by practical sense, has displaced the usual old-fashioned conduct of foreign affairs—the international business of the world, the relations of one nation with another. Who would say that the British would have no foreign policy were it not for the League of Nations? Who would say that if it were not for membership in the League the French Foreign Office would close its doors? These questions show how ridiculous it is to say that the United States has no foreign policy. One might as well say of a restaurant that served no huckleberry pie that it had no food.

As time has gone on, this talk about a lack of foreign policy and about isolation has grown increasingly vehement and silly. I have waited until after a national election to show how silly such phrases are, because I desired to avoid the phrase of "partisan politics" so often directed at those who express the will of the majority by those who have met opposition in the presenta-

tion of some minority plan. I agree with them that there should be no petty partisanship in our foreign policy, though I cannot see why the determination of vital questions in our foreign policy should not rest upon the well-educated verdict which often may only be reached after sincere intense partisanship, just as the verdict against the League was accomplished.

But if I have any political partisanship, certainly it is not of the kind that masks itself under religion and righteousness in order to undermine the reputation and efficiency of my country's foreign policy; if I set forth any thing here that may be called partisan, I trust it will be founded upon facts, upon the realities of a world as it is, and not upon fads—upon plans that are based only in an imaginary world as we might wish it to be. I will try to confine my example to those matters of United States foreign policy with which I have had intimate contact. I will try to show that among all America's moral obligations, one of the first is to be intelligent, and that intelligence and achievement have taken us much further toward fulfillment of our duty to the world than merely running after phrase makers and impractical idealists until our tongues hung out.

Long before the Armistice was signed I made speeches and wrote articles suggesting that the United States might stay away from the Peace Conference when that conference took place. Habit—thinking of mankind was all against that idea. Who ever heard of a war when any victorious nation in it failed to come to a peace table? Nevertheless, in June, 1918, I urged my idea upon some of the advisers of President Wilson. I received some sympathy from the friends of a man

who had kept us out of the war, and had given as one reason that it was our duty to keep at least one powerful nation in the position of detachment, so that the war-ridden world could turn to that nation for unprejudiced guidance. Wilson, having apparently lost that position of arbiter when we made a belated entry into the conflict, had an opportunity to regain it by staying away from Paris.

In June, 1918, I said before the Council of Foreign Relations in New York:

"Our greatest usefulness to the world will be in the service we may render as a judge when we are asked for that service. It is folly to throw that position away by becoming a party to the suit. It is not necessary to attend a peace conference to make known our views or even to protect ourselves, and our power of moral persuasion will be much greater rather than less if we keep free from the intrigue and conflicts which are foreign to our interest until we are asked for our good offices in adjusting those disputes.

"The moment our delegates appear in the position of offering suggestions or of forcing our moral views upon others they may depend upon meeting counter proposals that we enter unnecessary embarrassing entanglements. These counter proposals will either be framed so that we cannot accept them and therefore appear as unwilling to accept responsibility, or they will be framed to lead us into the snarl of European politics so that we may be the cat's-paw for one nation to use against another in selfish and sordid causes."

I had the painful experience in Paris during the Peace Conference of watching the fulfillment of my

fears and the tragedy of lost opportunity. Out of that whirlpool of intrigue came a broken man. Out of it came a treaty of peace which future generations may say was a betrayal of armistice unequaled in the history of the world. So far as protection of our interest was concerned, it is only necessary to point out that our State Department has been busy ever since reminding other foreign offices that our association in the war gave us certain rights which we will claim.

So far as wisdom of settlement is concerned, the result was principally an adjustment of indemnity so unworkable that its constant revision has ever since occupied and disturbed every government and kept armies of occupation moving backward and forward and maintained a running sore of economic disturbance vexing conquerors and vanquished alike. Secondly, it was a Balkanization of European states, which has erected a new European diplomacy no less fretful, no less dangerous, no less freighted with racial animosities than the old. Thirdly, it was the source of false hopes, based on the glow of prospectus and faith in high principles, but now so baffled by the failure to provide foundation that the saddest experience I had in Europe was to find everywhere cynicism and distrust of all new suggestions.

After all, as Mussolini says repeatedly, "The want of the world is not for plans and programs and policies, but for daily action and constancy in getting things done." We all may have a tender regard for the goodness of intention and warmth of heart of those who seek short cuts to guarantee peace or design new institutions for international coöperation. But in the meantime the

realities of international relationship face our State Department, and it is actual performance according to principles and not mere prospectus which makes a foreign policy. On that basis rather than by the test of phrase making our foreign policy under Hughes has been the most vigorous and has achieved more than any other in the memory of living Americans.

When the Disarmament Conference was called by Harding in Washington, I had already gone to my post in Europe; but through my contact and talks with the President I knew what was in the mind of the Administration as to that conference. I found two opinions among the statesmen and people of Europe. One was that the United States called the conference from selfish motives in order to put something over; and the other opinion was that a set of impractical idealists had forced the President to hold a conference and present to the Old World a moral preachment and another set of false hopes, probably doomed to be rejected if fortune was good or to be accepted if destiny had decreed another excursion conducted by American dreamers up a blind alley. Secretly, foreign governments and foreign thought regarded this American leadership with alarm.

A shrewd statesman of the newer school who has conducted a small European power through the troubled waters left by the Peace Conference said to me:

"I assure you, nothing will happen. Those who are innocent as to the true workings of international conference do not realize, as those of us who have had experience realize, that conferences are merely show windows. What is vital is never decided in the open

at conferences, and nothing is easier to break than a conference. One great European power, as you know, has developed the utmost skill in strangling conferences. It never can be made to appear in the show window with its hand on the throat of the conference, but it has developed the perfect technic of throwing doubt, despair, suspicion and weariness into an assembly of nations, and yet appear all the time as ardently desiring the success of the enterprise. There is only one way to defeat these tactics; it is necessary to have a definite demand for action, and the very moment the conference is opened to hit everyone square on the nose with that demand."

Hughes did exactly that; he did it when the average statesman was convinced fully in his secret heart that the conference at Washington would be a harmless feast of discussion, yielding no particular nourishment and no dangerous indigestion. There were forces of other kinds present to give out suggestions as to disarmament, but nothing ever surprised European diplomacy more than the Hughes declaration delivered at the outset and in effect requiring the conferees to sign on or say no.

Let us not forget that the two postwar steps of practical idealism, the two important examples of international coöperation weighed in terms of results and not in terms of talk, have not come from the leadership of the League or the inspiration of the League, or from the foreign policy of any other power, but from the United States. The first was the Washington Disarmament Conference, the second was the adoption of the Dawes plan and the refinancing of Germany.

In each case, as my neighbor the farmer said to me the other day, speaking of our foreign policy, it was shown that "the show counts for more than the billboard pictures." In each case, as another man has said, "We did not attempt to teach vegetarianism to tigers by a correspondence course."

As to the accomplishment of the Dawes plan, there are innocent and gullible persons who will be taken in by those who say that America should have taken the step officially. Nothing could be more amusing to those who know, as I do by close experience with conferences and foreign offices, business men, common people and diplomats in Europe, that the whole hope of success in straightening out the reparations questions depended on taking that question as far as possible out of politics.

I had not been an ambassador a year before I was writing to President Harding and to Secretary Hughes that the great obstacle to settlement was in the fact that premiers and foreign ministers, delegates to conferences and diplomats were all looking over their shoulders at their own parliaments; that so long as reparations, collections and occupation remained political questions in political hands, nothing could be done. It was so dangerous a subject to politicians that even the League never blinked an eyelash at moving armies in the Ruhr. I was certain that no governments could make loans to Germany, that no single group of national bankers could do it. Any clear thinking would show that only where a security could be issued which would sell to men and women on the streets of several countries was any settlement in sight. And there was

no chance of arriving at this business solution in the atmosphere of politics where every official was affected by the attacks in his own parliament, chamber or congress.

The accomplishment of the American Government, after nearly three years of planning and waiting, in taking the settlement out of politics and putting it, as far as possible, into the hands of business men, was a tremendous achievement of diplomacy. The critics who say that we should have insisted in taking official action are merely saying that we should have insisted on dragging the settlement deeper into politics, backward not forward. We had spent tedious years in raising it as far as possible out of that mud. Those who now complain that we did not jump into that wallow from which we were trying in all good conscience to extricate our sorely troubled friends appear to me as somewhat green in practical international affairs.

I only know that when I found Owen D. Young in Paris on my way back to the United States, and realized that a man whose ability as a conciliator and whose resourcefulness are not exceeded in any man I ever knew was there on European soil, before my eyes, representing the desire of America to help, and had come free of all political tags and ties, I threw up my arms in celebration. Dawes, Young and Robinson represented the nonpolitical influence and power without which I had learned the old sores of reparations and occupation would never be healed. Hughes had won a long, hard, quiet game, played straight through the petty clamor of those who were babbling that he had isolated America—by those who once having been

drunk on phrases demanded phrases as sots demand their liquor, who even now prefer to have America beat herself on the chest rather than to have her intelligent and to have her get results. It is a curious fact that a deeper appreciation of the services of the United States in maintaining peace and as a friedly conciliator is to be found in Europe than is to be found in the people of our own country. During my three seasons in Rome few weeks went by when I did not talk with a fellow diplomat of some smaller European nation or of some South American republic on the subject of the services we were rendering or would be requested to render as a friendly arbitrator.

I believe there is no indiscretion in saying that I was consulted as to the possibility of obtaining an American arbitrator in the Memel dispute long before the League of Nations set forth this European arbitration in its show window. I was asked as to the qualifications of the American—Mr. Norman Davis, who later became the successful representative in the settlement of this dispute. At the Genoa Conference more than one proposal was made to me that important arbitrations should be undertaken by America or her representative.

One evening when my friend, the learned, wise old minister of Siam at Rome, was dining with me, he turned to me with his dry Oriental smile and said, "We are wondering in the Far East whether the United States could have brought Japan and China to a full settlement of the Shan-tung and other questions at Washington if the United States had not maintained

her detachment for the pooling and intrigue of international bodies."

Far away, across the world from his hemisphere and mine, the minister of one of two South American republics that have suffered from an ancient dispute—the Tacna-Arica controversy between Chile and Peru—came to me telling me of the plan to have this settled by the arbitration of the President of the United States, and expressing his deep anxiety that something might take the settlement out of the hands of the United States.

At a court reception in Rome the ministers of our sister republics in the American continents discussed with me the Pan-American Conferences in Chile, the share of unselfish leadership toward peace and away from suspicion undertaken by the United States, and the treaty to preserve peace in the Americas signed by sixteen American states.

I grew accustomed to the passage into or through Europe of American advisers and American relief executives. I grew accustomed to proposals that America should almost single-handed relieve Russia, relieve the Near East, relieve Greece, relieve here and relieve there. I received in my quarters at the Lausanne Conference delegations of Americans who, in spite of what has been said by irresponsible agitators since, asked me if I considered it appropriate for them to send cables thanking the President for what I had done at Lausanne for the American cause. After my statement on the American quesion before the Lausanne Conference, the one clear position taken by any delegate, I received a letter from the only American

representative of the Armenian Societies, complaining that other nations had let the Armenian cause down, but asserting that, representing the United States, I had hit the nail on the head.

I met, in Europe, Mexican diplomats who spoke of the new clarity and friendliness of our Mexican policy. "It is something we can understand," said they. I saw representatives of Cuba who talked about the work of Crowder in Havana and the new opportunities for refinancing Cuba. Panama and Costa Rica had avoided war by an arbitral award of the Chief Justice of our Supreme Court. The five Central American countries were holding a conference in Washington, out of which came a treaty of peace and amity providing for limitations of armaments, for a tribunal of arbitration and nine other conventions of mutual interest. I heard at diplomatic dinners in Europe of the successful offer of good offices by the United States when we invited the presidents of Honduras, Nicaragua and Salvador to a conference in August, 1922, and averted war. In the files of my embassy there were records of more than fifty new international agreements made by my country.

Naturally enough, I drew from these experiences considerable pride. I received the impression that, in terms of practical finished jobs, the United States single-handed had even a better actual record as a peacemaker on her own behalf, and on behalf of other nations, than the League of Nations, which had sidestepped the Ruhr and backed out of the Corfu dispute. I had counted over my fingers—first, the one great step toward world disarmament; second, the one great step

toward cutting the economic and political tangle of Europe; third, the contribution of America of four or five billion dollars in relief goods and relief loans; fourth, the making of more international agreements for ourselves and for others than one nation usually makes in half a century, and the furnishing of arbitration and good offices in instance after instance because we have the power inherent in our detachment; fifth, the final establishment of the United States open-door policy in the Far East, and its extension on behalf of square dealing and prevention of exploitation to the Near East and to all parts of the world, a step with which I myself had the good fortune to be associated.

And then I came back to the United States and heard certain professors and preachers, certain college presidents and certain ex-officeholders, certain political candidates and certain foreign propagandists telling the good people of my country that the United States is isolated. I came back to a State Department doing the largest humane active-accomplishment business of any international agency, single or coöperative, and I learned from some woebegone voices that the United States had no foreign policy.

Of course I know exactly what is meant by "isolation" and by "lack of foreign policy." Those who use these phrases mean that we do not belong to the League of Nations, and that while we do not belong to the League of Nations they will keep their eyes tightly closed to anything we have done or will do for peace and international good will, even if it amounts to more than all the efforts of the League itself; and, of course, I know exactly what the so-called radicals mean when

they say we are imperialistic. They mean that on the one hand they wish us to recognize Bolshevik Russia so that more American capital can flow into the relief and repair and development of Russia, but that on the other hand whenever American capital flows into South America or the Near East, hungry and desirous for that capital, then we are engaging in imperialistic exploitation.

I have learned something of the meaning of that phrase "imperialistic exploitation" from various corners of the world. If, during the time of America's own development, when we successfully sought British capital for coöperation in the development of our West, our mines, ranches and farms, we had suddenly thrown ourselves on our backs and wailed to the skies that we were being exploited by the British, we would have been in the same position assumed by certain groups in China and Korea, the Philippines, South America and Mexico who wail about foreign exploitation.

When I was in China a few years ago a prominent Chinese of the bright-boy-statesman school spent an evening telling me of the wickedness of Japanese exploitation of China; but later on I met the same man in Tokio endeavoring to induce investors to buy some of the most important iron mines in China. Usually I have found that the loudest cries of exploitation of weaker peoples rise from the throats of those who wish to clear the way for a monopoly of exploitation carried on for their own account.

Imperialism in the sense of territorial expansion has proved a bad business. The expense of administration,

particularly since the doctrine of self-determination has given peoples not yet fit to govern themselves an ambition to be let alone so that they may kill one another, far exceeds the income. That kind of imperialism no longer stands an auditing of the books, and even if the United States had the slightest inclination toward it, good sense would run a blue pencil through it. In these times mere auditing shows that it does not pay.

What is left for us, according to the radical critics of our foreign policy, is for us to forbid American capital or enterprise to go to backward or less developed countries at all. These critics wish us to say to Americans, "If you coöperate with other weaker peoples in the march of civilization and the development of the world, God help you, because we won't." That would satisfy those who say that our foreign policy is imperialistic. It does not satisfy them that we help Mexico to stable government and then withdraw, or Cuba to stability, then withdraw, or Santo Domingo to good order and then withdraw. It does not satisfy these accusers of imperialism that we loosen all the reins in the Philippines until there is a threatened runaway. It does not satisfy them that we have taken the world leadership in declaring against zones of influence, monopolies, inequality in opportunity or have asked through our fundamental foreign policy for the open-door principle.

No amount of patience with snarling, disordered neighbors satisfies these radicals. They go on crying out that we ought to recognize Russia so that Russia may have the benefit of the same "tyrannical and hide-

ous" but wholly helpful "exploitation" which our capital and management have given upon demand to foreign peoples who have knocked at our doors asking for it. They talk as the Chinese statesmen, skilled in playing one nation against another, talked to me in Peking. They told me of the terrible fact that a certain foreign power had wrested away concessions for a railway.

"Who granted these concessions?" I said. "You did! Who took them and laid them at the feet of these foreigners and asked them to take them and invest their effort and money in them? You did! Who made money on the side out of the transaction? You did! If there is anyone connected with exploitation of China, it is you. And in addition you are trying to exploit the foreigner who comes to your aid."

The brief fact is that those who see imperialism and exploitation in our foreign policy are lining up, willingly or unwillingly, with the same forces of crookedness, disorder, hypocracy and stagnancy represented by these Chinese complainants, masking themselves as bearers of the flag of liberty, of the cup of freedom and of the salver of democratic self-determination.

My experience as an ambassador showed me plainly enough that in this business of exploitation—in the field, called dollar diplomacy—instead of being ahead of other nations, we are sometimes leaning far over the other way. I went abroad eager to help American interests and prepared to stretch my instructions to do it. It made no difference to me whether that interest was the largest American industry, the smallest American missionary, the seller of shoe strings or the bidder for a

contract to move the Mediteranean southwest. I ran squarely two or three times into the stonewall principle that forbade me helping any private interest in any particular way in which the same help was not extended to all possible competitors.

I saw opportunities at times to corner and pocket advantages for America; but I had to sigh and let them go, because to take them would have offended the principle of the open door, if not directly, then indirectly. I had to do business with some ambassadors and ministers who had been promoted to their places by Downing Street, the Quai d'Orsay and other foreign offices, because certain British or French, or other national business interests, had been served by them in the competition for commercial plums and concession sweetmeats. But behind me there was always the stiff and conscientious principle of open play, open policy, open opportunity, open door; and when I hear accusations that our foreign policy is imperialistic or exploiting or emphatically dollar diplomacy, I am forced to gentle amusement.

I remember a foreign banker of some distinction who came to me in Rome and said, "If you will join me, a few words will land us a great concession in——"

I replied, "I am sorry; it is a nice grab; but the United States is not in that business directly or idirectly."

So we see one group accusing the United States of imperialistic foreign policy meeting another group which says that the United States has no foreign policy. One group says that we meddle too much; the other complains that we ought to meddle everywhere. One

says we are entangled and the other says we ought to be. One claims our hands are covered with the mess and the other says, "Dip in!" Such is the way of the world. While the talk goes on, the State Department does its days' business, and, keeping a free hand, continues to serve the cause of peace and conciliation as no other agency in the world is able to serve it, for the simple reason that no other agency has the good fortune of being so detached, so truly free from the snarl of commitments. The great mass of Americans have too much common sense not to see it.

In spite of that common-sense conclusion, another type of common sense is necessary. It is necessary to hold a measure of tolerance for an eager minority who still are inspired more by alluring short cuts than by the painful daily uphill climb out of war, who are stirred by phrases more than by facts, who prefer prospectus to performance. Of course, such persons—and we ourselves are after the same end—we are all eager to stop war and to make international relations better all the time.

Campaigns to show how horrible future war may be are instructive, but not a particularly important contribution to ways and means of stopping war. Slogans which merely call upon the people of the world to coöperate, but give no definite guidance, rob the attempts of the world to coöperate of its dignity and reduce effort to a silly mumbling of catchwords. I used to have many a caller come into my embassy and say "Help Europe." And I would say "How?" And my visitors would then run their fingers around their collars, but gave no answers.

I learned to believe more firmly that it is a great mistake to be so sure of our own morals that we can go forcing our morals upon others. One will probably run into a foreigner who will say, "Why are you so interested in my countrymen here in my land, when you show so little interest in him when he comes to America and is a stranger just around the corner?" One will probably run into a representative of the new Turkey who will say, "You ask us to set apart a great piece of territory as a home for the Armenians. If you will excuse it, I demand that you set aside the state of Pennsylvania for a home for the American aborigines."

Someone who is crusading for the independence of the Koreans will probably come across a Japanese with a taste for realities who will say, "Ah, yes, and we on our part demand that you give independence to the Philippines." Another moralist may meet some benighted person who may say, "Please do not force your morals upon us. We already have a set of our own. We do not like political and economic exploitation, but moral exploitation is the worst of all."

I learned to believe during my service abroad that it was a great mistake for us to be about offering plans to other peoples, particularly if these plans were furnished only with good will and glib phrases and lacked architects' drawings to scale, surveys and estimates of cost; particularly if the offering is made to those who have already sampled an American cure-all and are still trying to overcome its effects. I know that our good intentions have received great appreciation abroad, but that the world, seeking moral forces, is

now insisting more and more on intelligence as a moral obligation.

The truth of the matter is that the working out of international relationship is a long job. No panacea will ever come fluttering in with the morning mail no matter how eagerly we wait for the postman. Some obscure school child may suddenly become inspired and write out a new workable plan ready-made, but the chances are against it. We have wasted tremendous energy already in shooting our high aims at imaginary bull's-eyes. I suspect that, after all, our task is a building process—the job of putting brick on brick, constructing a wall against war, and a place where peace and understanding, and coöperation and fair play can meet and stand on firm foundation.

In the meantime the United States has done a big job and has sprung no trick plays. In the meantime there will always ring in my ears the statement of a distinguished European who said to me when a great conference was in a tight box:

"The greatest asset of the world today is the detachment of the United States. All the rest of the big forces are isolated from freedom of balanced thought and free action. For pity's sake, do not join those who are thus isolated."

THE END

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